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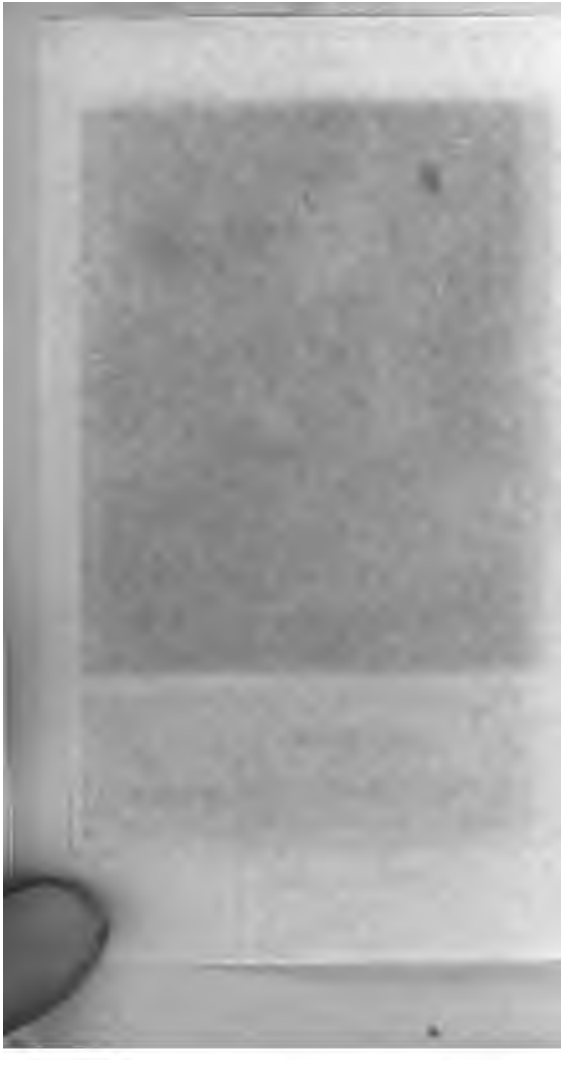

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

VOL. XXXII.

BEATTIE, SCOTT, CUNNINGHAM, JENYNS.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,
FOR
JOHN LAVAL.

William Brown, Printer.

1822.

TILDEN LIBRARY
1895

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THE LIFE

OF

DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

DR. JAMES BEATTIE was born at Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, Scotland, on the 25th day of October, 1735. His father, who was a farmer of no considerable rank, is said to have had a turn for reading and for versifying: but, as he died in 1742, when his son James was only seven years of age, he could have had no great share in forming his mind.

James was sent early to the only school his birthplace afforded, where he passed his time under the instruction of a tutor named Milne, whom he used to represent "as a good grammarian, and tolerably skilled in the Latin language, but destitute of taste, as well as of some other qualifications essential to a good teacher." He is said to have preferred Ovid as a school-author, whom Mr Beattie afterwards gladly exchanged for Virgil. Virgil he had been accustomed to read with great delight in Ogilvy's and Dryden's translations, as he had Homer in that of Pope; and these, with Thompson's Seasons and Milton's Paradise Lost, of all which he was very early fond, probably gave him a taste for poetry which he afterwards cultivated with so much success. He was already, according to his biographer, inclined to making verses, and among his school-fellows went by the name of the poet.

At this school he made great proficiency, by unremitting diligence, which, he was sensible, was the only stock he could command; and he appeared to much advantage on his entering Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1749, where he obtained the first of those bursaries left for the use of students, whose parents are unable to support the entire expenses of academical education. Here he first studied Greek under principal Thomas Blackwell, author of the Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer; Letters concerning Mythology; and Memoirs of the Court of Augustus; a teacher, who, with much of the austerity of pedantry, was kind to his diligent scholars, and found in Mr. Beattie a disposition worthy of cultivation and of patronage. The other professor, with whom Mr. Beattie was particularly connected, was Dr. Alexander Gerard, author of the Genius and Evidences of Christianity; Essays on Taste and Genius; and other works. Under these gentlemen, his proficiency, both at college and during the vacations, was very exemplary, and he accumulated a much more various stock of general knowledge than is usual with young men whose destination is the church. The delicacy of his health requiring amusement, he found, as he supposed, all that amusement can give in cultivating his musical talents, which were very considerable. But there is reason to think that his hours of relaxation were too few, and that the earnestness with which he dissuaded his son from excessive study, arose from his repenting that he had not paid more attention to the exercises which promote health.

The only science in which he made no extraordinary proficiency, and to which he even seemed to have a dislike, was mathematics. In this, indeed, he performed the requisite tasks, but was eager to return to subjects of taste or general literature. In every other branch of academical

study, he never was satisfied with what he learned within the walls of the college.

In 1753, having gone through every preparatory course of study, he took the degree of master of arts, the only one attainable by students (except of medicine) in any of the universities of Scotland. The first degree of bachelor is not known, and that of doctor of laws or divinity is usually bestowed on application, at any time of life after leaving college, without the necessity of keeping terms. Mr. Beattie, therefore, at this time technically finished his education, and had a profession to seek. He had hitherto been supported by the generous kindness of an elder brother; but he was anxious to exonerate his family from any farther burden. With this laudable view, there being a vacancy for the office of schoolmaster and parish-clerk, to the parish of Fordoun, adjoining to Laurencekirk, he accepted the appointment August 6, 1753. There can be no doubt that he performed the duties of this situation with punctuality, but it was neither suited to his disposition, nor advantageous to his progress in life. The emoluments were very scanty, the site remote and obscure; and there was nothing in it to excite emulation or gratify the ambition which a young man, conscious as he must have been of superior powers and knowledge, might indulge without presumption. He obtained in this place, however, a few friends, particularly Lord Gardenstown, and Lord Monboddo, who distinguished him with encouraging notice; and his imagination was delighted by the beautiful and sublime scenery of the place which he appears to have contemplated with the eye of a poet. His leisure hours he employed on some poetical attempts, which, as they were published in the Scots Magazine, with his initials, and sometimes with his place of abode, must have contributed to make him yet known and respected.

The church of Scotland was at this time the usual resource of well educated young men, and with their academical stores in full memory, there were few difficulties to be surmounted before their entrance on the sacred office. Although this church presents no temptations to ambition, Mr. Beattie appears to have regarded it as the only means by which he could obtain an independent rank in life; and with his diligence, was confident that the transition from the studies of philosophy and ethics to that of divinity, would be easy. He returned, therefore, during the winter to Marischal College, and attended the divinity lectures of Dr. Robert Pollock, of that college, and of professor John Lumsden, of King's, and performed the exercises required by the rules of both. One of his fellow-students informed Sir William Forbes, that during their attendance at the divinity-hall, he heard Mr. Beattie deliver a discourse, which met with much commendation, but of which it was remarked by the audience, that he spoke poetry in prose.

While the church seemed his only prospect, and one which he never contemplated with satisfaction, although few young men lived a more pious and regular life, there occurred, in 1757, a vacancy for one of the masters of the grammar-school of Aberdeen, a situation of considerable importance in all respects. The school, which is a public foundation, is conducted by a rector, or head master, and three subordinate masters; the whole is in the patronage of the magistrates of the city, who are, however, governed in their choice by the issue of a very severe trial of the candidate's ability, carried on by the professors of the university. On this occasion, Mr. Beattie was advised to become a candidate; but he was diffident of his qualifications, and did not think himself so fully possessed of the grammatical niceties of the Latin language,

as to be able to answer readily, any question that might be put to him by older and more experienced judges. In every part of his life, it may be here observed, Beattie appears to have formed an exact estimate of his own talents; and in the present instance he failed just where he expected to fail, rather in the circumstantial than the essential requisites for the situation to which he aspired. The other candidate was accordingly preferred. But Beattie's attempt was attended with so little loss of reputation, that a second vacancy occurring a few months after, and two candidates appearing, both unqualified for the office, it was presented to him by the magistrates in the most handsome manner, without the form of a trial, and he immediately entered upon it in June, 1758. He was now in the midst of literary society, and had easy access to books, and his colloquial talents daily increased the number of his friends. His emoluments were not great, but his situation had a consequence in the opinion of the public, which to so young a man was not a little flattering.

He had not been long an usher at this school before he published a volume of poems. An author's first appearance is always an important era. Mr. Beattie's was certainly attended with circumstances that are not now common. This volume was announced to the public in a more humble manner than the present state of literature is thought to demand in similar cases. On the 10th of March, 1760, not the volume itself, but Proposals for printing original Poems and Translations were issued. The poems appeared accordingly on the 16th of February, 1761, and were published both in London and Edinburgh. They consisted partly of original composition, and partly of the pieces formerly printed in the Scot's Magazine, but altered and corrected; a practice which Beattie carried almost to excess in all his poetical works.

The praise bestowed on this volume was very flattering. The English critics who then dispensed the rewards of literature, considered it as an acquisition to the republic of letters, and pronounced that, since Mr. Gray (whom in their opinion Mr. Beattie had chosen for his model) they had not met with a poet of more harmonious numbers, more pleasing imagination, or more spirited expression. This verdict they endeavoured to confirm by extracts from the Ode to Peace, and the Triumph of Melancholy. But notwithstanding praises which so evidently tended to give a currency to the poems, and which were probably repeated with eagerness by the friends who had encouraged the publication, the author, upon more serious consideration, was so dissatisfied with this volume as to destroy every copy he could procure. Nor was this a sudden or splenetic humour in Beattie. Some years after, when his taste and judgment became fully matured, he refused to acknowledge above four of them; namely, Retirement, Ode to Hope, Elegy on a Lady, and the Hares, and these he almost re-wrote before he would permit them to be printed with the Minstrel.

But notwithstanding the lowly opinion of the author, these poems, during their first circulation, which was chiefly in manuscript, contributed so much to the general reputation he acquired, that he was considered as an honour to his country, and deserving of a higher rank among her favoured sons. Accordingly a vacancy happening in Marischal College, his friends made such earnest applications in his behalf, that in September, 1760, he was appointed by the royal patent professor of philosophy. His department in this honourable office extended to moral philosophy and logic; and it added, in his mind, a very affecting importance to it, that his was the last course of instruc-

tion previous to the students leaving college, and dispersing themselves in the world.

This promotion was sudden and unexpected; and it may be supposed that a youth of twenty-five must have been ill prepared to give a course of lectures, and a train of instructions on subjects which had been but imperfectly treated by veteran philosophers. Yet it is evident from his printed works, that most of the subjects which belong to his province, had been familiarized to him by a long course of reading and thinking, and that he had very early accustomed himself to composition; and it is highly probable that he brought into the professor's chair, such a mass of materials, as could with very little trouble be moulded into shape for his immediate purpose. It is certain, however, that such was his diligence, and such his love of those studies, that within a few years he was not only enabled to deliver an admirable course of lectures on moral philosophy and logic, but also to prepare for the press those works on which his fame rests; all of which, there is some reason to think, were written, or nearly written, before he gave the world the result of his philosophical studies in the celebrated Essay on Truth. It may be added likewise, that the rank he had at this time attained in the university entitled him to associate more on a level with Reid and with Campbell, with Gerard and with Gregory, men whose opinions were in many points congenial, and who have all been hailed by the sister country among the revivers of Scotch literature. With the gentlemen already mentioned, and a few others, he formed a society, or club, for the discussion of literary and philosophical subjects. A part of their entertainment was the reading a short essay, composed by each member in his turn. It is supposed that the works of Reid, Campbell, Beattie, Gregory, and Gerard, or at least the outlines of them, were first

discussed in this society, either in the form of essays, or of a question for familiar conversation.

In 1765, Mr. Beattie published the Judgment of Paris, a poem, in 4to. Its design was to prove that virtue alone is capable of affording a gratification adequate to our whole nature; the pursuits of ambition or sensuality promising only partial happiness, as being adapted not to our whole constitution, but only to a part of it. The reception of this poem, however, was unfavourable, and although he added it to a new addition of his poems in 1766, yet it was never again reprinted, and even his biographer has declined reviving its memory by an ex ract.

Although he had acquired a station in which his talents were displayed with great advantage, and commanded a very high degree of respect, the publication of the Essay on Truth was the great era of his life; for this work carried his fame far beyond all local bounds and local partialities. It is not, however, necessary to enter minutely into the history of a work so well known.

When this work was completed, so many difficulties occurred in procuring it to be published, that his friends, Sir William Forbes and Mr. Arbuthnot, were obliged to become the purchasers, unknown to him, at a price with which they thought he would be satisfied. Sir William accordingly wrote to him that the manuscript was sold for fifty guineas, as the price of the first edition. In a very grateful letter addressed to his friends, he answered that "the price really exceeded his warmest expectations."

The first edition of this essay was published in an octavo volume, in 1770, and bought up with such avidity that a second was called for, and published in the following year. The interval was short, but as the work had excited the public attention in an extraordinary degree, the result of

public opinion had reached the author's ear, and to this second edition he added a postscript, in vindication of a certain degree of warmth of which he had been accused.

The Essay on Truth, whatever objections were made to it, (and it met with very few public opponents,) had a more extensive circulation than probably any work of the kind ever published. This may be partly attributed to the charms of that popular style in which the author conveyed his sentiments on subjects which his adversaries had artfully disguised in a metaphysical jargon, the meaning of which they could vary at pleasure; but the eagerness with which it was sought arose chiefly from the just praise bestowed upon it by the most distinguished friends of religion and learning in Great Britain. With many of these, of high rank, both in church and state, the author had the satisfaction of dating his acquaintance from the publication of this work. There appeared, indeed, in the public in general, an honourable wish to grace the triumph of sound reasoning over pernicious sophistry. Hence, in less than four years, five large editions of the Essay were sold. It was translated into several foreign languages, and attracted the notice of many eminent persons in France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and other parts of the continent.

Among other marks of respect, the University of Oxford conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on the author; and on his second arrrival in London, he was graciously received by the king, who bestowed a pension on him, and admitted him to a private conference. It was in July, 1771, that Dr. Beattie first visited London, and commenced a personal acquaintance with men of the highest eminence, with Lord Mansfield and Lord Lyttelton, Drs. Hurd, Porteus, Johnson, Mr. Burke, and, indeed, the whole of the literary society, whose

conversations have been so pleasantly detailed by Mr. Boswell. He returned to Scotland with a mind elevated and cheered by the praise, the kindness, and the patronage of the good and great.

Soon after his visit to London, he was solicited, by a very flattering proposal, sent through the hands of Dr. Porteus, to enter into the church of England. A similar offer had been made some time before, by the Archbishop of York, but declined. It was now renewed with more importunity, and produced from him the important reasons which obliged him still to decline an offer which he could not but consider as "great and generous." By these reasons, communicated in a letter to Dr. Porteus, we find that he was apprehensive of the injurythat might be done to the cause he had espoused, if his enemies should have any ground for asserting that he had written his Essay on Truth, with a view to promotion: and he was likewise of opinion that it might have the appearance of levity and insincerity, and even of want of principle, were he to quit, without any other *apparent* motive than that of bettering his circumstances, the church of which he had uniformly been a member. Other reasons he assigned, on this occasion, of some, but less weight, all which prevailed on his friends to desist from farther solicitation, while they honoured the motives by which he was influenced. In the same year he refused the offer of a professor's chair in the University of Edinburgh, considering his present situation as best adapted to his habits and to his usefulness, and apprehending that the formation of a new society of friends might not be so easy or agreeable in a place where the enemies of his principles were numerous. To some of his friends, however, these reasons did not appear very sound.

Although Mr. Beattie had seemingly withdrawn his claims as a poet, by cancelling as many copies of his juvenile attempts as he could procure, he

was not so unconscious of his talents, as to relinquish what was an early and favourite pursuit, and in which he had probably passed some of his most delightful hours. A few months after the appearance of the Essay on Truth, he published the first book of the Minstrel, in 4to, but without his name. In consequence of this omission, the poem was examined with all that rigour of criticism which may be expected in the case of a work, for which the author's name can neither afford protection nor apology. He was praised for having adopted the measure of Spenser, because he had the happy enthusiasm of that writer to support and render it agreeable; but objections were made to the limitation of his plan to the profession of the Minstrel, when so much superior interest might be excited by carrying him on through the practice of it. It was objected, also, that the sentiment of the first stanza appeared too close a copy from a passage in Gray's celebrated elegy; and several lines were pointed out as unequal, and inconsistent with the general measure, or with the dignity of the subject. These objections appear to have coincided with the author's reconsideration: and he not only adopted various alterations recommended by his friends, particularly by Mr. Gray, but introduced others, which made the subsequent editions of his poems far more perfect than the first.

The Minstrel, however, in its first form, contained so many passages of genuine poetry, the poetry of nature and of feeling, and was so eagerly applauded by those whose right of opinion was incontestable, that it soon ran through four editions; and in 1774, the author produced the second book. This, although of a more philosophical cast, and less rich in those descriptions which appeal to every heart, yet contained imagery so noble, and so many proofs of the "lively, plastic imagination," as to place the author in the first ranks of modern

poetry. As the success of the second book was not inferior to that of the first, it was the general wish that the author would fulfil his promise by completing the interesting subject; but the increasing business of education, the cares of a family, and the state of his health, originally delicate, and never robust, deprived him of the time and thought which he considered as requisite. In 1777, however, he was induced to publish the two parts of the Minstrel together, and to add a few of his juvenile poems. In his advertisement he informs us, that "they are all of which he is willing to be considered as the author." About this time some poems were ascribed to him which he never wrote; and those pieces which he wished to consign to oblivion, were published by persons who hoped to profit by the established fame of the author.

During the preceding year, (1776) he prepared for the press a new edition of the Essay on Truth, in a more elegant form than it had hitherto worn, and attended with circumstances of public esteem which were very flattering. The subscription money was a guinea, but we are not certain that subscribers were limited to that sum. The list of subscribers amounted to four hundred and seventy-six names, of men and women of the first rank in life, and of all the distinguished literary characters of the time. The copies subscribed for amounted to seven hundred and thirty-two, so that no inconsiderable sum must have accrued in this delicate manner to the author. Dr. Beattie was by no means rich; his pension was only two hundred pounds, and the annual amount of his professorship never reached that sum.

The Essays added to this volume, and which he afterwards printed separately in octavo, were on Poetry and Music: on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition; and on the Utility of Classical Learning. The first, which was written in 1762.

when the author had only reached his twenty-seventh year, evinces a great fund of reading, and such acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, and such discrimination in objects of criticism, as are rarely found in persons of that age.

During a visit to the metropolis in 1784, Dr. Beattie submitted to the bishop of London, with whose friendship he had long been honoured, a part of a work which at that prelate's desire he published in 1786, entitled Evidences of the Christian Religion briefly and plainly stated, 2 vols. 12mo. This likewise formed part of his concluding lectures to his class, and he generally dictated an abstract of it to them in the course of the session.

In the preface to his Dissertations, he intimated a design of publishing the whole of his Lectures on Moral Science, but from this he was diverted. He was encouraged, however, to present to the public, in a correct and somewhat enlarged form, the abstract which he used to dictate to his scholars. Accordingly, in 1790, he published his Elements of Moral Science, vol. i. 8vo.

In vol. ii. there occurs a dissertation against the Slave Trade, which the author informs us he wrote in 1778, with a view to a separate publication. He exposed the weak defences set up for that abominable traffic with great acuteness, and thus had the honour to contribute to that mass of conviction, which at length became irresistible, and delivered the British nation from her greatest reproach.

To the second volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, published in 1790, he contributed Remarks on some Passages of the Sixth Book of the Æneid. This was, in fact, a dissertation on the mythology of the Romans, as poetically described by Virgil, in the episode of the descent of Æneas into Hell; and his object

was to vindicate his favourite poet from the charge of impiety, &c. brought against him by Warburton and others. In the same year he is said to have superintended an edition of Addison's periodical papers, published at Edinburgh in 4 vols. 8vo. In this, however, he contributed only a few notes to Tickell's Life of Addison, and to Dr. Johnson's remarks. It were to be wished he had done more: Addison never had a warmer admirer, nor a more successful imitator. He always recommended Addison's style to his pupils, and it is evident from the whole of his works that it was his own model.

In 1794, appeared the last work our author composed, and its history requires some notice of his family. In 1767, he married Miss Mary Dun, daughter of Dr. James Dun, rector or head master of the grammar-school of Aberdeen, a man of great personal worth, and an excellent classical scholar.

With this lady Dr. Beattie enjoyed for many years as much felicity as the married state can afford; and when she visited London with him, she shared amply in the respect paid to him, and in the esteem of his illustrious friends. By her he had two sons, James Hay, so named from the Earl of Errol, one of his old and steady friends; and Montague, from the celebrated Mrs. Montague, in whose house Dr. Beattie frequently resided when in London. While these children were very young, Mrs. Beattie was seized with an indisposition, which, in spite of all care and skill, terminated in the painful necessity of separation from her husband. The care of the children now devolved on the father, whose sensibility received such a shock from the melancholy insanity alluded to, as could only be aggravated by an apprehension that the consequences of Mrs. Beattie's disorder might not be confined to herself. This alarm, which often preyed on his spirits, proved happily without foun-

dation. His children grew up without the smallest appearance of hereditary evil; but when they had just begun to repay his care by a display of early genius, sweetness of temper and filial affection, he was compelled to resign them both to an untimely grave. His eldest son died November 19, 1790, in his twenty-second year; and his youngest March 14, 1796, in his eighteenth year. The death of the latter was occasioned by a rapid fever. The suddenness of the shock made it more deeply felt by the father, as he had not yet recovered from the loss of the eldest, who was taken from him by the slow process of consumption.

Soon after the death of James Hay, his father drew up an account of his Life and Character; to which were added, Essays and Fragments, written by this extraordinary youth. Dr. Beattie was afterwards induced to permit the Life and some of the Essays and Fragments to be printed for publication. The life is a most interesting and affecting narrative. It is impossible, indeed, to contemplate without emotion the exquisite tenderness of an affectionate and mourning parent, soothing himself by the remembrance of filial piety and departed excellence, and humbly, yet fondly, endeavouring to engage the sympathies of the world in behalf of a genius that might have proved one of its brightest ornaments.

After the loss of this amiable youth, who in 1787 had been appointed successor to his father, and had occasionally lectured in the professor's chair, Dr. Beattie resumed that employment himself, and continued it, although with intervals of sickness and depression, until the unexpected death of his second and last child in 1796. His hopes of a successor, of his name and family, had probably been revived in this youth, who exhibited many proofs of early genius, and for some time before his death had prosecuted his studies with great assiduity. But

here too he was compelled again to subscribe to the uncertainty of all human prospects. Great, however, as the affliction was, it would be pleasing to be able to add that he acquiesced with pious resignation, and laid hold on the hopes he knew so well how to recommend, and which yet might have cheered, if not gladdened his declining life. But from this period he began to withdraw from society, and brooded over the sorrows of his family, until they overpowered his feelings, and abstracted him from all the comforts of friendship and all powers of consolation. Of the state of his mind, Sir William Forbes has given an instance so touching, that no apology can be necessary for introducing it here.

"The death of his only surviving child completely unhinged the mind of Dr. Beattie, the first symptoms of which, ere many days had elapsed, was a temporary but almost total loss of memory, respecting his son. Many times he could not recollect what had become of him: and after searching in every room in the house, he would say to his niece, Mrs. Glennie, 'You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is?' She then felt herself under the painful necessity of bringing to his recollection his son Montague's sufferings, which always restored him to reason. And he would often, with many tears, express his thankfulness that he had no child, saying, 'How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness!' When he looked for the last time, on the dead body of his son, he said 'I have now done with the world:' he ever after seemed to act as if he thought so."

The last three years of his life were passed in hopeless solitude, and he even relinquished his correspondence with many of those remote friends with whom he had long enjoyed the soothing interchange of elegant sentiment and friendly attach-

ment. His health, in this voluntary confinement, gradually decayed, and extreme and premature delibility, occasioned by two paralytic strokes, terminated his good and useful life on the 18th, day of August, 1803. His reputation was so well founded and so extensive, that he was universally lamented as a loss to the republic of letters, and particularly to the university to which he had been so long a public benefactor and an honour.

Of his general character a fair estimate may be formed from his works, and it is no small praise that his life and writings were in strict conformity with each other.

Whatever reputation Dr. Beattie enjoyed from his philosophical and critical works, his praise was yet higher in all the personal relations of public and private life. His excellence as an instructor may be gathered from his printed works; but it remains to be added, that few men have exceeded him in anxious and kind attentions to his pupils. It was his practice, while they were under his care, to invite them by small parties to his house, and unbend his mind in gay conversation, encouraging them to speak with familiarity on common topics, and to express their doubts with freedom on any subjects connected with their studies.

None were more affected by his melancholy retreat from society, than those who could recollect him in his happier days of health and hope. He had a keen relish for social intercourse, and was remarkably cheerful and communicative. It has not yet been mentioned, but it may be observed from various parts of his writings, that he had a turn for humour, and a quick sense of the ridiculous. This, however, was so chastened by the elegance of his taste, and the benevolence of his disposition, that whatever fell from him of that kind was devoid of coarseness or asperity. In conversation he never endeavoured to gain superiority,

or to compel attention, but contrived to take his just share, without seeming to interrupt the loquacity of others. He had, however, what most men have who are jealous of their reputation, a degree of reserve in promiscuous company, which he entirely discarded among those whom he loved and in whom he confided.

In London it is yet remembered that his colloquial talents were much admired, and no doubt procured him a long continuance of those friendships with men of rank, which are rarely to be preserved without something more than the mere possession of genius. His modest and engaging manners rendered him equally acceptable to the courtly and elegant Mansfield, and to the rough and unbending Johnson. To Mrs. Montague's literary parties he was ever most acceptable; and he lived with the then bishop of London, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and with Mr. Burke, on terms of the easiest intimacy. If flattery could have spoiled him, he had enough; as in England, for whatever reason, his character always stood higher even than in his own country.

Dr. Beattie's person was rather above the middle size. His countenance was very mild, and his smile uncommonly placid and benign. His eyes were remarkably piercing and expressive, and there was a general composure in his features which Sir Joshua Reynolds has given admirably in the picture, which has been engraven for his life by Sir William Forbes.

His frame was apparently stout, and even robust, but this certainly was not the case. Its original conformation may have been that of strength and vigour; but he had frequent interruptions from sickness, at a very early period of life. As he advanced he discovered all the delicate and valetudinary temperament of genius. At the age of forty-five he had the walk and manner and precau-

tions that are usually observable at sixty, and was much afflicted with head-ache, and other symptoms that are commonly called nervous.

The Life of Dr. Beattie published by Sir William Forbes, exhibits him in the character of an epistolary writer. His letters embrace a very large portion of the literary history of his time, but it may be doubted whether they have always the ease and vivacity which are expected in this department of composition.

ADVERTISEMENT.

January, 1777.

HAVING lately seen in print some poems ascribed to me, which I never wrote, and some of my own inaccurately copied, I thought it would not be improper to publish, in this little volume, all the verses of which I am willing to be considered as the author. Many others I did indeed write in the early part of my life; but they were in general so incorrect, that I would not rescue them from oblivion, even if a wish could do it.

Some of the few now offered to the Public would perhaps have been suppressed, if in making this collection I had implicitly followed my own judgment. But in so small a matter who would refuse to submit his opinion to that of a friend?

It is of no consequence to the reader to know the date of any of these little poems. But some private reasons determine the author to add, that most of them were written many years ago, and that the greater part of the Minstrel, which is his latest attempt in this way, was composed in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight.

PREFACE

TO

THE MINSTREL.

The design was, to trace the progress of a poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a Minstrel, that is, an itinerant Poet and Musician:—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

I have endeavoured to imitate Spenser in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject: but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and

seems, from its Gothic structure and original bear some relation to the subject and spirit of Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnifice of sound and of language, beyond any other sta that I am acquainted with. It allows the sent tiousness of the couplet, as well as the more c plex modulation of blank verse. What some cri have remarked, of its uniformity growing at tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true o when the poetry is faulty in other respects.

THE

MINSTREL:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero, ingenti perculsus amore,
Accipiant.—— VIRG.

BOOK I.

I.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with Fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,
Then drop'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all:
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the' obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely bless'd, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had *he* whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel far'd in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung;
And ever, as he went, some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide:
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptur'd roams, to gaze on Nature's charms:
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float;
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill:
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where [they will.

VI.

Libèral, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below:
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems of Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise:
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow:
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom the' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The' imperial banquet, and the rich attire:
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease and stupefied with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Ev'n from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene)
Where Fear, Distrust, Malevolence, abide,
And impotent Desire, and disappointed Pride!

IX.

O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be for-
[given!

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart:
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart;
For, ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting the' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve, unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream,—
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purpos'd theme.

XI.

There liv'd in gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairy-land might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady.
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie:*
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene, amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd:
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

XIII.

From labour health, from health contentment springs,
Contentment opes the source of every joy:
He envied not, he never thought of, kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguil'd;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,
And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from a child.

* There is hardly an ancient Ballad, or Romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized, by way of eminence, to *have been* "Of the North Countrie." It is pro-

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season, look'd delightful, as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife:
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd-life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife, [worm
Where peace and love are canker'd by the
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

XV.

The wight, whose tales these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair:
His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye:
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent, when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why;
The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad; [him mad.
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd

table, that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent.—*See Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels.*

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor car'd to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the weary team.

XVIII.

The' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring:
His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net; by arrow or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field:
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

XIX.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst the' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

XX.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.— [smile.
But lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost:
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view the' enormous waste of vapour tost
In billows, lengthening to the' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now embos'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar pro- [found!

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene:
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight;
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling shene.
Ev'n sad vicissitude amus'd his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheeck a tear pity of roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

XXIII.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!
Ah! see, the' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful sway,
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

XXV.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth;
So flourishes and fades majestic Man!
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan:
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span:
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old age comes *on apace to* ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

" And be it so. Let those deplore their doo
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mo
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more retu
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?—
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence she
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

" Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to li
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?—
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arriv
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the' eternal year of Love's tri
phant reign."

XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taugh
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue:—
" Let man's own sphere," (quoth he) " con
his view;
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschev
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the ri
By pleasure unseduc'd, unaw'd by lawless mig

XXIX.

" And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear;
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done:
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

XXX.

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly!
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant, is the sky!
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun:
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.—
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
Pursue, poor imp, the' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale:
There would he dream of graves, and corses pale:
And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song, [along.
Or blasts that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles

XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his intranced sight:
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illum'd the vault of Night.

XXXIV.

Anon, in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold:
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle-bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance:
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft has reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth, let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so:—
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow?
Ev'n now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain sid
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grov

XXXIX.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark; [sin
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkma
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, har
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rin
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd sprin
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Bless'd be the day I 'scap'd the wrangling cre
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to the' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and ey
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melod

XLI.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fan
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slim
First gave you form, hence! lest the muse shoulc
deign,
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth; [guide!
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony and peace and innocence abide.

XLIII.

Ah me! abandon'd on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door:
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the Beldam 'gan impart,
Or chaunt the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
How he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves the' unutterable trade,* [blood
Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon i
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate floo

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldam would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes,† and guardian-uncle fierce :-
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone!
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those helpless orphan-babes, by thy fell arts undon

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes, now famish'd, lay them down to die
Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry
" For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st def
This deed with fruitless tears shall soon deplor
When Death lay waste thy house, and flames co
sume thy store.

* Allusion to Shakspeare: " A deed without a name."
Macbeth, Act 4, Scene 1.

† See the fine old ballad, called " the Children in the Wood."

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.—
"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy
And Innocence thus die by doom severe?"
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
The' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
Dark, ev'n at noontide, is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope;——to doubt, is to rebel;——
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given:
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day;
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that "Nature hastens to decay;"
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend?
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend [end?
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O, then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble and be wise!

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why? their powers, inadequate before,
This art preposterous renders more unfit; [wit.
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth:
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device,
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice [hearth;
To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice:—
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from the' Atlantic wave
High towering, sail along the' horizon blue:
Where midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,
Ev'n then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly:
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melancholy!

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

LVII.

For Edwin fate a nobler doom had plan'd;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit:
The wild harp rang to his advent'rous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scan'd with curious and romantic eye:
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by Penury control'd,
And Solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the Storms are bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.*

LX.

Here pause, my gothic lyre, a little while;
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim:
But if Arbuthnot† on this labour smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame,
And his applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords his taste refin'd.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of humankind.

* Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers. *Scheffer's History of Lapland, p.* 16.

† Robert Arbuthnot, Esq. a near relation of the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, and one of the most intimate associates of Dr. Beattie.

THE

MINSTREL:

OR

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.
HOR.

BOOK II.

I.

Or chance or change O let not man complain;
Else shall he never never cease to wail:-
For, from the' imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel the' assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have rais'd to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where the' Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.*

* See Plato's Timeus.

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time! whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"*
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though lov'd of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy;
But now and then the shades of life explore;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

* See Book I. Stanza XXXI.

V.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows:
The weakly blossom, warm in summer-bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But ah! it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark, yonder oaks, superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of Heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies, [plies.
While each assailing blast increase of strength sup-

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he fram'd the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retir'd abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene:
For rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green
Fenc'd from the north and east this savage dell;
Southward, a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made;
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye remote survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground;
And, here and there, a solitary tree
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd:
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole:—

X.

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose;
Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph-wings.
O Solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

XI.

"Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:—
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:—
To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:—
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

XII.

"True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has rais'd above the things below,
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest
blow." [flow
—This strain from midst the rocks was heard to
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow,
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew;
(While Edwin, wrapt in wonder, listening stood)
"Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
And hugg'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze
Seems to outshine the pomp of Heaven's empyreal
blaze.

XIV.

"Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawn'd and smil'd, to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file:
But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile:—
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly, detested thoughts for ever from my view.

XV.

"The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast;
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from Fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

XVI.

"The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace!
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride, the bosom wring!

XVII.

"Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where the green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

XVIII.

"And thither let the village swain repair;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
And when mild Evening comes with mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go,
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

XIX.

"For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn;
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
O man! Creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exil'd,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears defil'd?

XX.

"Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene:
But, in the mental world what chaos drear!
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!
O when shall that Eternal Morn appear, [clear?
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to

XXI.

"O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from the'abyss; when dark Confusion, driven
Down down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to Love and Mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on
the way!"

XXII.

Silence ensued: and Edwin rais'd his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart:
"And is it thus in courtly life, (he cries)
That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire?—
Hail Poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!"

XXIII.

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the Sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The Youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew:—
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear,
Nor durst he hope the hermit's tale untrue;
For Man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to fear,
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
"Yet, can man's gentle heart become so fell?
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the hermit's cell;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

XXV.

At early dawn the Youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild; where in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man: his harp lay him beside:
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the withered hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small.

XXVI.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smil'd on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence:
"Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from whence?
Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd dale?"
"A shepherd boy (the Youth replied) far hence
My habitation; hear my artless tale;
Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII.

"Late as I roam'd, intent on nature's charms,
I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
And leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
(For in thy speech I recognise the sound:)
You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days, by guilt engross'd,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

XXVIII.

"But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul?
Where fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
As those which felons, fiends, and furies plan?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
Love is the godlike attribute of man:
O teach a simple Youth this mystery to scan!

XXIX.

"Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind;
Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame,
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfin'd,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combin'd;
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleas'd with all, but most with humankind,
When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works at will,
Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

XXX.

"Wouldst thou (the Sage replied) in peace return
To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
Shouldst thou the' extent of human folly know.
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.

XXXI.

"But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree:
For know, to man, as candidate for Heaven,
The voice of The Eternal said, *Be free;*
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does Virtue, Happiness, and Heaven convey;
For Virtue is the child of Liberty,
And Happiness of Virtue; nor can they
Be free to keep the path who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

"Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower;
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lour;
For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Ev'n when exempt from grief, remorse and pain:
Come often then; for, haply, in my bower,
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain.
If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

XXXIII.

And now, at length to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page:
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here Chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn;
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and class the' abandon'd urn.

XXXIV.

"Ah, what avails (he said) to trace the springs
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with steel?
To those whom Nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes alas! are things of small concern:
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn!

XXXV.

"This praise, O Cheronean Sage,* is thine:
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lur'd by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVI.

"Oh, who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age (misnam'd of gold)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy, [ploy
When all were great and free! man's sole em-
To deck the bosom of his parent earth; [coy,
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream de-
To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

XXXVII.

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content:
Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour went;
Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave;
None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circum-
To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave; [vent:
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

* Plutarch.

XXXVIII.

" But ah! the' historic Muse has never dar'd
To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fancy's beam
Pour'd on the vision of the' enraptur'd Bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail, sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
And meditate on Heaven; enough of earth I know."—

XXXIX.

" I cannot blame thy choice, (the Sage replied)
For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways:
And yet, ev'n there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest Truth no light nor beauty find:
And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shin'd?

XL.

" Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might, [brain,
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

XLI.

"And yet, alas! the real ills of life
Claim the full vigour of a mind prepar'd,
Prepar'd for patient, long, laborious strife,
Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
We fare on earth as other men have far'd:
Were they successful? Let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd to bear.

XLII.

"What charms the' historic Muse adorn, from spoils,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight
To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, through every age divinely bright,
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus enshrin'd
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combin'd?

XLIII.

"Hail sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd!
Hail sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain'd!
Without you, what were man? A groveling herd
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd
Sublim'd by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
In arts unrivall'd: Oh, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence, unprofan'd,
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise;
And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the Poet's lays!

XLIV.

"But now let other themes our care engage.
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solicitude give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

XLV.

"Then waken from long lethargy to life*
The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought;
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the soul.

XLVI.

"And Reason now through Number, Time, and Space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns from facts compar'd, the laws to trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high?
Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd with tears,
Such glory bear?—for lo, the shadows fly
From Nature's face; Confusion disappears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

* The influence of the philosophic Spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion, and delicate pleasure;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of

XLVII.

"In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

XLVIII.

"Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stun'd with the' eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

XLIX.

"And ev'n where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimprov'd, is deadly bane:
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore
Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
Ev'n Fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood;
For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

, the universe;—in banishing superstition;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science:—*from* Stanza XLV. to Stanza LV.

L.

"'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled:
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale:
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

LI.

"What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
Of foes intestine with a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire!
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
Awhile, and turn aside Death's level'd dart,
Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LII.

"Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth breath'd from the lips of Love.

LIII.

"What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil?
They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-vers'd in man the philosophic Sage
Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage.

LIV.

"'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and clime
Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
The' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And Industry and Law maintain their ways severe."

LV.

Enraptur'd by the Hermit's strain, the Youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore;
And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
New energies, and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVI.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
For mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm,
The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

LVII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams and all his wanderings shar'd
And bless'd, the Muse and her celestial art,
Still claim the' enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compar'd
And variously combin'd, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the Bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views in-
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame. [flame,

LVIII.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardour to adorn; but Nature now
To his experienc'd eye a modest grace
Presents, where Ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clear's the' ambiguous phrase, and lops the' unwidely line.

LIX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains*
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current throb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
Gracefully terrible, sublimely strong,
Homer raised high to heaven, the loud, the impetuous song.

LX.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.—
With trembling step, to join yon weeping train
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death resound.

LXI.

Adieu, ye lays that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn.
He, whom each Virtue fir'd, each Grace refin'd,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!—
He sleeps in dust.—Ah, how should I pursue
My theme?—To heart-consuming grief resign'd,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery lays, adieu!

* Virgil.

LXII.

t thou, my Gregory,* for ever fled?
ıd am I left to unavailing woe?
hen fortune's storms assail this weary head,
here cares long since have shed untimely snow,
ı, now for comfort whither shall I go?
ı more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers:
y placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
' hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.—
neet that I should mourn:—flow forth afresh,
my tears!

*This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of Fe-ry, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few after. Dr. Gregory, who is here lamented, has made his ory beloved by almost every class of readers from his beau- and affecting address to his daughters, published after his , with the title of "A Father's Legacy." He published in etime "A comparative View of the State and Faculties of with those of the Animal World;" and "Lectures on the s and Offices of a Physician." He was Professor of Medi- in the university of Aberdeen, and afterwards of Edin-, held the medical rank of first physician to his Majesty cotland, and arrived at high eminence in the practice of rofession. See a further and very interesting account of n Sir W. Forbes's Life of Dr. Beattie.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

RETIREMENT.

AN ODE.

When in the crimson cloud of Even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive Youth, of placid mien,
Indulg'd this tender theme.

"Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale;
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

"'To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly:
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power!
Leans on her ivied shrine.

"How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

"Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When, in the lap of Peace reclin'd,
He fram'd his infant lays;
When Fancy rov'd at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd;
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harm'd.

"'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy?—
O take the Wanderer home.

"Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
Whence the scar'd owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

"O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains this heart below.

"For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond flattering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

ODE TO HOPE.

I. 1.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
Left all night long to mourn
Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl;
And shrieks of woe, as intermits the storm,
Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
And many a fire-eyed visage glares around,
O come, and be once more my guest:
Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow hast heard,
And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
And sooth'd him into rest.

I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
The sable bands combin'd,
Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
Appall'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
Nor dares the' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise;
Despair, with gorgon-figur'd veil o'erspread,
Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.
Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
And sullen glides away:

I. 3.

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
Dissolve.—Above the sparkling flood
When Phœbus rears his awful brow,
From lengthening lawn and valley low,
The troops of fen-born mists retire.
Along the plain
The joyous swain
Eyes the gay villages again,
And gold-illumin'd spire;
While on the billowy ether borne
Floats the loose lay's jovial measure;
And light along the fairy Pleasure,
Her green robes glittering to the morn,
Wantons on silken wing. And goblins all
To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
Or westward, with impetuous flight,
Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial Night.

II. 1.

When first on Childhood's eager gaze
Life's varied landscape, stretch'd immense around,
Starts out of night profound,
Thy voice incites to tempt the' untrodden maze.
Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
With beating heart the upland path pursues:
The path that leads, where hung sublime,
And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
In Fancy's rainbow-ray, invite
His wingy nerves to climb.

II. 2.

ıe thy pleasurable way,
in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
e melting airs are heard,
soft-eyed cherub forms around thee play:
ılicity, in careless flowers array'd,
ling amusive in his accent meek;
Modesty, half turning as afraid,
smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek!
ent and Leisure hand in hand
ı Innocence and Peace, advance, and sing;
Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
ts o'er the flowery land.

II. 3.

man, how various is thy lot below!
ay though gales propitious blow,
Peace, soft gliding down the sky,
l Love along and Harmony,
norrow the gay scene deforms:
ı all around
thunder's sound
, rattling on through heaven's profound,
down rush all the storms.
ays, that balmy influence shed,
n sweet Childhood, ever sprightly,
ıths of pleasure sported lightly,
ther, ah whither are ye fled?
herub-train, that brought him on his way,
ıve him not midst tumult and dismay;
now youth's eminence he gains:
what a weary length of lingering toil remains!

III. 1.

They shrink, they vanish into air.
Now Slander taints with pestilence the gale;
And mingling cries assail,
The wail of Woe, and groan of grim Despair.
Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent eye
Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance;
Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
Frowning Disdain, and haggard Hate advance;
Behold, amidst the dire array,
Pale wither'd Care his giant-stature rears,
And lo, his iron hand prepares
To grasp its feeble prey.

III. 2.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage?
Such war can Virtue wage,
Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth!
Alas! full oft on Guilt's victorious car
The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne;
While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
In lone obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
Resigns to tears her angel form.
Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly?
No friend, no shelter now is nigh:
And onward rolls the storm.

III. 3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along?
Why shrink aghast the hostile throng?
Lo, from amidst Affliction's night,
Hope bursts all radiant on the sight:

Her words the troubled bosom sooth :—
"Why thus dismay'd ?
Though foes invade,
Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
Who tread the path of truth.
'Tis I, who smooth the rugged way,
I, who close the eyes of Sorrow,
And with glad visions of to-morrow
Repair the weary soul's decay. [heart,
When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing
Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
Till the freed spirit springs on high
In rapture too severe for weak Mortality."

ODE.

ON LORD HAY'S BIRTH-DAY.

A MUSE, unskill'd in venal praise,
Unstain'd with flattery's art;
Who loves simplicity of lays
Breath'd ardent from the heart;
While gratitude and joy inspire,
Resumes the long unpractis'd lyre,
To hail, O Hay! thy Natal Morn :
No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine ancestors reclin'd,
Where Sloth dissolves, and Spleen devours
All energy of mind.

To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
To stem the deluges of war,
And snatch from fate a sinking land;
Trample the' Invader's lofty crest,
And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
And desolating brand:

'Twas this, that rais'd thy illustrious Line
To match the first in fame!
A thousand years have seen it shine
With unabated flame;
Have seen thy mighty sires appear
Foremost in Glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the brave:
Yet pure from lust of blood their fire,
And from Ambition's wild desire,
They triumph'd but to save.

The Muse with joy attends their way
The vale of peace along;
There to its lord the village gay
Renews the grateful song.
Yon castle's glittering towers contain
No pit of woe, nor clanking chain,
Nor to the suppliant's wail resound;
The open doors the needy bless,
The' unfriended hail their calm recess,
And gladness smiles around.

There to the sympathetic heart
Life's best delights belong,
To mitigate the mourner's smart,
To guard the weak from wrong.

Ye Sons of Luxury be wise:
Know, happiness for ever flies
The cold and solitary breast;
Then let the social instinct glow,
And learn to feel another's woe,
And in his joy be bless'd.

O yet, ere Pleasure plant her snare
For unsuspecting youth;
Ere Flattery her song prepare
To check the voice of Truth;
O may his country's guardian power
Attend the slumbering Infant's bower,
And bright inspiring dreams impart;
To rouse the' hereditary fire,
To kindle each sublime desire,
Exalt and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a Parent's fears,
A Parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace ye blooming years,
That rear him to renown;
When in his finish'd form and face
Admiring multitudes shall trace
Each patrimonial charm combin'd,
The courteous yet majestic mien,
The liberal smile, the look serene,
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love;
Let not thy towering mind despise
The village and the grove.

No slander there shall wound thy fame,
No ruffian take his deadly aim,
No rival weave the secret snare:
For Innocence, with angel smile,
Simplicity, that knows no guile,
And Love and Peace are there.

When winds the mountain-oak assail,
And lay its glories waste;
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home,
It hopes in time to roam no more;
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great:
Great, when amid the vale of peace
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise;
As, when along the trophied plain
Sublime they lead the victor-train,
While shouting nations gaze.

PIGMÆO-GERANO-MACHIA:

THE BATTLE OF

THE PIGMIES AND CRANES.

(*From the Latin of Addison*, 1762.)

HE pigmy people, and the feather'd train,
Jingling in mortal combat on the plain,
Sing. Ye Muses, favour my designs,
Lead on my squadrons, and arrange the lines;
The flashing swords and fluttering wings display,
And long bills nibbling in the bloody fray;
Cranes darting with disdain on tiny foes, [woes.
Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumber'd
The wars and woes of heroes six feet long
Have oft resounded in Pierian song.
Who has not heard of Colchos' golden fleece,
And Argo mann'd with all the flower of Greece?
Of Thebes' fell brethren, Theseus stern of face,
And Peleus' son unrivall'd in the race,
Æneas founder of the Roman line,
And William glorious on the banks of Boyne?
Who has not learn'd to weep at Pompey's woes,
And over Blackmore's epic page to doze?
'Tis I, who dare attempt unusual strains,
Of hosts unsung, and unfrequented plains;
The small shrill trump, and chiefs of little size,
And armies rushing down the darken'd skies.
Where India reddens to the early dawn,
Winds a deep vale from vulgar eye withdrawn:

Bosom'd in groves the lowly region lies,
And rocky mountains round the border rise.
Here, till the doom of Fate its fall decreed,
The empire flourish'd of the pigmy-breed;
Here Industry perform'd, and Genius plan'd,
And busy multitudes o'erspread the land.
But now to these lone bounds if pilgrim stray,
Tempting through craggy cliffs the desperate way,
He finds the puny mansion fallen to earth,
Its godlings mouldering on the' abandon'd hearth;
And starts, where small white bones are spread around,
"Or little footsteps lightly print the ground;"
While the proud crane her nest securely builds,
Chattering amid the desolated fields.
But different fates befel her hostile rage,
While reign'd, invincible through many an age,
The dreaded pigmy: rous'd by war's alarms
Forth rush'd the madding mannikin to arms.
Fierce to the field of death the hero flies;
The faint crane fluttering flaps the ground, and dies;
And by the victor borne (o'erwhelming load!)
With bloody bill loose-dangling marks the road:
And oft the wily dwarf in ambush lay,
And often made the callow young his prey;
With slaughter'd victims heap'd his board, and smil'd
To' avenge the parent's trespass on the child.
Oft, where his feather'd foe had rear'd her nest,
And laid her eggs and household gods to rest,
Burning for blood, in terrible array,
The eighteen-inch militia burst their way:
All went to wreck; the infant foemen fell,
When scarce his chirping bill had broke the shell.

Loud uproar hence, and rage of arms arose,
And the fell rancour of encountering foes;
Hence dwarfs and cranes one general havoc whelms,
And Death's grim visage scares the pigmy realms.
Not half so furious blaz'd the warlike fire
Of Mice, high theme of the Mœonian lyre;
When bold to battle march'd the' accoutred frogs,
And the deep tumult thunder'd through the bogs.
Pierc'd by the javelin-bulrush, on the shore
Here agonizing roll'd the mouse in gore;
And there the frog (a scene full sad to see!)
Shorn of one leg, slow sprawl'd along on three;
He vaults no more with vigorous hopes on high,
But mourns in hoarsest croaks his destiny.
And now the day of woe drew on apace,
A day of woe to all the pigmy race,
When dwarfs were doom'd (but penitence was vain)
To rue each broken egg, and chicken slain.
For rous'd to vengeance by repeated wrong,
From distant climes the long-bill'd regions throng:
From Strymon's lake, and Cayster's plashy meads,
And fens of Scythia, green with rustling reeds;
From where the Danube winds through many a land,
And Mareotis laves the' Egyptian strand,
To rendezvous they waft on eager wing,
And wait assembled the returning Spring. [flight,
Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of
Whet their keen beaks, and twisting claws, for fight;
Each crane the pigmy power in thought o'erturns,
And every bosom for the battle burns.
When genial gales the frozen air unbind,
The screaming legions wheel, and mount the wind.
Far in the sky they form their long array,
And land and ocean stretch'd immense survey

Deep, deep beneath; and, triumphing in pride,
With clouds and winds commix'd, innumerous ride;
'Tis wild obstreperous clangor all, and heaven
Whirls, in tempestuous undulation driven.
Nor less the' alarm that shook the world below,
Where march'd in pomp of war the' embattled foe;
Where mannikins with haughty step advance,
And grasp the shield, and couch the quivering lance;
To right and left the lengthening lines they form,
And rank'd in deep array await the storm.
High in the midst the chieftain dwarf was seen,
Of giant stature, and imperial mien.
Full twenty inches tall, he strode along,
And view'd with lofty eye the wondering throng;
And, while with many a scar his visage frown'd,
Bar'd his broad bosom, rough with many a wound
Of beaks and claws, disclosing to their sight
The glorious meed of high heroic might.
For with insatiate vengeance he pursued,
And never-ending hate, the feathery brood.
Unhappy they, confiding in the length
Of horny beak, or talons' crooked strength,
Who durst abide his rage; the blade descends,
And from the panting trunk the pinion rends:
Laid low in dust the pinion waves no more,
The trunk, disfigur'd, stiffens in its gore.
What hosts of heroes fell beneath his force!
What heaps of chicken carnage mark'd his course!
How oft, O Strymon, thy lone banks along,
Did wailing echo waft the funeral song!
And now from far the mingling clamours rise,
Loud and more loud rebounding through the skies.
From skirt to skirt of heaven, with stormy sway,
A cloud rolls on, and darkens all the day.

Near and more near descends the dreadful shade,
And now in battalous array display'd,
On sounding wings, and screaming in their ire,
The cranes rush onward, and the fight require.
The pigmy warriors eye, with fearless glare,
The host thick swarming o'er the burthen'd air;
Thick swarming now, but to their native land
Doom'd to return a scanty straggling band.——
When sudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
Fierce on the' expecting foe the cranes were driv'n.
The kindling frenzy every bosom warms,
The region echoes to the clash of arms:
Loose feathers from the' encountering armies fly,
And in careering whirldwinds mount the sky.
To breathe from toil, upsprings the panting crane,
Then with fresh vigour downward darts again.
Success in equal balance hovering hangs.
Here, on the sharp spear, mad with mortal pangs,
The bird transfix'd in bloody vortex whirls,
Yet fierce in death the threatening talon curls;
There, while the life-blood bubbles from his wound,
With little feet the pigmy beats the ground;
Deep from his breast the short short sob he draws,
And, dying, curses the keen-pointed claws.
Trembles the thundering field, thick cover'd o'er
With falchions, mangled wings, and streaming gore,
And pigmy arms, and beaks of ample size,
And here a claw, and there a finger lies.
Encompass'd round with heaps of slaughter'd foes,
All grim in blood the pigmy champion glows.
And on the' assailing host impetuous springs,
Careless of nibbling bills, and flapping wings;
And midst the tumult wheresoe'er he turns,
The battle with redoubled fury burns;

From every side the' avenging cranes amain
Throng, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain.
When suddenly (for such the will of Jove)
A fowl enormous, sousing from above,
The gallant chieftain clutch'd, and, soaring high,
(Sad chance of battle!) bore him up the sky.
The cranes pursue, and clustering in a ring,
Chatter triumphant round the captive-king.
But ah! what pangs each pigmy bosom wrung,
When, now to cranes a prey, on talons hung,
High in the clouds they saw their helpless lord,
His wriggling form still lessening as he soar'd.

Lo, yet again with unabated rage
In mortal strife the mingling hosts engage.
The crane with darted bill assaults the foe,
Hovering; then wheels aloft to 'scape the blow:
The dwarf in anguish aims the vengeful wound;
But whirls in empty air the falchion round.

Such was the scene, when midst the loud alarms
Sublime the' eternal Thunderer rose in arms.
When Briareus, by mad ambition driven,
Heav'd Pelion huge, and hurl'd it high at heaven:
Jove roll'd redoubling thunders from on high,
Mountains and bolts encounter'd in the sky;
Till one stupendous ruin whelm'd the crew,
Their vast limbs weltering wide in brimstone blue.

But now at length the pigmy legions yield,
And wing'd with terror fly the fatal field.
They raise a weak and melancholy wail,
All in distraction scattering o'er the vale.
Prone on their routed rear the cranes descend;
Their bills bite furious, and their talons rend:
With unrelenting ire they urge the chase,
Sworn to exterminate the hated race.

'Twas thus the pigmy name, once great in war,
For spoils of conquer'd cranes renown'd afar,
Perish'd. For, by the dread decree of heaven,
Short is the date to earthly grandeur given;
And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
Where Fate has fix'd the everlasting bound.
Fallen are the trophies of Assyrian power,
And Persia's proud dominion is no more;
Yea, though to both superior far in fame,
Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.
And now with lofty chiefs of ancient time,
The pigmy heroes roam the' Elysian clime.
Or, if belief to matron-tales be due,
Full oft, in the belated shepherd's view,
Their frisking forms, in gentle green array'd,
Gambol secure amid the moonlight glade.
Secure, for no alarming cranes molest,
And all their woes in long oblivion rest:
Down the deep dale, and narrow winding way,
They foot it featly, rang'd in ringlets gay:
'Tis joy and frolic all, where'er they rove,
And Fairy people is the name they love.

THE HARES.

A FABLE.

Yes, yes, I grant the sons of earth
Are doom'd to trouble from their birth.
We all of sorrow have our share;
But say, is yours without compare?

Look round the world; perhaps you'll find
Each individual of our kind
Press'd with an equal load of ill,
Equal at least:—Look further still,
And own your lamentable case
Is little short of happiness.
In yonder hut that stands alone
Attend to Famine's feeble moan;
Or view the couch where Sickness lies,
Mark his pale cheek, and languid eyes,
His frame by strong convulsion torn,
His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn.
Or see, transfix'd with keener pangs,
Where o'er his hoard the miser hangs;
Whistles the wind; he starts, he stares,
Nor Slumber's balmy blessing shares;
Despair, Remorse, and Terror roll
Their tempests on his harass'd soul.
But here perhaps it may avail
To' enforce our reasoning with a tale.
  Mild was the morn, the sky serene,
The jolly hunting band convene;
The beagle's breast with ardour burns,
The bounding steed the champaign spurns,
And Fancy oft the game descries
Through the hound's nose, and huntsman's eyes.
  Just then, a council of the hares
Had met, on national affairs.
The chiefs were set; while o'er their head
The furze its frizzled covering spread.
Long lists of grievances were heard,
And general discontent appear'd:
"Our harmless race shall every savage,
Both quadruped and biped, ravage?

Shall horses, hounds, and hunters still
Unite their wits, to work us ill?
The youth, his parent's sole delight,
Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,
Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,
Whose limbs leap light the vales along,
May yet ere noontide meet his death,
And lie dismember'd on the heath.
For youth, alas! nor cautious age,
Nor strength, nor speed, eludes their rage.
In every field we meet the foe,
Each gale comes fraught with sounds of woe;
The morning but awakes our fears,
The evening sees us bath'd in tears,
But must we ever idly grieve,
Nor strive our fortunes to relieve?
Small is each individual's force:
To stratagem be our recourse;
And then, from all our tribes combin'd,
The murderer to his cost may find
No foes are weak, whom Justice arms,
Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms,
Be rous'd; or liberty acquire,
Or in the great attempt expire."
He said no more; for in his breast
Conflicting thoughts the voice suppress'd:
The fire of vengeance seem'd to stream
From his swoln eyeball's yellow gleam.
And now the tumults of the war,
Mingling confus'dly from afar,
Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
Distinct of hounds and men arise.
Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
The' assembled hares tumultuous start,

And, every straining nerve, on wing,
Away precipitately spring.
The hunting band, a signal given,
Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven;
O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubby mound,
And river broad, impetuous bound;
Now plunge amid the forest shades,
Glance through the openings of the glades;
Now o'er the level valley sweep,
Now with short steps strain up the steep;
While backward from the hunter's eyes
The landscape like a torrent flies.
At last an ancient wood they gain'd,
By pruner's axe yet unprofan'd.
High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd,
The oak's majestic boughs appear'd;
Beneath a copse of various hue
In barbarous luxuriance grew.
No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,
No hand had wove the' implicit maze.
The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
The hazle's stubborn stem intwin'd,
And bramble twigs were wreathed around,
And rough furze crept along the ground.
Here sheltering, from the sons of murther,
The hares drag their tir'd limbs no further.
But lo, the western wind ere long
Was loud, and roar'd the woods among;
From rustling leaves, and crashing boughs,
The sound of woe and war arose.
The hares distracted scour the grove,
As terror and amazement drove;
But danger, wheresoe'er they fled,
Still seem'd impending o'er their head.

Now crowded in a grotto's gloom,
All hopes extinct, they wait their doom.
Dire was the silence, till, at length,
Ev'n from despair deriving strength,
With bloody eye, and furious look,
A daring youth arose, and spoke:—
"O wretched race, the scorn of Fate,
Whom ills of every sort await!
O, curs'd with keenest sense to feel
The sharpest sting of every ill!
Say ye, who, fraught with mighty scheme,
Of liberty and vengeance dream,
What now remains? To what recess
Shall we our weary steps address,
Since fate is evermore pursuing
All ways, and means to work our ruin?
Are we alone, of all beneath,
Condemn'd to misery worse than death!
Must we, with fruitless labour, strive
In misery worse than death to live!
No. Be the smaller ill our choice:
So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
Death's pang will in a moment cease;
And then, All hail, eternal peace!"
Thus while he spoke, his words impart
The dire resolve to every heart.
A distant lake in prospect lay,
That, glittering in the solar ray,
Gleam'd through the dusky trees, and shot
A trembling light along the grot:
Thither with one consent they bend,
Their sorrows with their lives to end,
While each, in thought, already hears
The water hissing in his ears.

Fast by the margin of the lake,
Conceal'd within a thorny brake,
A linnet sate, whose careless lay
Amus'd the solitary day.
Careless he sung, for on his breast
Sorrow no lasting trace impress'd;
When suddenly he heard a sound
Of swift feet traversing the ground.
Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
Thence trembling casts around his eyes;
No foe appear'd, his fears were vain;
Pleas'd he renews the sprightly strain.
The hares, whose noise had caus'd his fright,
Saw with surprise the linnet's flight.
"Is there on earth a wretch, (they said)
Whom our approach can strike with dread?
An instantaneous change of thought
To tumult every bosom wrought.
So fares the system-building sage,
Who, plodding on from youth to age,
At last on some foundation-dream
Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme,
And prov'd his predecessors fools,
And bound all nature by his rules;
So fares he in that dreadful hour,
When injur'd Truth exerts her power,
Some new phenomenon to raise;
Which, bursting on his frighted gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unsound.
"Children," thus spoke a hare sedate,
Who oft had known the' extremes of fate,
"In slight events the docile mind
May hints of good instruction find.

That our condition is the worst,
And we with such misfortunes curs'd
As all comparison defy,
Was late the universal cry.
When lo, an accident so slight
As yonder little linnet's flight,
Has made your stubborn heart confess
(So your amazement bids me guess)
That all our load of woes and fears
Is but a part of what he bears.
Where can he rest secure from harms,
Whom ev'n a helpless hare alarms?
Yet he repines not at his lot,
When past, the danger is forgot:
On yonder bough he trims his wings,
And with unusual rapture sings;
While we, less wretched, sink beneath
Our lighter ills, and rush to death.
No more of this unmeaning rage,
But hear, my friends, the words of age.
"When by the winds of autumn driven
The scatter'd clouds fly cross the heaven,
Oft have we, from some mountain's head,
Beheld the' alternate light and shade
Sweep the long vale. Here hovering lours
The shadowy cloud; there downward pours,
Streaming direct, a flood of day,
Which from the view flies swift away;
It flies, while other shades advance,
And other streaks of sunshine glance.
Thus chequer'd is the life below
With gleams of joy, and clouds of woe.
Then hope not, while we journey on,
Still to be basking in the sun:

Nor fear, though now in shades ye mourn,
That sunshine will no more return.
If, by your terrors overcome,
Ye fly before the' approaching gloom,
The rapid clouds your flight pursue,
And darkness still o'ercasts your view.
Who longs to reach the radiant plain
Must onward urge his course amain;
For doubly swift the shadow flies,
When 'gainst the gale the pilgrim plies.
At least be firm, and undismay'd
Maintain your ground! the fleeting shade
Ere long spontaneous glides away,
And gives you back the' enlivening ray.
Lo, while I speak, our danger past!
No more the shrill horn's angry blast
Howls in our ear; the savage roar
Of war and murder is no more.
Then snatch the moment fate allows,
Nor think of past or future woes."
He spoke; and hope revives; the lake
That instant one and all forsake,
In sweet amusement to employ
The present sprightly hour of joy.
Now from the western mountain's brow
Compass'd with clouds of various glow,
The sun a broader orb displays,
And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
The lawn assumes a fresher green,
And dew-drops spangle all the scene.
The balmy zephyr breathes along,
The shepherd sings his tender song,
With all their lays the groves resound,
And falling waters murmur round.

Discord and care were put to flight,
And all was peace and calm delight.

*ELEGY.**

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream?
On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,
Shall heedless Hope the towering fabric raise?
Till at Death's touch the fairy visions fly,
And real scenes rush dismal on the eye;
And, from Elysium's balmy slumber torn,
The startled soul awakes, to think and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Who flowery vales in endless view survey,
Glittering in beams of visionary day;
O, yet while Fate delays the' impending woe,
Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow;
Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;
Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, Beauteous, Good! O every grace combin'd,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fair as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild, as the strains, that, at the close of day,
Warbling remote, along the vales decay!——

* On Mrs. Walker, a sister of Lord Monboddo.

Yet, why with these compar'd? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine?
Why roam abroad? Since still, to Fancy's eyes,
I see, I see thy lovely form arise.
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekness beams ineffable delight;
That brow, where Wisdom sits enthron'd serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspir'd, O Virtue! Age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue:
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:
But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams;
Love, Wonder, Joy, alternately alarm,
And Beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah, whither fled!——ye dear illusions, stay
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay——
How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
Which late the purple light of youth display'd!
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd;
With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.
Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky;
Elate with hope, we deem'd no tempest nigh;
When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand that sooth'd Woe's weary head!
And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed!
And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
Infusing balm, into the rankled soul!
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower?
Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven?
Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven?——
But peace, bold thought! be still my bursting heart!
We, not Eliza, felt the fatal dart.
'Scap'd the dark dungeon, does the slave complain,
Nor bless the hand that broke the galling chain?
Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw?
Disclosing dubious to the' affrighted eye
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy seas in storm perpetual toss'd,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
O happy stroke! that burst the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.
Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! the swimming eye o'erflows anew,—
Nor check the sacred drops to pity due;
Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
O'er her low'd dust, the Parent, Brother, Friend!
How vain the hope of man!—But cease thy strain;
Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping Mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

EPITAPH:

BEING PART OF AN INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT,

To be erected by a Gentleman to the Memory of his Lady.

FAREWELL, my best-belov'd; whose heavenly mind
Genius with virtue, strength with softness join'd;
Devotion, undebas'd by pride or art,
With meek simplicity, and joy of heart;
Though sprighly, gentle; though polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblam'd, unequall'd in each sphere of life,
The tenderest Daughter, Sister, Parent, Wife.
In thee their Patroness the' afflicted lost;
Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast;
And I—but ah, can words my loss declare,
Or paint the' extremes of transport and despair!
O Thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best-belov'd, farewell!

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himself, or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

"Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And Sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, Man calls thee to mourn;
O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away.
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
But Man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo-blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

" O pity, great Father of light! (then I cried)
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free."

And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn:
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb.

EPITAPH ON THE AUTHOR.

BY HIMSELF.

Escap'd the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stem'd the sea of life;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet, for awhile, 'gainst passion's threatful blast
Let steady reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall:
Nor read, unmov'd, my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, oh man! to thee, to all.

praised by the public critics, but received the valuable commendations of Dr. Young, Mrs. Talbot, and Mrs. Carter, who loved poetry, and loved it most when in conjunction with piety.

Although Mr. Scott had not given his name to this publication, he was not long undiscovered, and began to be honoured with the notice of several of the literati of the day; which, however, did not flatter him into vanity or carelessness. For many years he abstained from further publication, determined to put in no claims that were not strengthened by the utmost industry, and frequent and careful revisal.

In 1761, during the prevalence of the small-pox at Ware, he removed to St. Margaret's, a small hamlet about two miles distant from Amwell, where Mr. Hoole informs us he became first acquainted with him, and saw the first sketch of his poem of Amwell, to which he then gave the title of A Prospect of Ware, and the Country adjacent. In 1766, he became sensible of the many disadvantages he laboured under by living in continual dread of the small-pox, and had the courage to submit to inoculation, which was successfully performed. He then visited London more frequently, and Mr. Hoole, had the satisfaction to introduce him, among others, to Dr. Johnson.

"Notwithstanding the great difference of their political principles, Scott had too much love for goodness and genius, not to be highly gratified in the opportunity of cultivating a friendship with that great exemplar of human virtues, and that great veteran of human learning; while the doctor, with a mind superior to the distinction of party, delighted with equal complacency in the amiable qualities of Scott, of whom he always spoke with feeling regard."

In 1767, he married Sarah Frogley, the daughter of his early friend and adviser Charles Frogley.

The bride was, previous to her nuptials, admitted a member of the society of Quakers. For her father he ever preserved the highest respect, and he seems to have written his eleventh ode, with a view to relieve the mind of that worthy man from the apprehension of being neglected by him. The connection he had formed in his family, however, was not of long duration. His wife died in childbed in 1768, and the same year he lost his father, and his infant child. For some time he was inconsolable, and removed from Amwell, where so many objects excited the bitter remembrance of all he held dear, to the house of a friend at Upton. Here, when time and reflection had mellowed his grief, he honoured the memory of his wife by an elegy, in which tenderness and love are expressed in the genuine language of nature. As he did not wish to make a parade of his private feelings, a few copies only of this elegy were given to his friends, nor would he ever suffer it to be published for sale. It procured him the praise of Dr. Hawkesworth, and the friendship of Dr. Langhorne, who had been visited by a similar calamity.

In November, 1770, he married his second wife, Mary de Horne, "a lady whose amiable qualities promised him many years of uninterrupted happiness." During his visits in London, he increased his literary circle of friends by an introduction to Mrs. Montague's parties. Among those who principally noticed him with respect, were Lord Lyttelton, Sir William Jones, Mr. Potter, Mr. Mickle, and Dr. Beattie, who paid him a cordial visit at Amwell in 1773, and again in 1781, and became one of his correspondents.

Although we have hitherto contemplated Scott as a student and occasional poet, he rendered himself more conspicuous as one of those observers of public affairs who employ much of their time in endeavouring to be useful. He appears to have

acquired the spirit and patriotism of the *country gentleman* whose abilities enable him to do good, and whose fortune adds the influence which is often necessary to render that good effectual and permanent. Among other subjects, his attention had often been called to that glaring defect in human polity, the state of the poor, and having revolved it in his mind, with the assistance of many personal inquiries, he published, in 1773, *Observations on the present state of the parochial and vagrant Poor*. Some of his propositions were incorporated in Mr. Gilbert's Bill, in the year 1782, but the whole was lost for want of parliamentary support.

In 1776, he published his *Amwell*, a descriptive poem, which he had long been preparing, and in which he fondly hoped to immortalize his favourite village.

At such intervals as he could spare, he wrote several anonymous pamphlets and essays on miscellaneous subjects, and is said to have appeared among the enemies of the measures of government who answered Dr. Johnson's Patriot, False Alarm, and Taxation no Tyranny. On the commencement of the Rowleian controversy, he took the part of Chatterton, but was among the first who questioned the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Rowley. This he discussed in some letters inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine. Of course he was led to admire the wonderful powers of the young poet, and in his twenty-first ode, pays a poetical tribute to his memory.

These, however, were his amusements; the more valuable part of his life was devoted to such public business as is ever best conducted by men of his pure and independent character. He gave regular attendance at turnpike meetings, navigation trusts, and commissions of land tax, and proposed and carried various schemes of local improvement. Among his neighbours he frequently,

by a judicious interference or arbitration, checked the spirit of litigation which destroys the felicity of a country life. In 1778, he published a work of great labour and utility, entitled, A Digest of the Highway and General Turnpike Laws. In this compilation, Mr. Hoole informs us, all the acts of parliament in force were collected together, and placed in one point of view; their contents arranged under distinct heads, with the addition of many notes, and an appendix on the construction and preservation of public roads, probably the only scientific treatise, when it appeared, on the subject.

In the spring of 1782, he published what he had long projected, a volume of poetry, including his Elegies, Amwell, and a great variety of hitherto unpublished pieces. On this volume it is evident he had bestowed great pains. He added the decoration of some beautiful engravings. A very favourable account was given of the whole of its contents in the Monthly Review; but the Critical having taken some personal liberties with the author, hinting that the ornaments were not quite suitable to the plainness and simplicity of a quaker, Mr. Scott thought proper to publish a letter addressed to the authors of that journal, in which he expostulated with them on their conduct, and defended his poetry.

After this contest, he began to prepare a work of the critical kind. He had been dissatisfied with some of Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and had amassed, in the course of his own reading and reflection, a number of observations on Denham, Milton, Pope, Dyer, Goldsmith, and Thomson, which he sent to the press under the title of Critical Essays, but did not live to see it published. On the 25th of October, 1783, he accompanied Mrs. Scott to London, for the benefit of medical advice for a

complaint under which she laboured at that time. On the 1st of December, while at his house at Ratcliff, he was attacked by a putrid fever, which proved fatal on the 12th of that month, and he was interred on the 18th, in the Quaker's burying ground at Ratcliff. He had reached his fifty-fourth year, and he left behind him a widow, and a daughter, their only child, then about six years old. His death was the more lamented, as he was in the vigour of life, and had the prospect of many years of usefulness. "In his person he was tall and slender, but his limbs were remarkably strong and muscular: he was very active, and delighted much in the exercise of walking: his countenance was cheerful and animated."

His Critical Essays were published in 1785, by Mr. Hoole, who prefixed to them a Life, written with much affection, yet with impartiality. He loved the man, and he freely criticizes the poet. Of his peculiar habits we have only one anecdote:—"He preferred, for poetical composition, the time when all the rest of the family were in bed; and it was frequently his custom to sit in a dark room, and when he had composed a number of lines, he would go into another room, where a candle was burning, in order to commit them to paper. Though in general very regular in his hour of retiring to rest, he would sometimes be up greater part of the night, when he was engaged in any literary work."

As a poet, he may be allowed to rank among those who possess genius in a moderate degree; who please by short efforts and limited inspirations; but whose talents are better displayed in moral reflection and pathetic sentiment, than in flights of fancy. His Elegies, as they were the first, are among the best of his performances. Simplicity appears to have been his general aim, and he was of opinion that it was too little studied by modern

writers. In the Mexican Prophecy, however, and in Serim, there is a fire and spirit worthy of the highest school. His Amwell will ever deserve a distinguished place among descriptive poems; although it is liable to all the objections attached to descriptive poetry. But he cannot be denied the merit of being original in many passages, and he appears to have viewed Nature with the eye of a genuine poet. He has himself pointed out some coincidences with former poets, which were accidental; and perhaps others may be discovered, without detracting from the independence of his Muse.

Upon the whole, the vein of pious and moral reflection, and the benevolence and philanthropy which pervade all his poems, will continue to make them acceptable to those who read to be improved, and are of opinion that pleasure is not the sole end of poetry. Several of his odes have considerable energy, both of thought and versification. He is generally harmonious and correct, and never fatigues the reader.

SELECT POEMS.

AMWELL:

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

THERE dwells a fond desire in human minds,
When pleas'd, their pleasure to extend to those
Of kindred taste; and thence the' enchanting arts
Of Picture and of Song, the semblance fair
Of Nature's forms produce. This fond desire
Prompts me to sing the lonely sylvan scenes
Of AMWELL; which so oft in early youth,
While novelty enhanc'd their native charms,
Gave rapture to my soul; and often, still,
On life's calm moments shed serener joy.
Descriptive Muse! whose hand along the stream
Of ancient Thames, through Richmond's shady groves,
And Sheen's fair valleys, once thy Thomson* led;
And once o'er green Carmarthen's woody dales,
And sunny landscapes of Campania's plain,
Thy other favour'd bard;† thou, who so late, [ear
In bowers by Clent's wild peaks,‡ to Shenstone's

* Thomson, author of the Seasons, resided part of his life near Richmond.

† Dyer, author of Grongar Hill; the ruins of Rome; and that excellent neglected poem, The Fleece.

‡ The Clent-hills adjoin to Hagley Park, and are not far distant from the Leasowes.

Didst bring sweet strains of rural melody,
(Alas, no longer heard!)—vouchsafe thine aid:
From all our rich varieties of view,
What best may please, assist me to select,
With art dispose, with energy describe,
And its full image on the mind impress.
And ye, whoe'er in these delightful fields
Consum'd with me the social hour, while I
Your walk conducted o'er their loveliest spots,
And on their fairest objects fix'd your sight;
Accept this verse, which may to memory call
That social hour, and sweetly varied walk!
And Thou, by strong connubial union mine;
Mine by the stronger union of the heart;
In whom the loss of parents and of friends,
And Her, the first fair partner of my joys,
All recompens'd I find; whose presence cheers
The soft domestic scene; Maria come!
The Country calls us forth; blithe Summer's hand
Sheds sweetest flowers, and morning's brightest smile
Illumines earth and air; Maria, come!
By winding pathways through the waving corn,
We reach the airy point that prospect yields,
Not vast and awful, but confin'd and fair;
Not the black mountain and the foamy main;
Not the throng'd city and the busy port;
But pleasant interchange of soft ascent,
And level plain, and growth of shady woods,
And twining course of rivers clear, and sight
Of rural towns and rural cots, whose roofs
Rise scattering round, and animate the whole.
Far towards the west, close under sheltering hills,
In verdant meads, by Lee's cerulean stream,

Hertford's grey towers* ascend; the rude remains
Of high antiquity, from waste escap'd
Of envious Time, and violence of War.
For War there once, so tells the' historic page,
Led Desolation's steps: the hardy Dane,
By avarice lur'd o'er Ocean's stormy wave,
To ravage Albion's plains, his favourite seat,
There fix'd awhile; and there his castless rear'd
Among the trees; and there, beneath yon ridge
Of piny rocks, his conquering navy moor'd,
With idle sails furl'd on the yard, and oars
Recumbent on the flood, and streamers gay
Triumphant fluttering on the passing winds.
In fear the shepherd on the lonely heath
Tended his scanty flock; the ploughman turn'd,
In fear his hasty furrow: oft the din
Of hostile arms alarm'd the ear, and flames
Of plunder'd towns through night's thick gloom from far
Gleam'd dismal on the sight: till Alfred came,
Till Alfred, father of his people, came,
Lee's rapid tide into new channels turn'd,
And left a-ground the Danian fleet, and forc'd
The foe to speedy flight.† Then Freedom's voice

* In the beginning of the Heptarchy, the town of Hertford was accounted one of the principal cities of the East Saxons, where the kings of that province often kept their courts, and a parliamentary council, or national synod, was held, Sept. 24th, 673. *Chauncy's Hertfordshire*, p. 237.

† Towards the latter end of the year 879, the Danes advanced to the borders of Mercia, and erected two forts at Hertford on the Lee, for the security of their ships, which they had brought up that river. Here they were attacked by the Londoners, who were repulsed. But Alfred advancing with his army, and viewing the nature of their situation, turned the course of the stream, so that their vessels were left on dry ground: a circumstance

Reviv'd the drooping swain; then ple
Recloth'd the desert fields, and Peace
Sat smiling by; as now they smiling si
Obvious to Fancy's eye, upon the side
Of yon bright sunny theatre of hills,
Where Bengeo's villas rise, and Ware
Spread their green surface, interspers'
Of broad umbrageous oak, and spiry p
Tall elm, and linden pale, and blosson
Breathing mild fragrance, like the spi
Of Indian islands. On the ample bro
Where that white temple rears its pil
Half hid with glossy foliage, many a
Renown'd for martial deeds, and man
Renown'd for song, have pass'd the r
The gentle Fanshaw* there, from "nc
From court's disease retir'd,"† deligh
The gaudy garden, fam'd in Wotton's

which terrified them to such a degree, that they
forts, and flying towards the Severn, were pur
far as Quatbridge. *Smollett's Hist. of England,*
edit.

* Sir Richard Fanshaw, translator of Guarini's
Lusiad of Camoens, &c. He was son of Sir Her
Ware Park, and is said to have resided much
ambassador to Portugal, and afterwards to S
Madrid in 1666. His body was brought to Engl
in Ware church, where his monument is still e
ber's Lives of the Poets, it is erroneously ass
buried in All-Saints church, Hertford.

† The words marked with inverted commas a
za of Fanshaw's.

‡ See Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, where the aut
ticular mention of the garden of Sir Henry F
Park, "as a delicate and diligent curiosity," re
nice arrangement of its flowers.

the verdant maze, or cool arcade,
ısing, and from smooth Italian strains
ɔft Guarini's amorous lore transfus'd
ıde British verse. The warrior's arm
ests from toil; the poet's tuneful tongue
nce lies; frail man his lov'd domains
juits for ever! they themselves, by course
ure often, or caprice of Art,
ience change: ev'n here, 'tis said of old
rocky cliffs rose where yon gentle slopes
ith the vale; and fluctuating waves [flowers
d wide, where that rich vale with golden
s; and where yonder winding crystal rill
through its smooth shorn margin, to the brink
adwell's azure pool. From Chadwell's pool
ndon's plains, the Cambrian artist brought
ıple aqueduct;* suppos'd a work
tchless skill, by those who ne'er had heard
rom Preneste's heights and Anio's banks,
voli, to Rome's imperial walls
ırble arches came the limpid store,
ut of jasper rocks in bright cascades
never-ceasing murmur gush'd; or how,
sitanian Ulysippo's towers,†
lver current o'er Alcant'ra's vale
high in air, as ancient poets feign'd
ıus to roll through Heaven: to these
rdid lucre, but the honest wish
ıre fame, or care for public weal,
nce gave; and unconfin'd, as dew

e New River, brought from Chadwell, a spring in the
vs between Hertford and Ware, by Sir Hugh Middleton,
e of Wales.
e ancient name of Lisbon.

Falls from the hand of Evening on the fields,
They flow'd for all. Our mercenary stream,
No grandeur boasting, here obscurely glides
O'er grassy lawns or under willow shades.
As, through the human form, arterial tubes
Branch'd every way, minute and more minute,
The circulating sanguine fluid extend;
So, pipes innumerable to peopled streets
Transmit the purchas'd wave. Old Lee, meanwhile,
Beneath his mossy grot o'erhung with boughs
Of poplar quivering in the breeze, surveys
With eye indignant his diminish'd tide,*
That laves yon ancient priory's wall,† and shows
In its clear mirror Ware's inverted roofs.

Ware once was known to fame; to her fair fields
Whilom the gothic tournament's proud pomp
Brought Albion's valiant youth and blooming maids:
Pleas'd with ideas of the past, the Muse
Bids Fancy's pencil paint the scene, where they
In gilded barges on the glassy stream
Circled the reedy isles, the sportive dance
Along the smooth lawn led, or in the groves
Wander'd conversing, or reclin'd at ease,
To harmony of lutes and voices sweet
Resign'd the' enchanted ear; till sudden heard
The silver trumpet's animating sound
Summon'd the champions forth, on stately steeds,

* A considerable part of the New River water is derived from the Lee, to the disadvantage of the navigation of that stream.

† "About the 18th of Henry III. Margaret, Countess of Leicester, and Lady of the Manor, founded a priory for friars in the north part of this town of Ware, and dedicated the same to St. Francis." *Chauncy's Hertfordshire.*

In splendid armour clad, the pondrous lance
With strenuous hand sustaining, forth they came.
Where gay pavilions rose upon the plain,
Or azure awnings stretch'd from tree to tree,
Mix'd with thick foliage, form'd a mimic sky
Of grateful shade (as oft in Agra's streets
The silken canopy from side to side
Extends to break the sun's impetuous ray,
While monarchs pass beneath;) there sat the Fair,
A glittering train on costly carpets rang'd,
A group of beauties all in youthful prime,
Of various feature and of various grace!
The pensive languish, and the sprightly air,
The' engaging smile, and all the nameless charms
Which transient hope, or fear, or grief, or joy,
Wak'd in the' expressive eye, the' enamour'd heart
Of each young hero rous'd to daring deeds. [spir'd
Nor this aught strange, that those whom love in-
Prov'd every means the lovely sex to please:
This strange, indeed, how custom thus could teach
The tender breast complacence in the sight
Of barbarous sport, where friend from hand of friend
The fatal wound full oft receiv'd, and fell
A victim to false glory; as that day
Fell gallant Pembroke, while his pompous show
Ended in silent gloom.* One pitying tear

* In the 25th of Henry III. on the 27th of June, Gilbert Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, a potent peer of the realm, proclaimed here [at Ware] a disport of running on horseback with lances, which was then called a tournament." *Chauncy's Hist. of Hertfordshire.*

"At this tournament, the said Gilbert was slain by a fall from his horse; Robert de Say, one of his knights, was killed, and several others wounded." *Smollett's Hist. of England.*

To human frailty paid, my roving sight
Pursues its pleasing course o'er neighbouring hills,
Where frequent hedge-rows intersect rich fields
Of many a different form and different hue,
Bright with ripe corn, or green with grass, or dark
With clover's purple bloom; o'er Widbury's mount
With that fair crescent crown'd of lofty elms,
Its own peculiar boast: and o'er the woods
That round immure the deep sequester'd vale
Of Langley,* down whose flower-embroider'd
meads,
Swift Ash through pebbly shores meandering rolls.
Elysian scene! as from the living world
Secluded quite; for of that world, to him
Whose wanderings trace thywinding length, appears
No mark, save one white solitary spire
At distance rising through the tufted trees—
Elysian scene! recluse as that, so fam'd
For solitude, by Warwick's ancient walls,
Where under umbrage of the mossy cliff
Victorious Guy, so legends say, reclin'd
His hoary head beside the silver stream,
In meditation rapt—Elysian scene!
At evening often, while the setting sun
On the green summit of thy eastern groves
Pour'd full his yellow radiance; while the voice

* This delightful retreat, commonly called Langley-bottom, is situated about half a mile from Ware, and the same distance from Amwell. The scene is adapted to contemplation, and possesses such capabilities of improvement, that the genius of a Shenstone might easily convert it to a second Leasowes. The transition from this solitude to Widbury Hill, is made in a walk of a few minutes, and the prospect from that hill, in a fine evening, is beautiful beyond description.

Of zephyr whispering midst the rustling leaves,
The sound of water murmuring through the sedge,
The turtle's plaintive call, and music soft
Of distant bells, whose ever-varying notes
In slow sad measure mov'd, combin'd to sooth
The soul to sweet solemnity of thought;
Beneath thy branchy bowers of thickest gloom,
Much on the' imperfect state of man I have mus'd:
How Pain o'er half his hours her iron reign
Ruthless extends; how Pleasure from the path
Of Innocence allures his steps; how Hope
Directs his eye to distant Joy, that flies
His fond pursuit; how Fear his shuddering heart
Alarms with fancied ill; how Doubt and Care
Perplex his thought; how soon the tender rose
Of Beauty fades, the sturdy oak of Strength
Declines to earth, and over all our pride
Stern Time triumphant stands. From general fate
To private woes then oft has memory pass'd,
And mourn'd the loss of many a friend belov'd;
Of thee, De Horne,* kind, generous, wise, and good!
And thee, my Turner,† who in vacant youth,
Here oft in converse free, or studious search
Of classic lore, accompanied my walk!
From Ware's green bowers to Devon's myrtle vales,
Remov'd awhile, with prospect opening fair
Of useful life and honour in his view;
As falls the vernal bloom before the breath

* Mr. John De Horne, brother to the poet's second wife.

† Mr. John Turner, of Ware, the author's youthful friend. He became Pastor of a dissenting congregation at Lympstone, in Devonshire, and afterwards joint conductor of an academy at Exeter.

Of blasting Eurus, immature he fell!
The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breast,
Aching with recent wounds,* new anguish wak'd
When melancholy thus has chang'd to grief,
That grief in soft forgetfulness to lose,
I have left the gloom for gayer scenes, and sough
Through winding paths of venerable shade,
The airy brow where that tall spreading beech
O'ertops surrounding groves, up rocky steeps,
Tree over tree dispos'd; or stretching far
Their shadowy coverts down the' indented side
Of fair corn-fields; or piere'd with sunny glades,
That yield the casual glimpse of flowery meads
And shining silver rills; on these the eye
Then wont to' expatiate pleas'd; or more remote
Survey'd yon vale of Lee, in verdant length
Of level lawn spread out to Kent's blue hills,
And the proud range of glittering spires that rise
In misty air, on Thames's crowded shores.
How beautiful, how various, is the view
Of these sweet pastoral landscapes! fair, perhaps,
As those renown'd of old, from Tabor's height,
Or Carmel seen, or those, the pride of Greece,
Tempe or Arcady; or those that grac'd
The banks of clear Elorus, or the skirts
Of thymy Hybla, where Sicilia's isle
Smiles on the azure main; there once was heard
The Muse's lofty lay.——How beautiful,
How various is yon view! delicious hills [streams
Bounding smooth vales, smooth vales by winding
Divided, that here glide through grassy banks
In open sun, there wander under shade

* See Elegy written at Amwell, 1768.

Of aspen tall, or ancient elm, whose boughs
O'erhang grey castles, and romantic farms,
And humble cots of happy shepherd swains.
Delightful habitations! with the song
Of birds melodious charm'd, and bleat of flocks
From upland pastures heard, and low of kine
Grazing the rushy mead, and mingled sounds
Of falling waters and of whispering winds—
Deilghtful habitations! o'er the land
Dispers'd around, from Waltham's osier'd isles
To where black Nasing's lonely tower o'erlooks
Her verdant fields; from Raydon's pleasant groves
And Hudson's bowers on Stort's irriguous marge,
By Rhye's old walls, to Hodsdon's airy street;
From Haly's woodland to the flowery meads
Of willow-shaded Stansted, and the slope
Of Amwell's Mount, that crown'd with yellow corn
There from the green flat, softly swelling, shows
Like some bright vernal cloud by zephyr's breath
Just rais'd above the' horizon's azure bound.
As one long travel'd on Italia's plains,
The land of pomp and beauty, still his feet
On his own Albion joys to fix again;
So my pleas'd eye, which o'er the prospect wide
Has wander'd round, and various objects mark'd,
On Amwell rests at last, its favourite scene!
How picturesque the view! where up the side
Of that steep bank, her roofs of russet thatch
Rise mix'd with trees, above whose swelling tops
Ascends the tall church tower, and loftier still
The hill's extended ridge. How picturesque!
Where slow beneath that bank the silver stream
Glides by the flowery isle, and willow groves
Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts

Of osier intermix'd. How picturesque
The slender group of airy elm, the clump
Of pollard oak, or ash, with ivy brown
Entwin'd; the walnut's gloomy breadth of bough
The orchard's ancient fence of rugged pales,
The haystack's dusky cone, the moss-grown shed,
The clay-built barn; the elder-shaded cot,
Whose whitewash'd gable prominent through gree
Of waving branches shows, perchance inscrib'd
With some past owner's name, or rudely grac'd
With rustic dial, that scarcely serves to mark
Time's ceaseless flight; the wall with mantling vine
O'erspread, the porch with climbing woodbin
wreath'd,
And under sheltering eves the sunny bench
Where brown hives range, whose busy tenants fill
With drowsy hum, the little garden gay, [flowers
Whence blooming beans, and spicy herbs, an
Exhale around a rich perfume! Here rests
The empty wain; there idle lies the plough:
By Summer's hand unharness'd, here the steed,
Short ease enjoying, crops the daisied lawn;
Here bleats the nursling lamb, the heifer there
Waits at the yard-gate lowing. By the road,
Where the neat ale-house stands (so once stood
Deserted Auburn! in immortal song [thine,
Consign'd to fame,)* the cottage sire recounts
The praise he earn'd, when cross the field he drew
The straightest furrow, or neatest built the rick,
Or led the reaper-band in sultry noons
With unabating strength, or won the prize
At many a crowded wake. Beside her door,

* See the Deserted Village, by Dr. Goldsmith.

The cottage matron whirls her circling wheel,
And jocund chants her lay. The cottage maid
Feeds from her loaded lap her mingled train
Of clamorous hungry fowls; or o'er the stile,
Leaning with downcast look, the artless tale
Of evening courtship hears. The sportive troop
Of cottage children on the grassy waste
Mix in rude gambols, or the bounding ball
Circle from hand to hand, or rustic notes
Wake on their pipes of jointed reed: while near
The careful shepherd's frequent-falling strokes
Fix on the fallow lea his hurdled fold.

Such rural life! so calm, it little yields
Of interesting act, to swell the page
Of history or song; yet much the soul
Its sweet simplicity delights, and oft
From noise of busy towns, to fields and groves,
The Muse's sons have fled to find repose.
Fam'd Walton,* erst the' ingenious fisher swain,
Oft our fair haunts explor'd; upon Lee's shore,
Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
His sport suspending to admire their charms.
He, who in verse his Country's story told,†

* Isaac Walton, author of the "Complete Angler," an ingenious biographer, and no despicable poet. The scene of his Anglers' Dialogues, is the Vale of Lee, between Tottenham and Ware; it seems to have been a place he much frequented: he particularly mentions Amwell-Hill.

† William Warner, author of Albion's England, an Historical Poem: an episode of which, entitled "Argentile and Curan," has been frequently reprinted, and is much admired by the lovers of old English poetry. The ingenious Dr. Percy, who has inserted this piece in his Collection, observes, that though Warner's name is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on

Here dwelt awhile; perchance here sketch'd the scene,
Where his fair Argentile, from crowded courts
For pride self-banish'd, in sequester'd shades
Sojourn'd disguis'd, and met the slighted youth
Who long had sought her love—the gentle bard
Sleeps here, by Fame forgotten; (fickle Fame
Too oft forgets her favourites!) By his side

a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age; that "Warner was said to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated at Magdalen Hall; that, in the latter part of his life, he was retained in the service of Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem; but that more of his history is not known. Mrs. Cooper, in her Muses' Library, after highly applauding his poetry, adds, "What were the circumstances and accidents of his life, we have hardly light enough to conjecture; any more than, by his dedication, it appears he was in the service of Lord Hunsdon, and acknowledges very gratefully both father and son for his patrons and benefactors." By the following extract from the parish register of Amwell, it may be reasonably concluded, that Warner resided for some time at that village; and, as his profession of an attorney is particularly mentioned, it is pretty evident, that, whatever dependence he might have on Lord Hunsdon, it could not be in the capacity of a menial servant. Though Warner's merit, as a poet, may have been too highly rated, it was really not inconsiderable; his Argentile and Curan has many beauties; but it has also the faults common to the compositions of his age, especially a most disgusting indelicacy of sentiment and expression.

"Mr. William Warner, a man of good yeares and honest reputation, by his profession an atturney at the Common Please, author of Albion's England; dying soddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on Thursday night beeing the 9th of March, was buried the Saturday following, and lieth in the church at the upper end, under the stone of Gwalter Fader."

gentle Hassal* who with tenderest care
atch'd his village charge; in nuptial bonds
ands oft join'd: oft heard, and oft reliev'd
ttle wants; oft heard and oft compos'd,
)iter, their little broils; oft urg'd
ight from folly and from vice; and oft
n their graves the tear, to early worth
:nt friendship due. In dangerous days,
)eath's fell Fury, pale-eyed Pestilence,
ıorror round, his duty he discharg'd
ied, unhurt; and here, at length,

nas Hassal, vicar of Amwell; he kept the above-men-
rish register with uncommon care and precision, enrich-
h many entertaining anecdotes of the parties registered.
rmed his duty in the most hazardous circumstances; it
r that the plague twice raged in the village during his
there; in 1603, when 26 persons, and in 1725, when
is died of it, and were buried in his church-yard. The
here given of him must be allowed, strictly speaking,
ginary; but his composition, in the said register, ap-
me to breathe such a spirit of piety, simplicity, and
nce, that I almost think myself authorized to assert
is his real one. He himself is registered by his son Ed-
ssal, as follows:

nas Hassal, vicar of this parish, where he had continued
7 years 7 months and 16 days, in the reigns of Queen
, King James, and King Charles, departed this life Sep-
ith, Thursday, and was buried September 26th, Satur-
body was laid in the chancel of this church, under the
: marble stone. Ætatis 84. Non erat ante, nec erit
nilis.

Edmund Hassal."
Register of Amwell, 1657.

eth Hassal, wife of the said Thomas Hassal, died about
time, aged 78 years 8 months; married 46 years and 4

Clos'd his calm inoffensive useful life
In venerable age: her life with him
His faithful consort clos'd; on earth's cold bres
Both sunk to rest together.——On the turf,
Whence time's rude grasp has torn their r
tombs,
I strew fresh flowers, and make a moment's p
Of solemn thought; then seek the' adjacent s
From which, through these broad lindens' ver
The steeple's gothic wall and window dim [
In perspective appear; then homeward turn
By where the Muse, enamour'd of our shades
Deigns still her favouring presence; where myft
The British Tasso,* oft from busy scenes
To rural calm and letter'd ease retires.
As some fond lover leaves his favourite nym
Oft looking back, and lingering in her view,
So now reluctant this retreat I leave,
Look after look indulging: on the right,
Up to yon airy battlement's broad top,
Half veil'd with trees, that, from the' acclivious st
Jut like the pendent gardens, fam'd of old,
Beside Euphrates' bank; then on the left,
Down to those shaded cots, and bright expans
Of water softly sliding by: once, where
That bright expanse of water softly slides,
O'erhung with shrubs that fring'd the chalky r
A little fount pour'd forth its gurgling rill,
In flinty channel trickling o'er the green,
From Emma nam'd; perhaps some sainted ma
For holy life rever'd; to such, erewhile,
Fond Superstition many a pleasant grove,

* Mr. Hoole, translator of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.

And limpid spring, was wont to consecrate.
Of Emma's story nought Tradition speaks;
Conjecture, who, behind Oblivion's veil,
Along the doubtful past delights to stray,
Boasts now, indeed, that from her well the place
Receiv'd its appellation.*——Thou, sweet Vill,
Farewell! and ye, sweet fields, where Plenty's horn
Pours liberal boons, and Health propitious deigns
Her cheering smile! you not the parching air
Of arid sands, you not the vapours chill
Of humid fens, annoy! Favonius' wing,
From off your thyme-banks and your trefoil meads,
Wafts balmy redolence; robust and gay
Your swains industrious issue to their toil,
Till your rich glebe, or in your granaries store
Its generous produce; annual ye resound
The ploughman's song, as he through reeking soil
Guides slow his shining share; ye annual hear
The shouts of harvest, and the prattling train
Of cheerful gleaners:—and the' alternate strokes
Of loud flails echoing from your loaded barns,
The pallid Morn in dark November wake.
But happy as ye are, in marks of wealth
And population; not for these, or aught
Beside, wish I, in hyperbolic strains
Of vain applause, to elevate your fame
Above all other scenes; for scenes as fair

* In Doomsday-book, this village of Amwell is written Emmevelle, perhaps originally Emma's well. When the New River was opened, there was a spring here which was taken into that aqueduct. Chadwell, the other source of that river, evidently received its denomination from the tutelar Saint, St. Chad, who seems to have given name to springs and wells in different parts of England.

Have charm'd my sight, but transient was the view.
You, through all seasons, in each varied hour
For observation happiest, oft my steps
Have travers'd o'er: oft Fancy's eye has seen
Gay Spring trip lightly on your lovely lawns,
To wake fresh flowers at morn; and Summer spread
His listless limbs, at noon-tide, on the marge
Of smooth translucent pools, where willows green
Gave shade, and breezes from the wild mint's bloom
Brought odour exquisite; oft Fancy's ear,
Deep in the gloom of evening woods, has heard
The last sad sigh of Autumn, when his throne
To Winter he resign'd: oft Fancy's thought,
In ecstacy, where from the golden east,
Or dazzling south, or crimson west, the Sun
A different lustre o'er the landscape threw,
Some Paradise has form'd the blissful seat
Of Innocence and Beauty! while I wish'd
The skill of Claude, or Reubens, or of him [breathe
Whom now on Lavant's banks, in groves that
Enthusiasm sublime, the Sister-Nymphs*
Inspire;† that, to the' idea fair, my hand
Might permanence have lent!—Attachment strong
Springs from delight bestow'd: to me delight
Long ye have given, and I have given you praise!

* Painting and Poetry.

† Mr. George Smith of Chichester, a justly celebrated landscape-painter, and also a poet. Lavant is the name of the river at Chichester, which city gave birth to the sublime Collins.

MORAL ECLOGUES.

At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni
Non absunt. Illic saltus, ac lustra ferarum,
Et patiens operum parvoque assueta juventus,
Sacra deûm, sanctique patres: extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terris vestiga fecit.
VIRG. Georg. II. 476.

ADVERTISEMENT.

: most rational definition of pastoral poetry
ns to be that of the learned and ingenious Dr.
nson, in the 37th number of his Rambler.
storal," says he, "being the representation of
ction or passion, by its effects on a country life,
nothing peculiar, but its confinement to rural
gery, without which it ceases to be pastoral."
s theory the author of the following Eclogues
endeavoured to exemplify.

MORAL ECLOGUES.

THERON;

OR, THE PRAISE OF RURAL LIFE.

SCENE—A Heath.

Season—Spring; Time—Morning.

Fair Spring o'er Nature held her gentlest sway
Fair Morn diffus'd around her brightest ray;
Thin mists hung hovering on the distant trees,
Or roll'd from off the fields before the breeze.
The shepherd Theron watch'd his fleecy train,
Beneath a broad oak, on the grassy plain.
A heath's green wild lay pleasant to his view,
With shrubs and field-flowers deck'd of varied h
There hawthorns tall their silver bloom disclos
Here flexile broom's bright yellow interpos'd;
There purple orchis, here pale daisies spread,
And sweet May-lilies richest odour shed.
From many a copse and blossom'd orchard nea
The voice of birds melodious charm'd the ear
There shrill the lark and soft the linnet sung,
And loud through air the throstle's music rung
The gentle Swain the cheerful scene admir'd;
The cheerful scene the song of joy inspir'd:—
"Chant on," he cried, "ye warblers on the sp
Bleat on, ye flocks, that in the pastures play!

Low on, ye herds, that range the dewy vales!
Murmur ye rills! and whisper soft, ye gales!
How bless'd my lot, in these sweet fields assign'd,
Where peace and leisure sooth the tuneful mind;
Where yet some pleasing vestiges remain
Of unperverted Nature's golden reign,
When Love and Virtue rang'd Arcadian shades,
With undesigning youths and artless maids!
For us, though destin'd to a later time,
A less luxuriant soil, less genial clime,
For us the country boasts enough to charm,
In the wild woodland or the cultur'd farm.
Come, Cynthio, come! in town no longer stay;
From crowds, and noise, and folly, haste away!
The fields, the meads, the trees, are all in bloom,
The vernal showers awake a rich perfume.
Where Damon's mansion, by the glassy stream,
Rears its white walls that through green willows gleam,
Annual the neighbours hold their shearing-day;
And blithe youths come, and nymphs in neat array:
Those shear their sheep, upon the smooth turf laid,
In the broad plane's or trembling poplar's shade;
These for their friends the' expected feast provide,
Beneath cool bowers along the' inclosure's side.
To view the toil, the glad repast to share,
Thy Delia, my Melania, shall be there;
Each, kind and faithful to her faithful swain,
Loves the calm pleasures of the pastoral plain.
Come, Cynthio, come! If towns and crowds invite,
And noise and folly promise high delight;
Soon the tir'd soul disgusted turns from these—
The rural prospect, only, long can please!"

PALEMON;

OR, BENEVOLENCE.

SCENE—A Wood-side on the Brow of a Hill.

Season—SUMMER; Time—FORENOON.

BRIGHT fleecy clouds flew scattering o'er the sky,
And shorten'd shadows show'd that noon was nigh;
When two young Shepherds, in the upland shade,
Their listless limbs upon the greensward laid.
Surrounding groves the wandering sight confin'd—
All, save where, westward, one wide landscape shin'd.
Down in the dale were neat inclosures seen,
The winding hedge-row, and the thicket green;
Rich marshland next a glossy level show'd,
And through grey willows silver rivers flow'd:
Beyond, high hills with towers and villas crown'd,
And waving forests, form'd the prospect's bound.
Sweet was the covert where the Swains reclin'd!
There spread the wild rose, there the woodbine twin'd;
There stood green fern; there, o'er the grassy ground,
Sweet chamomile and alehoof crept around;
And centaury red and yellow cinquefoil grew,
And scarlet campion, and cyanus blue;
And tufted thyme, and marjoram's purple bloom,
And ruddy strawberries yielding rich perfume.
Gay flies their wings on each fair flower display'd,
And labouring bees a lulling murmur made.

Along the brow a path delightful lay;
Slow by the youths Palemon chanc'd to stray,
A Bard, who often to the rural throng
At vacant hours rehears'd the moral song!
The song the Shepherds crav'd; the Sage replied:
"As late my steps forsook the fountain-side,
Adown the green lane by the beechen grove,
Their flocks young Pironel and Larvon drove;
With us perchance they'll rest awhile."—The Swains
Approach'd the shade; their sheep spread o'er the plains:
Silent they view'd the venerable man,
Whose voice melodious thus the lay began:—
"What Alcon sung where Evesham's vales extend,
I sing; ye Swains, your pleas'd attention lend!
There long with him the rural life I led,
His fields I cultur'd, and his flocks I fed.
Where, by the hamlet road upon the green,
Stood pleasant cots with trees dispers'd between,
Beside his door, as waving o'er his head
A lofty elm its rustling foliage spread,
Frequent he sat; while all the village train
Press'd round his seat, and listen'd to his strain.
And once of fair Benevolence he sung,
And thus the tuneful numbers left his tongue:
'Ye youth of Avon's banks, of Bredon's groves,
Sweet scenes, where Plenty reigns and Pleasure roves,
Woo to your bowers Benevolence the fair,
Kind as your soil, and gentle as your air.
She comes! her tranquil step, and placid eye,
Fierce Rage, fell Hate, and ruthless Avarice fly.
She comes! her heavenly smiles, with powerful charm,
Smooth Care's rough brow, and rest Toil's weary arm.

She comes! ye Shepherds, importune her stay!
While your fair farms exuberant wealth display,
While herds and flocks their annual increase yiel
And yellow harvests load the fruitful field;
Beneath grim Want's inexorable reign,
Pale Sickness, oft, and feeble Age complain!
Why this unlike allotment, save to show,
That who possess, possess but to bestow?" "
Palemon ceas'd.—" Sweet is the sound of gale
Amid green osiers in the winding vales;
Sweet is the lark's loud note on sunny hills,
What time fair Morn the sky with fragrance fills;
Sweet is the nightingale's love-soothing strain,
Heard by still waters on the moonlight plain!
But not the gales that through green osiers play,
Nor lark's nor nightingale's melodious lay,
Please like smooth numbers by the Muse inspir'd!
Larvon replied, and homeward all retir'd.

ARMYN;

OR, THE DISCONTENTED.

SCENE—A Valley.

Season—SUMMER; Time—AFTERNOON.

SUMMER o'er heaven diffus'd serenest blue,
And painted earth with many a pleasing hue;
When Armyn mus'd the vacant hour away,
Where willows o'er him wav'd their pendent spra
Cool was the shade, and cool the passing gale,
And sweet the prospect of the' adjacent vale:

The fertile soil, profuse of plants, bestow'd
The crowfoot's gold, the trefoil's purple show'd,
And spiky mint rich fragrance breathing round,
And meadsweet tall with tufts of flowerets crown'd,
And comfry white, and hoary silver-weed,
The bending osier, and the rustling reed. [spread,
There, where clear streams about green islands
Fair flocks and herds, the wealth of Armyn, fed;
There, on the hill's soft slope, delightful view!
Fair fields of corn, the wealth of Armyn, grew.
His sturdy hinds, a slow laborious band,
Swept their bright scythes, along the level land:
Blithe youths and maidens nimbly near them past,
And the thick swarth in careless wind-rows cast.
Full on the landscape shone the westering sun,
When thus the Swain's soliloquy begun:—
"Haste down, O Sun! and close the tedious day:
Time, to the' unhappy, slowly moves away.
Not so, to me, in Roden's sylvan bowers,
Pass'd Youth's short blissful reign of careless hours;
When to my view the fancied future lay,
A region ever tranquil, ever gay.
O then, what ardours did my breast inflame!
What thoughts were mine, of friendship, love, and
fame!
How tasteless life, now all its joys are tried,
And warm pursuits in dull repose subside!"
He paus'd: his closing words Albino heard,
As down the stream his little boat he steer'd;
His hand releas'd the sail, and drop'd the oar,
And moor'd the light skiff on the sedgy shore.
"Cease, gentle Swain, (he said) no more, in vain,
Thus make past pleasure cause of present pain!

Cease, gentle Swain, (he said) from thee, alone
Are youth's bless'd hours and fancied prospe
flown?
Ah, no! remembrance to my view restores
Dear native fields, which now my soul deplores
Rich hills and vales, and pleasant village scenes
Of oaks whose wide arms stretch'd o'er dais
greens,
And wind-mill sails slow circling in the breeze,
And cottage-walls envelop'd half with trees—
Sweet scenes, where Beauty met the ravish'd si
And Music often gave the ear delight;
Where Delia's smile, and Mira's tuneful song,
And Damon's converse charm'd the youthful thre
How chang'd, alas, how chang'd!—O'er all
plains,
Proud Norval, now, in lonely grandeur reigns;
His wide-spread park a waste of verdure lies,
And his vast villa's glittering roofs arise.
For me, hard fate!—But say, shall I complain?
These limbs, yet active, life's support obtain.
Let us, or good or evil as we share,
That thankful prize, and this with patience bea
The soft reproach touch'd Armyn's gentle brea
His alter'd brow a placid smile express'd:—
"Calm as clear evenings after vernal rains,
When all the air a rich perfume retains,
My mind, (said he) its murmurs driv'n away,
Feels Truth's full force, and bows to Reason's swa
He ceas'd: the sun, with horizontal beams,
Gilt the green mountains and the glittering strea
Slow down the tide before the sinking breeze,
Albino's white sail gleam'd among the trees;

Slow down the tide his winding course he bore
To watry Talgar's aspen-shaded shore.
Slow cross the valley, to the southern hill,
The steps of Armyn sought the distant vill,
Where through tall elms the moss-grown turret rose;
And his fair mansion offer'd sweet repose.

LYCORON;

OR, THE UNHAPPY.

SCENE—A Valley.

Season—AUTUMN; Time—EVENING.

THE matron, Autumn, held her sober reign
O'er fading foliage on the russet plain:
Mild Evening came; the moon began to rise,
And spread pale lustre o'er unclouded skies.
'Twas silence all—save, where along the road
The slow wain grating bore its cumbrous load;
Save, where broad rivers roll'd their waves away,
And screaming herons sought their watry prey—
When hapless Damon, in Algorno's vale,
Pour'd his soft sorrows on the passing gale:
"That grace of shape, that elegance of air,
That blooming face so exquisitely fair;
That eye of brightness bright as morning's ray,
That smile of softness soft as closing day,
Which bound my soul to thee; all, all are fled—
All lost in dreary mansions of the dead!
Ev'n him, whom distance from his love divides,
Toil'd on scorch'd sands, or tost on rolling tides,

Kind Hope still cheers, still paints, to sooth his pai
The happy moment when they meet again.
Far worse my lot! of hope bereft, I mourn!—
The parted spirit never can return!"
Thus Damon spoke, as in the cypress gloom
He hung lamenting o'er his Delia's tomb.
In the still valley where they wander'd near,
Two gentle Shepherds chanc'd his voice to hear
Lycoron's head Time's hand had silver'd o'er,
And Milo's cheek youth's rosy blushes bore.
"How mournful, (said Lycoron) flows that strai
It brings past miseries to my mind again.
When the blithe Village, on the vernal green,
Sees its fai: daughters in the dance convene;
And Youth's light step in search of Pleasure stray
And his fond eyes on Beauty fix their gaze;
Shouldst thou then, lingering midst the lovely trai
Wish some young Charmer's easy heart to gain,
Mark well, that Reason Love's pursuit approve,
Ere thy soft arts her tender passions move:
Else, though thy thoughts in Summer-regions rang
Calm sunny climes that seem to fear no change;
Rude Winter's rage will soon the scene deform,
Dark with thick cloud, and rough with batteri
storm!
When parents interdict, and friends dissuade;
The prudent censure, and the proud upbraid;
Think! all their efforts then shalt thou disdain,
Thy faith, thy constancy, unmov'd, maintain?
To Isca's fields, me once Ill-fortune led;
In Isca's fields, her flocks Zelinda fed:
There oft, when Evening, on the silent plain,
Commenc'd with sweet serenity her reign,

Along green groves, or down the winding dales,
The Fair-one listen'd to my tender tales;
Then when her mind, or doubt or fear distress'd,
And doubt or fear her anxious eyes express'd;
"O no! (said I) let oxen quit the mead,
With climbing goats on craggy cliffs to feed;
Before the hare the hound affrighted fly,
And larks pursue the falcon through the sky;
Streams cease to flow, and winds to stir the lake,
If I, unfaithful, ever thee forsake!—
What my tongue utter'd then, my heart believ'd:
O wretched heart, self-flatter'd and deceiv'd!
Fell Slander's arts the Virgin's fame accus'd;
And whom my love had chose, my pride refus'd.
For me, that cheek did tears of grief distain?
To me, that voice in anguish plead in vain?
What fiend relentless then my soul possess'd?
Oblivion hide! for ever hide the rest!
Too well her innocence and truth were prov'd;
Too late my pity and my justice mov'd!"
He ceas'd, with groans that more than words express'd,
And smote in agony his aged breast.
His friend replied not; but, with soothing strains
Of solemn music, sought to ease his pains:
Soft flow'd the notes, as gales that waft perfume
From cowslip meads, or linden boughs in bloom.
Peace o'er their minds a calm composure cast;
And slowly down the shadowy vale in pensive mood they pass'd.

AMŒBÆAN ECLOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MUCH of the rural imagery which our country affords has already been introduced in poetry, but many obvious and pleasing appearances seem to have totally escaped notice. To describe these is the business of the following Eclogues. The plan of the *Carmen Amœbæum*, or Responsive Verse of the ancients, inconsistent as it may be deemed with modern manners, was preferred on this occasion, as admitting an arbitrary and desultory disposition of ideas, where it was found difficult to preserve a regular connection.

RURAL SCENERY;

OR, THE DESCRIBERS.

DECEMBER's frost had bound the fields and streams
And Noon's bright sun effus'd its cheerful beams
Where woodland, northward, screen'd a pleasant plain,
And on dry fern-banks brows'd the fleecy train,
Two gentle youths, whom rural scenes could please,
Both skill'd to frame the tuneful rhyme with ease,
Charm'd with the prospect, slowly stray'd along,
Themselves amusing with alternate song.

FIRST.

These pollard oaks their tawny leaves retain,
These hardy hornbeams yet unstrip'd remain;
The wintry groves all else admit the view
Through naked stems of many a varied hue.

SECOND.

Yon shrubby slopes a pleasing mixture show;
There the rough elm and smooth white privet grow,
Straight shoots of ash with bark of glossy grey,
Red cornel twigs, and maple's russet spray.

FIRST.

These stony steeps with spreading moss abound,
Grey on the trees, and green upon the ground;
With tangling brambles ivy interweaves,
And bright mezerion* spreads its clustering leaves.

SECOND.

Old oaken stubs tough saplings there adorn,
There hedge-row plashes yield the knotty thorn;
The swain for different uses these avail,
And form the traveller's staff, the thresher's flail.

* Mezerion, Laureola Sempervirens; *vulg.* Spurge Laurel. This beautiful little evergreen is frequent among our woods and coppices. Its smooth shining leaves are placed on the top of the stems in circular tufts or clusters. Its flowers are small, of a light green, and perfume the air at a distance in an agreeable manner. It blows very early in mild seasons and warm situations. The common deciduous Mezerion, frequently planted in gardens, though very different in appearance, is another species of this genus.

FIRST.

Where yon brown hazels pendent catkins bear,
And prickly furze unfolds its blossoms fair,
The vagrant artist oft at ease reclines,
And broom's green shoots in besoms neat combines.

SECOND.

See, down the hill, along the ample glade,
The new-fallen wood in even ranges laid!
There his keen bill the busy workman plies,
And bids in heaps his well-bound faggots rise.

FIRST.

Soon shall kind Spring her flowery gifts bestow,
On sunny banks when silver snowdrops blow:
And tufts of primrose all around are spread,
And purple violets all their fragrance shed.

SECOND.

The woods then white anemonies array,
And lofty sallows their sweet bloom display;
And spicy hyacinths azure bells unfold,
And crowfoot clothes the mead with shining gol

FIRST.

Then soon gay Summer brings his gaudy train
His crimson poppies deck the corn-clad plain;
There scabious blue,* and purple knapweed†
And weld‡ and yarrow show their various dye

* Scabious: Scabiosa Vulgaris.
† Knapweed: Jacea Vulgaris.
‡ Weld: Luteola Vulgaris, or Dyers' Weed.——These with many others not inferior in beauty, are frequent balks, or ridges, which separate different kinds of corn common fields.

SECOND.

In shady lanes red foxglove bells appear,
And golden spikes the downy mulleins rear;*
The' inclosure ditch luxuriant mallows hide,
And branchy succory crowds the pathway side.

FIRST.

The' autumnal fields few pleasing plants supply,
Save where pale eyebright grows in pastures dry,
Or vervain blue, for magic rites renown'd,
And in the village precincts only found.†

SECOND.

The' autumnal hedges withering leaves embrown,
Save where wild climbers spread their silvery down,‡
And rugged blackthorns bend with purple sloes,
And the green skewerwood seeds of scarlet shows.§

FIRST.

When healthful salads crown the board in spring,
And nymphs green parsley from the gardens bring,

* The Digitalis, or Foxglove, is a very beautiful plant; there are several varieties of it which are honoured with a place in our gardens. The Mullein is not inferior in beauty, consequently merits equal notice.

† It is a vulgar opinion, that Vervain never grows in any place more than a quarter of a mile distant from a house.—Vide Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, article Verbena.

‡ Wild Climbers: Clematis, Viorna, or Traveller's Joy. The white downy seeds of this plant make a very conspicuous figure on our hedges in autumn.

§ Skewerwood: Evonymus; or, Spindle-tree. The twigs of this shrub are of a fine green; the capsules, or seed-vessels, of a fine purple; and the seeds of a rich scarlet. In autumn, when the capsules open and show the seeds, the plant has a most beautiful appearance.

Mark well lest hemlock mix its poisonous leaves—
Their semblance oft the' incautious eye deceives.

SECOND.

Warn, O ye Shepherds! warn the youth who play
On hamlet wastes, beside the public way;
There oft rank soils pernicious plants produce,
There nightshade's berry swells with deadly juice.

FIRST.

What varied scenes this pleasant country yields,
Form'd by the' arrangement fair of woods and fields!
On a green hillock, by the shady road,
My dwelling stands—a sweet recluse abode!
And o'er my darken'd casement intertwine
The fragrant briar, the woodbine, and the vine.

SECOND.

How different scenes our different tastes delight!
Some seek the hills, and some the vales invite.
Where o'er the brook's moist margin hazels meet
Stands my lone home—a pleasant, cool retreat!
Gay loosestrife there, and pale valerian spring,*
And tuneful reed-birds midst the sedges sing.

FIRST.

Before my door the box-edg'd border lies,
Where flowers of mint, and thyme, and tansy, rise
Along my wall the yellow stonecrop grows,
And the red houseleek on my brown thatch blows

* Loosestrife: Lysimachia Lutea Vulgaris. Dr. Hill observes that it is so beautiful a plant in its erect stature, regular growth and elegant flowers, that it is every way worthy to be taken into our gardens. It is frequent in moist places. The flowers are of a bright gold colour.

SECOND.

green osiers winds my stream away,
the blue halcyon skims from spray to spray,
waves the bulrush as the waters glide,
llow flag-flowers deck the sunny side.

FIRST.

o'er the slope of yon steep western hill,
tful orchard shelters all the vill;
)ear-trees tall their tops aspiring show,
ple-boughs their branches mix below.

SECOND.

)m my cottage stretch delightful meads,
rows of willows rise, and and banks of reeds;
:oll clear rivers; there old elms between,
ll's white roof and circling wheels are seen.

FIRST.

n's garden hawthorn hedges bound,
)wers of white, or fruit of crimson, crown'd,
vernal lilacs show their purple bloom,
eet syringas all the air perfume;
iitful mulberry spreads its umbrage cool,
e rough quince o'erhangs the little pool.

SECOND.

s fence green currants hide from view,
unches hung of red or amber hue;
his arbour blows the jasmine fair,
arlet beans their gaudy blossoms bear;
ty hollyhock there its spike displays,
e broad sunflower shows its golden rays.

FIRST.

Where moss-grown pales a sunny spot inclos'd,
And pinks and lilies all their hues expos'd,
Beneath a porch, with mantling vines enwreath'd,
The morning breeze the charming Sylvia breath'd:
No pink nor lily with her face could vie,
And, O how soft the languish of her eye!
I saw and lov'd; but lov'd, alas, in vain!
She check'd my passion with severe disdain.

SECOND.

When o'er the meads with vernal vedure gay
The village children wont at eve to stray,
I pluck'd fresh flowerets from the grassy ground,
And their green stalks with bending rushes bound;
My wreaths, my nosegays, then my Delia dress'd,
Crown'd her fair brow, or bloom'd upon her breast.
Young as I was, the pleasing thought was mine,
One day, fond boy, that beauty will be thine!

FIRST.

Beside his gate, beneath the lofty tree,
Old Thyrsis' well-known seat I vacant see; [play'd,
There while his prattling offspring round him
He oft to please them toys of osiers made:
That seat his weight shall never more sustain,
That offspring round him ne'er shall sport again.

SECOND.

Yon lone church tower that overlooks the hills!—
The sight my soul full oft with sorrow fills:
There Damon lies;—in prime of youth he died!—
A ford unknown, by night he ventrous tried:

In vain he struggled with the foaming wave:
No friendly arm, alas, was near to save!

FIRST.

Cease, friend! and, homeward as we bend our way,
Remark the beauties of the closing day;
See, tow'rds the west, the reddening sun declines,
And o'er the fields his level lustre shines.

SECOND.

How that bright landscape lures the eye to gaze,
Where with his beams the distant windows blaze!
And the gilt vane, high on the steeple spire,
Glows in the air—a dazzling spot of fire!

FIRST.

Behind yon hill he now forsakes our sight;
And yon tall beeches catch his latest light;
The hamlet smokes in amber wreaths arise;
White mist, like water, on the valley lies.

SECOND.

Where yon chalk cliffs the' horizon eastward bound,
And spreading elms the ancient hall surround,
The moon's bright orb arises from the main,
And Night in silence holds her solemn reign.

RURAL BUSINESS;

OR, THE AGRICULTURISTS.

May's liberal hand her fragrant bloom disclos'd,
And herds and flocks on grassy banks repos'd;
Soft Evening gave to ease the tranquil hour,
And Philomel's wild warblings fill'd the bower.

Where near the village rose the elm-crown'd hill,
And white-leav'd aspens trembled o'er the rill,
Three rural Bards, the village youth among,
The pleasing lore of rural business sung.

FIRST.

The care of farms we sing—attend the strain—
What skill, what toil, shall best procure you gain;
How different culture different ground requires;
While Wealth rewards whom Industry inspires.

SECOND.

When thy light land on scorching gravel lies,
And to the springing blade support denies;
Fix on the wintry tilth the frequent fold,
And mend with cooling marl, or untried mould.

THIRD.

If thy strong loam superfluous wet retain,
Lead through thy fields the subterraneous drain,
And o'er the surface mellowing stores expand
Of fiery lime, or incoherent sand.

FIRST.

In vacant corners, on the hamlet waste,
The ample dunghill's steaming heap be plac'd;
There many a month fermenting to remain,
Ere thy slow team disperse it o'er the plain.

SECOND.

The prudent farmer all manure provides,
The mire of roads, the mould of hedge-row sides;
For him their mud the stagnant ponds supply;
For him their soil, the stable and the sty.

THIRD.

ıe swain, on Kennet's winding shore,
ıurous peat along the sable moor:
vhere Ocean bounds the stormy strand,
ı dank sea-weed to the neighbouring land.

FIRST.

en heaths to tillage means to turn,
he plough, the greensward pare and burn;
e the smoking hillocks o'er the field,
: ashes useful compost yield.

SECOND.

lge or rushes rise on spongy soils,
ıt moss the' impoverish'd herbage spoils,
so:t with liberal hand bestow;
·ving pasture soon its use will show.

THIRD.

ın swains on airy hills explore
's white vein, a fertilizing store:
ı deep pits in copious baskets drawn,
like the arable and lawn.

FIRST.

ds too oft in indolence the day,
his farm his base neglect betray;
s hedge-greens docks and nettles bear,
ɔugh cammock clogs his shining share.*

SECOND.

y fallows let the plough pervade,
: top the' inverted roots are laid:

:k; Ononis, or Restharrow. The roots of this trou-
ıt are so strong, that it is credibly asserted they will
:h drawn by several horses.

There left to wither in the noon-tide ray,
Or by the spiky harrow clear'd away.

THIRD.

When wheat's green stem the ridge begir
Let the sharp weedhook's frequent aid b
Lest thy spoil'd crop at harvest thou bem
With twitch and twining bindweed overg

FIRST.

Much will rank melilot thy grain disgrace
And darnel, fellest of the weedy race:
To' extirpate these, might care or cost a
To' extirpate these, nor care nor cost sho

SECOND.

When the foul furrow fetid mayweed fills
The weary reaper oft complains of ills;
As his keen sickle grides along the lands,
The acrid herbage oft corrodes his hands

THIRD.

Wield oft thy scythe along the grassy lay
Ere the rude thistle its light down displa
Else that light down upon the breeze wil
And a new store of noxious plants supply

FIRST.

Would ye from tillage ample gains receiv
With change of crops the' exhausted soil
Next purple clover let brown wheat be s
And bearded barley after turnips green.

SECOND.

Bid here dark peas or tangled vetches spr
There buckwheat's white flower faintly ti
red;

Bid here potatoes' deep green stems be born,
And yellow cole the' inclosure there adorn.

THIRD.

Here let tall rye or fragrant beans ascend,
Or oats their ample panicles extend;
There rest thy glebe, left fallow not in vain,
To feel the summer's sun and winter's rain.

FIRST.

The skill'd in culture oft repay their toil
By choice of plants adapted to their soil;
The spiky saintfoin best on chalk succeeds,
The lucern hates cold clays and moory meads.

SECOND.

Best on loose sands, where brakes and briars once rose,
Its deep-fring'd leaves the yellow carrot shows;
Best on stiff loam rough teasels* rear their heads,
And brown coriander's odorous umbel spreads.

THIRD.

On barren mountains, bleak with chilly air,
Forbidding pasturage or the ploughman's care,
Laburnum's boughs a beauteous bloom disclose,
Or spiry pines a gloomy grove compose.

FIRST.

On rushy marshes, rank with watery weeds,
Clothe the clear'd soil with groves of waving reeds;
Of them the gardener annual fences forms,
To shield his tender plants from vernal storms.

* Teasel: Dipsacus Sativus. This plant is cultivated, in many places, for the use of the woollen manufacture. There are large fields of it in Essex; where the Coriander is also grown.

SECOND.

Cantabrian hills the purple saffron show;
Blue fields of flax in Lincoln's fenland blow;
On Kent's rich plains green hop-grounds scent the gales;
And apple-groves deck Hereford's golden vales.*

THIRD.

Shelter'd by woods the weald of Sussex lies;
Her smooth green downs sublime from Ocean rise
That, fittest soil supplies for growth of grain;
These, yield best pasture for the fleecy train.

FIRST.

Say, friends! whoe'er his residence might choose
Would these sweet scenes of sylvan shade refuse
And seek the black waste of the barren wold,
That yields no shelter from the heat or cold?

SECOND.

Dull are slow Ousa's mist-exhaling plains,
Where long rank grass the morning dew retains
Who pastures there in Autumn's humid reign,
His flocks from sickness hopes to save in vain.

THIRD.

The bleak, flat, sedgy shores of Essex shun,
Where fog perpetual veils the winter sun;
Though flattering Fortune there invite thy stay,
Thy health the purchase of her smiles must pay.

FIRST.

When, harvest past, thy ricks of yellow corn
Rise round the yard, and scent the breeze of mor
Rude Winter's rage with timely care to' avert,
Let the skill'd thatcher ply his useful art.

* There is a part of Herefordshire, from its extraordinary fe tility and pleasantness, usually denominated "The Golde Vale."

SECOND.

When thy ripe walnuts deck the glossy spray,
Ere pilfering rooks purloin them fast away,
Wield thy tough pole, and lash the trees amain,
Till leaves and husks the lawn beneath distain.

THIRD.

When thy green orchards fraught with fruit appear,
Thy lofty ladder 'midst the boughs uprear;
Thy basket's hook upon the branch suspend,
And with the fragrant burden oft descend.

FIRST.

Spread on the grass, or pil'd in heaps, behold
The pearmain's red, the pippin's speckled gold;
There shall the russet's auburn rind be seen,
The redstreak's stripes and nonpareil's bright green.

SECOND.

These on dry straw, in airy chambers, lay,
Where windows clear admit the noon-tide ray;
They, safe from frosts, thy table shall supply,
Fresh to the taste, and pleasing to the eye.

THIRD.

When favouring seasons yield thee store to spare,
The circling mill and cumbrous press prepare;
From copious vats, the well-fermented juice
Will sparkling beverage for thy board produce.

FIRST.

From red to black when bramble-berries change,
And boys for nuts the hazel copses range,
On new-reap'd fields the thick strong stubble mow,
And safe in stacks about thy homestead stow.

SECOND.

With purple fruit when elder-branches bend,
And their bright hues the lips and cornels blend,
Ere yet chill hoar-frost comes, or sleety rain,
Sow with choice wheat the neatly furrow'd plain

THIRD.

When clamorous fieldfares seek the frozen mead
And lurking snipes by gurgling runnels feed;
Then midst dry fodder let thy herds be found,
Where sheltering sheds the well-stor'd crib su
round.

FIRST.

Though Winter reigns, our labours never fail:
Then all day long we hear the sounding flail;
And oft the beetle's strenuous stroke descends,
That knotty block-wood into billets rends.

SECOND.

Then in the barns in motion oft are seen
The rustling corn-fan, and the wiry screen:
In sacks the tasker measures up his grain,
And loads for market on the spacious wain.

THIRD.

The' inclosure fence then claims our timely care
The ditch to deepen, and the bank repair;
Thewell-plash'd hedge with frequent stakes confi
And o'er its top tough wyths of hazel twine.

FIRST.

Where in the croft the russet hayrick stands,
The dextrous binder twists his sedgy bands,
Across the stack his sharp-edg'd engine guides,
And the hard mass in many a truss divides.*

* Hay is usually cut with an oblong triangular instrume
called a cutting-knife.

SECOND.

When frost thy turnips fixes in the ground,
And hungry flocks for food stand bleating round,
Let sturdy youths their pointed peckers ply,
Till the rais'd roots loose on the surface lie.

THIRD.

When stormy days constrain to quit the field,
The house or barn may useful business yield;
There crooked snaths* of flexile sallow make,
Or of tough ash the fork-stale and the rake.

FIRST.

Full many a chance defeats the farmer's pains,
Full many a loss diminishes his gains;
Wet spoils the seeds, or frost its growth o'erpow'r,
Beasts break the stalk, and birds the grain devour.

SECOND.

While plenteous crops reward thy toil and care,
Thy liberal aid may Age and Sickness share!
Nor let the widow'd cottager deplore
Her fireless hearth, her cupboard's scanty store.

THIRD.

The haughty lord, whom lust of gain inspires,
From man and beast excessive toil requires:
The generous master views with pitying eyes
Their lot severe, and food and rest supplies.

* Snath is the technical term for the handle of a scythe.

FIRST.

Amid Achaia's streamy vales of old,
Of works and days the' Ascrean Pastor told:
Around him, curious, came the rustic throng,
And wondering listened to the' informing song.

SECOND.

Where fam'd Anapus' limpid water stray,
Sicilia's poet tun'd his doric lay:
While o'er his head the pine's dark foliage hung,
And at his feet the bubbling fountain sprung.

THIRD.

The Latian Maro sung, where Mincio's stream
Through groves of ilex cast a silvery gleam;
While down green valleys stray'd his fleecy flocks,
Or slept in shadow of the mossy rocks.

FIRST.

Fair fame to him, the bard whose song displays
Of rural arts the knowledge and the praise!
Rich as the field with ripen'd harvest white—
A scene of profit mingled with delight!

SECOND.

As dewy cherries to the taste in June,
As shady lanes to travellers at noon,
To me so welcome is the Shepherd's strain;
To kindred spirits never sung in vain:

THIRD.

While lindens sweet and spiky chesnuts blow,
While beech bears mast, on oaks while acorns grow;
So long shall last the Shepherd's tuneful rhyme,
And please in every age, and every clime!

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Oriental Eclogues of Collins have such an excellence, that it may be supposed they must preclude the appearance of any subsequent work with the same title. This consideration did not escape the author of the following poems; but as the scenery and sentiment of his predecessor were totally different from his own, he thought it matter of little consequence.

This kind of composition is, in general, subject to one disadvantage, for which allowance should be made. He who describes what he has seen, may describe correctly; he who describes what he has not seen, must depend for much on the accounts of others, and supply the rest from his own imagination.

ZERAD;

OR, THE ABSENT LOVER:

*An Arabian Eclogue.**

KORASA'S tribe, a frequent-wandering train,
From Zenan's pastures sought Negiran's plain.
With them Semira left her favourite shades,
The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids!

* The learned and ingenious Sir William Jones, in his elegant and judicious Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations, speaking of the Arabians, has the following passage: "It sometimes happens (says he) that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another; and, as the tents are frequently re-

Her parting hand her fair companions press'd;
A transient sorrow touch'd each tender breast;
As some thin cloud across the morning ray
Casts one short moment's gloom, and glides away:
Their cares, their sports, they hasted soon to tend,
And lost in them the memory of their friend.
But gallant Zerad ill her absence bore.—
A wealthy emir from Katara's shore;
A warrior he, the bravest of his race;
A bard high-honour'd in his native place;
Age oft learn'd knowledge from his tuneful tongue,
And listening Beauty languish'd while he sung,
What time the tribes in camp contiguous lay,
Oft with the Fair-one he was wont to stray;
There oft for her fresh fruits and flowers he sought,
And oft her flocks to crystal fountains brought.
Where the tall palm-grove grac'd Alzobah's green,
And sable tents in many a rank were seen;†

moved on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship. Hence, almost all the Arabic poems open in this manner:—The author bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty; comparing her to a wanton fawn that plays among the aromatic shrubs. His friends endeavour to comfort him; but he refuses consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of lions."—The author of the following Eclogue was struck with this outline, and has attempted to fill it up. An apology for expatiating on the pleasing subjects of love and beauty, when nothing is said to offend the ear of chastity, he supposes needless. If any, however, there be, who question the utility of at all describing those subjects; such may remember, that there is an eastern poem, generally esteemed *sacred*, which abounds with the most ardent expressions of the one, and luxuriant pictures of the other.

† The Arabian tents are black. Vide Canticles, i. 5.

While Evening's steps the setting Sun pursued,
And the still fields her balmy tears bedew'd;
The pensive Lover, there reclin'd apart,
Indulg'd the sorrows of his anxious heart.
His graceful head the costly turban dress'd;
The crimson sash confin'd his azure vest;
His hand the sounding arabeb* sustain'd;
And thus his voice in melody complain'd—
Soft as the night-bird's amorous music flows,
In Zibet's gardens, when she wooes the rose:†
"Bright star of Sora's sky, whose matchless blaze
Gilds thy proud tribe with mild benignant rays!
Sweet flower of Azem's vale, whose matchless bloom
O'er thy fam'd house spreads exquisite perfume!
Blithe fawn of Kosa, at the break of dawn,
Midst groves of cassia, sporting on the lawn!
Too charming Beauty! why must I bemoan
Thee from my presence thus abruptly flown?
Ere the shrill trump to march the signal gave,
And banners high in air began to wave;
Ere the tall camel felt his wonted load,
And herds and flocks slow mov'd along the road;
Ere slow behind them march'd the warrior train,
And the struck tents left vacant all the plain;
Could no fond plea obtain a longer stay?
Would no kind hand the' intelligence convey?
Ah, hapless me! to Aden's port I stray'd,
Sought gold and gems, but lost my lovely maid!
"My friends, they come my sorrows to allay—
Azor the wise, and Soliman the gay—

* Arabebbah, an Arabian and Moorish instrument of music. *Vide Shaw's Travels. and Russel's History of Aleppo.*

† Alluding to an Eastern fable of the nightingale courting the rose.

One cries, "Let Reason hold her sober reign,
Nor Love's light trifles give thy bosom pain!
For thee kind Science all her lore displays,
And Fame awaits thee with the wreath of praise."
"O why," cries one, "is she alone thy care?
She's fair, indeed, but other maids are fair:
Negima's eyes with dazzling lustre shine,
And her black tresses curl like Zebid's vine;
On Hinda's brow Kushemon's lily blows,
And on her cheek unfolds Nishapor's rose!
With them, the tale, the song, the dance shall please
When Mirth's free banquet fills the bower of ease."
"Ah, cease," said I, "of love he little knows,
Who with sage counsel hopes to cure its woes!
Go, bid in air Yamama's lightnings stay,
Or Perath's lion quit his trembling prey:
Kind Science' lore with Beauty best we share,
And Beauty's hands Fame's fairest wreaths prepare
I praise Negima's lovely hair and eyes;
Nor Hinda's lily, nor her rose despise:
But Omman's pearls diffuse a brighter beam
Than the gay pebbles of Kalafa's stream.—
"O lov'd Semira! whither dost thou rove?
Tread thy soft steps by Sada's jasmine grove?
Dost thou thy flocks on Ocah's mountain keep?
Do Ared's olives whisper o'er thy sleep?—
Ah, no!——the maid, perhaps, remote from the
Some hostile troop, in ambush laid, may seize:
Too lovely captive! she, in triumph borne,
The proud Pacha's throng'd haram shall adorn.
Vain fear! around her march her valiant friends
Brave Omar's hand the bow of Ishmael bends;
Strong Hassan's arm Kaaba's spear can wield,
And rear on high El-makin's ponderous shield!

Ah, shame to me! shall Sloth's dishonouring chain
From love, from glory, Zerad here detain,
Till grief my cheek with sickly saffron spread,
And my eyes, weeping, match the' Argavan's red?*
Haste, bring my steed, supreme in strength and grace,
First in the fight, and fleetest in the chase; [bred,
His sire renown'd on Gebel's hills was
His beauteous dam in Derar's pastures fed:
Bring my strong lance that, ne'er impell'd in vain,
Pierc'd the fierce tiger on Hegesa's plain.
Across the desert I her steps pursue;
Toil at my side, and danger in my view!
There Thirst, fell demon! haunts the sultry air,
And his wild eye-balls roll with horrid glare;
There deadly Samiel,† striding o'er the land,
Sweeps his red wing, and whirls the burning sand;
As winds the weary caravan along,
The fiery storm involves the hapless throng.
I go, I go, nor toil nor danger heed;
The faithful lover Safety's hand shall lead.
The heart that fosters Virtue's generous flames,
Our Holy Prophet's sure protection claims.
"Delightful Irem‡ (midst the lonely waste
By Shedad's hand the paradise was plac'd)
Each shady tree of varied foliage shows,
And every flower and every fruit bestows;

* D'Herbelot informs us, that saffron faces, and Argavan eyes, are expressions commonly used in the East, to describe passionate lovers, whose melancholy appears in their countenances, and whose eyes become red with weeping. The Argavan is supposed to be the Arbor Judæ; whose blossoms are of a bright purple. *Vide Harmer's Commentary on Solomon's Song*, p. 162.

† Samiel: the fiery blasting wind of the desert.

‡ "Mahommed, in his Alcoran, in the chapter of the Morning,

There drop rich gums of every high perfume;
There sing sweet birds of every gaudy plume;
There soft-eyed Houries tread the' enamell'd green—
Once, and no more, the happy seat was seen;
As his stray'd camel midst the wild he sought,
Chance to the spot the wandering Esar brought:
A blissful Irem, midst the desert drear,
Semira's tent my love-sick sight shall cheer.
"What palm of beauty towers on Keran's hills?
What myrrh with fragrance Sala's valley fills?
'Tis she, who left so late her favourite shades,
The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids!
Look from thy tent, the curtains fair unfold,
Give to my view thy veil of silk and gold;
O lift that veil! thy radiant eyes display—
Those radiant eyes shall light me on my way!
On Hejar's wild rocks from the Persian main,
Thus the Moon, rising, lights the wilder'd swain.
O raise thy voice! the sound shall give delight,
Like songs of pilgrims distant heard by night!
I come, I come!"——He spoke, and seiz'd the rein,
And his fleet courser spurn'd the sandy plain.

mentions a garden, called Irem, which is no less celebrated by the Asiatic poets, than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the commentators say, by a king, named Shedad; and was once seen by an Arabian, who wandered far into the desert, in search of a lost camel."—*Jones's Essay on Oriental Poetry.*

SERIM:

OR, THE ARTIFICIAL FAMINE:

*An East-Indian Eclogue.**

uardian-Genius of this sacred wave!†
e thy sons, if thine the power to save!"
rim spoke, as sad on Ganges' shore
t, his country's miseries to deplore—

he following account of British conduct and its conse-
es, in Bengal and the adjacent provinces, some years ago,
ord a sufficient idea of the subject of the following Eclogue.
describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco,
storian thus proceeds: "Money, in this current, came
drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited
ia to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained
:ken its pace.—The natives could live with little salt, but
ithout food. Some of the agents saw themselves well
d for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They
the Gentoos would rather die, than violate the precepts of
eligion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore
ween giving what they had, and dying. The inhabitants
they that cultivated the land, and saw harvest at the dis-
of others, planted in doubt; scarcity ensued; then the mo-
was easier managed. The people took to roots, and food
ad been unaccustomed to eat. Sickness ensued. In some
s, the languid living left the bodies of their numerous
nburied." *Short History of English Transactions in the*
idies, p. 145.

above quotation sufficiently proves, that the general plan
following poem is founded on fact. And, even with re-
to its particular incidents, there can be little doubt, but
nong the varied miseries of millions, every picture of dis-
hich the author has drawn, had its original.

e Hindoos worship a god, or genius, of the Ganges.

"O Guardian Genius of this sacred wave!
O save thy sons, if thine the power to save!
From Agra's towers to Muxadabat's* walls,
On thee for aid the suffering Hindoo calls:
Europe's fell race control the wide domain,
ngross the harvest, and enslave the swain.
Why rise these cumbrous piles along thy tide?
They hold the plenty to our prayers denied!
Guards at their gates perpetual watch maintain,
Where Want, in anguish, craves relief in vain. (cry;
'Bring gold, bring gems,' the' insatiate plunderers
'Who hoards his wealth by Hunger's rage shall die.'
Ye Fiends! ye' have ravish'd all our little store;
Ye see we perish, yet ye ask for more!
Go ye yourselves, and search for gold the mine;
Go, dive where pearls beneath the ocean shine!
What right have ye to plague our peaceful land?
No ships of ours e'er sought your western strand:
Ne'er from your fields we snatch'd their crops away,
Nor made your daughters or your sons our prey.
Not ev'n in thought we quit our native place—
A calm, contented, inoffensive race!
By Avarice led, ye range remotest climes,
And every nation execrates your crimes.
"When Timur's house,† renown'd, in Delhi
Distress, assistance unimplor'd obtain'd: [reign'd

* Muxadabat, or Morshedabat a large city of India about two hundred miles above Calcutta. The name is commonly pronounced with the accent on the last syllable: Muxadabat. I have taken the liberty to accommodate this, and some few other words, to my verse, by altering the accentuation; a matter, I apprehend, of little consequence to the English reader.

† The famous Mahometan tyrant, Aurenzebe, during a time which prevailed in different parts of India, exerted his

When Famine o'er the' afflicted region frown'd,
And Sickness languish'd on the barren ground,
The' imperial granaries wide display'd their doors,
And ships provision brought from distant shores;
The laden camels crowded Kurah's vales,
From Colgon's cliffs they hail'd the coming sails.
But ye!—ev'n now, while favouring seasons smile,
And the rich glebe would recompense our toil,
Dearth and Disease to you alone we owe;
Ye cause the mischief, and enjoy the woe!
"This beauteous clime, but late, what plenty bless'd!
What days of pleasure, and what nights of rest!
From Gola's streets, fam'd mart of fragrant grain!
Trade's cheerful voice resounded o'er the plain;
There now sad Silence listens to the waves
That break in murmurs round the rocky caves.
Sweet were the songs o'er Jumal's level borne,
While busy thousands throng'd to plant the corn;
Now tenfold tax the farmer fore'd to yield,
Despairs, and leaves unoccupied the field.
Sweet were the songs of Burdwan's mulberry grove
While the rich silk the rapid shuttle wove;
Now from the loom our costly vestments torn,
The' insulting robbers meanest slaves adorn.
In Malda's shades, on Purna's palmy plain,
The hapless artists, urg'd to toil in vain,

to alleviate the distress of his subjects. "He remitted the taxes that were due; he employed those already collected in the purchase of corn, which was distributed among the poorer sort. He even expended immense sums out of the treasury, in conveying grain, by land and water, into the interior provinces, from Bengal, and the countries which lie on the five branches of the Indus." *Dow's Indostan*, vol. iii. p. 340.

Quit their sad homes, and mourn along the land
A pensive, pallid, self-disabled band!—*
"The year revolves—'Bring choicest fruits
flowers!
Spread wide the board in consecrated bowers;
Bring Joy, bring Sport, the song, the dance prepa
'Tis Drugah's Feast,† and all our friends must sha
The year revolves—nor fruits nor flowers are se
Nor festive board in bowers of holy green;
Nor Joy, nor Sport, nor dance, nor tuneful strain
'Tis Drugah's feast—but Grief and Terror reign
Yet there, ingrate! oft welcome guests ye came
And talk'd of Honour's laws and Friendship's flam
"The year revolves—and Bishen's Fast‡ invit
On Ganges' marge to pay the solemn rites;
All, boons of Bishen, great preserver, crave;
All, in the sacred flood, their bodies lave:

* Those who now made the things the English most want were pressed on all sides by their own necessities, their neig bours, and the agents employed to procure the Company's vestments, as the goods sent to Europe are called. These i portunities were united, and urged so much, so often, and such ways, as to produce, among the people in the silk busine instances of their cutting off their thumbs, that the want of the might excuse them from following their trade, and the incon niences to which they were exposed beyond the common lot their neighbours." *History of English Transactions in the Ea Indies.*

† Drugah; a Hindoo Goddess. "Drugah Poojah is the gra general feast of the Gentoos, usually visited by all European (by invitation,) who are treated by the proprietors of the fea with the fruits and flowers in season, and are entertained ever evening with bands of singers and dancers." *Vide Holwell's I dostan*, vol. ii.

‡ Bishen, Bistnoo, or Jaggernaut, is one of the principal Hin doo deities. "This fast, dedicated to him, is called the Sina

›re, alas!—the multitude no more
in the tide, or kneel upon the shore;
›re from towns and villages they throng,
o'er the fields, the public paths along:
ı our ways, by human foot unworn,
the dim form of Solitude forlorn!—
Ava's mountains Morn's bright eyes survey
anges' streams in many a winding stray:
fleecy flocks on many an island feed;
herds unnumber'd pasture many a mead;
ɛ noxious herbs our last resource supply,
learth escaping, by disease we die)
these,' ye cry, 'nor more for food complain;
hese, and slay like us, and riot on the slain!'
'! our Law the crime abhorr'd withstands;
ɛ—but blood shall ne'er pollute our hands.
rdian-Genius of this sacred wave!
ave thy sons, if thine the power to save!"
erim spoke—while by the moon's pale beam,
ɛquent corse came floating down the stream,*
h'd, and rising turn'd his steps to rove
wav'd o'er Nizim's vale the cocoa-grove;
midst scorch'd ruins, one lone roof remain'd,
ıe forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
und of feet he near his threshold heard;
'om the ground his languid limbs he rear'd:
', Tyrant, come! perform a generous part,
/ keen steel, and pierce this fainting heart!

r general washing in the Ganges; and it is almost incre-
think the immense multitude of every age and sex, that
on both sides the river, throughout its whole course, at
the same time." *Vide Holwell*, vol. ii. p. 124, 128.
Hindoos frequently cast the bodies of their deceased into
ges; with the idea, I suppose, of committing them to the
of the god, or genius, of the river.

Let Luxury's hand adorn the gaudy room,
Smooth the soft couch, and shed the rich perfume,
There Night's kind calm in vain shall sleep invite,
While fancied omens warn, and spectres fright:
Sad sounds shall issue from your guilty walls,
The widow'd wife's the sonless mother's calls;
And infant Rajahs' bleeding forms shall rise,
And lift to you their supplicating eyes:
Remorse intolerable your hearts will feel,
And your own hands plunge deep the' avenging steel.*
(For Europe's cowards Heaven's command disdain,
To Death's cold arms they fly for ease in vain.)
For us each painful transmigration o'er,
Sweet fields receive us to resign no more;
Where Safety's fence for ever round us grows,
And Peace, fair flower, with bloom unfading blows;
Light's sun unsetting shines with cheering beam;
And Pleasure's river rolls its golden stream!"
Enrapt he spoke—then ceas'd the lofty strain,
And Orel's rocks return'd the sound again.—
A British ruffian, near in ambush laid,
Rush'd sudden from the cane-isle's secret shade;
"Go to thy Gods!" with rage infernal cried,
And headlong plung'd the hapless Sage into the foaming tide.

* The Hindoo religion strongly prohibits suicide. Mr. Holwell gives us the following passage from the Shastah: "Whosoever, of the delinquent Debtah, shall dare to free himself from the mortal form wherewith I shall inclose him; thou, Sieb, shalt plunge him into the Onderah for ever: he shall not again have the benefit of the fifteen Bobsons of purgation, probation, and purification.

He looks celestial dignity and grace,
And views with pity wretched human race!
"Forbear, rash man! nor curse thy country's foes:
Frail man to man forgiveness ever owes.
When Moisasoor* the fell, to earth's fair plain
Brought his detested offspring, Strife and Pain;
Revenge with them, relentless Fury, came,
Her bosom burning with infernal flame!
Her hair sheds horror, like the comet's blaze;
Her eyes all ghastly, blast where'er they gaze;
Her lifted arm a poison'd crice† sustains;
Her garments drop with blood of kindred veins!
Who asks her aid, must own her endless reign,
Feel her keen scourge, and drag her galling chain!
"The strains sublime in sweetest music close,
And all the tumult of my soul compose.
Yet you, ye' oppressors! uninvok'd on you,‡
Your steps, the steps of Justice will pursue!
Go, spread your white sails on the azure main;
Fraught with our spoils, your native land regain;
Go, plant the grove, and bid the lake expand,
And on green hills the pompous palace stand:

accounts we have of India, the intelligent part of the natives do not worship "stocks and stones," merely as such; but rather the Supreme Existence, in a variety of attributes or manifestations.

* Moisasoor: the Hindoo Author of Evil, similar to our Satan.

† Crice, an Indian dagger.

‡ The reader must readily perceive the propriety of this turn of thought, in a poem designed to have a moral tendency. There is much difference between a person wishing evil to his enemy, and presaging that evil will be the consequence of that enemy's crimes. The first is an immoral act of the will: the second, neutral act of the judgment.

Let Luxury's hand adorn the gaudy room,
Smooth the soft couch, and shed the rich perfume,
There Night's kind calm in vain shall sleep invite,
While fancied omens warn, and spectres fright:
Sad sounds shall issue from your guilty walls,
The widow'd wife's the sonless mother's calls;
And infant Rajahs' bleeding forms shall rise,
And lift to you their supplicating eyes:
Remorse intolerable your hearts will feel,
And your own hands plunge deep the' avenging steel.*
(For Europe's cowards Heaven's command disdain,
To Death's cold arms they fly for ease in vain.)
For us each painful transmigration o'er,
Sweet fields receive us to resign no more;
Where Safety's fence for ever round us grows,
And Peace, fair flower, with bloom unfading blows;
Light's sun unsetting shines with cheering beam;
And Pleasure's river rolls its golden stream!"
Enrapt he spoke—then ceas'd the lofty strain,
And Orel's rocks return'd the sound again.—
A British ruffian, near in ambush laid,
Rush'd sudden from the cane-isle's secret shade;
"Go to thy Gods!" with rage infernal cried,
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LI-PO;

OR, THE GOOD GOVERNOR.

*A Chinese Eclogue.**

Where Honan's hills Kiansi's vale inclose,
And Xifa's lake its glassy level shows;
Li-po's fair island lay—delightful scene!—
With swelling slopes, and groves of every green;
On azure rocks his rich pavilion plac'd,
Rear'd its light front with golden columns grac'd;
High o'er the roof a weeping willow hung,
And jasmine boughs the lattice twin'd among;
In porcelain vases crested amaranth grew,
And starry aster, crimson, white, and blue;
Lien-hoa flowers upon the water spread;
Bright shells and corals varied lustre shed;
From sparry grottos crystal drops distill'd
On sounding brass, and air with music fill'd;
Soft through the bending canes the breezes play'd,
The rustling leaves continual murmur made;
Gay shoals of gold-fish glitter'd in the tide,
And gaudy birds flew sportive by its side.
The distant prospects well the sight might please,
With pointed mountains, and romantic trees:
From craggy cliffs, between the verdant shades,
The silver rills rush'd down in bright cascades;

* Those who are conversant in the best accounts of China, particularly Du Halde's History, must have remarked that the Chinese government, though arbitrary, is well regulated, and mild; and that a prince, in that country, can acquire no glory, but by attention to the welfare of his subjects. On this general idea is founded the plan of the following poem.

O'er terrac'd steeps rich cotton harvests* wav'd,
And smooth canals the rice-clad valley lav'd;
Long rows of cypress† parted all the land,
And tall pagodas crown'd the river's strand!
'Twas here, from business and its pomp and pain,
The pensive master sought relief in vain.
Li-po, mild prince, a viceroy's sceptre sway'd,
And ten fair towns his gentle rule obey'd:
The morn's transactions to his memory came,
And some he found to praise, and some to blame;
Mark'd here how justice, pity there prevail'd,
And how from haste or indolence he fail'd.
Beneath a bower of sweet Ka-fa, whose bloom
Fill'd all the' adjacent lawn with rich perfume,
His slaves at distance sat—a beauteous train!—
One wak'd the lute, and one the vocal strain:
They saw his brow with care all clouded o'er,
And wish'd to ease the' anxiety he bore.
Allusive tales their soothing lay disclos'd,
Of heroes brave to perils strange expos'd;
Of tyrants proud, from power's high summit cast;
And lovers, long desponding, bless'd at last.
They ceas'd; the warblings softly died away,
Like zephyrs ceasing at the close of day.
"This scene," said he, "how fair! to please the sight
How Nature's charms, Art's ornaments unite!
Those maids, what magic in the strains they sung!
Song sweetliest flows from Beauty's tuneful tongue.

* The Chinese reduce the steep slopes of their hills into little terraces, on which they grow cotton, potatoes, &c. They plant the edges of their terraces with trees, which keep up the ground, and make a very fine appearance.

† Their rice grounds are separated by broad ditches, the sides of which are planted with cypresses. *Vide Osbeck's Voyage to China.*

Yet say, did Tien bid power and wealth be mine,
For me my soul to pleasure to resign?
"What boots that annual, on our fathers' tombs,
We strew fair flowers, and offer choice perfumes;
Our veneration of their memories shew,
And not their steps in Virtue's path pursue?
When, from his province as the prince returns,
Rich feasts for him are spread, and incense burns,
And gilded barks unfold their streamers gay,
And following crowds their loud applauses pay;
Avails all this, if he from right has swerv'd,
And Conscience tells him all is undeserv'd!
"Arise, Li-po! 'tis duty calls, arise!
The sun sinks reddening in Tartarian skies.
Yon walls that tower o'er Xensi's neighbouring plain,
Yon walls unnumber'd miseries contain.
Think, why did Tien superior rank impart,
Force of the mind, or feelings of the heart.
Last night in sleep, to Fancy's sight display'd,
Lay lovelier scenes than e'er my eyes survey'd;
With purple shone the hills, with gold the vales,
And greenest foliage wav'd in gentlest gales:
Midst balmy fields, with sunshine ever bright,
A palace rear'd its walls of silvery white;
The gates of pearl a shady hall disclos'd,
Where old Confucius' reverend form repos'd:
Loose o'er his limbs the silk's light texture flow'd,
His eye serene ethereal lustre show'd:—
"My son," said he, as near his seat I drew,
"Cast round this wondrous spot thy dazzled view;
See how, by lucid founts in myrtle bowers,
The bless'd inhabitants consume their hours;
They ne'er to War, fell fiend! commission gave
To murder, ravage, banish, and enslave;

They ne'er bade Grandeur raise her gorgeous pile,
With tribute ravish'd from the hand of Toil;
But parents, guardians of the people reign'd,
The weak defended, and the poor sustain'd."
Smiling he ceas'd– the vision seem'd to fly,
Like fleecy clouds dispersing in the sky.

"Arise, Li-po! and cast thy robes aside,
Disguise thy form, thy well-known features hide;
Go forth, yon streets, yon crowded streets pervade,
Mix with the throng, and mark who seeks thy aid:
There Avarice stern o'er Poverty bears sway,
And Age and Sickness fall his easy prey;
There hands that Justice' sacred ensigns bear,
Protect the plunderer, and the plunder share;
Perhaps there Discord's desperate rage prevails,
And Wisdom's voice to calm the tumult fails;
Perhaps Revenge gives victims to the grave,
Perhaps they perish, ere I haste to save!"

He spoke, and rose: but now along the way
That from the city-gate fair-winding lay, [graz'd,
Stretch'd through green meads where lowing cattle
Amid the lake's wide silver level rais'd,
Led up steep rocks by painted bridges join'd,
Or near thin trees that o'er the tide inclin'd,
Slow tow'rds his palace came a suppliant train;—
Whoe'er his presence sought ne'er sought in vain—
The ready vessel, waiting at his call,
Receiv'd, and bore him to the audience hall.

ODES.*

TO LEISURE.†

:NTLE Leisure, whom of yore
) Wealth the fair Contentment bore,
hen Peace with them her dwelling made,
id Health her kind attendance paid;

* The Horatian, or lesser Ode, is characterized principally by se and correctness. The following little pieces, attempted i that plan, were the production of very differ nt periods, and, i revisal, were thought not undeserving a place in this collec-)n.

† The insertion of an earlier copy of this very pleasing Ode, nnot be unacceptable, it is presumed, to poetical readers.

TO LEISURE, 1762.

INDULGENT Pow'r! whom heretofore
To Wealth the blithe Contentment bore,
What time in tents on sunny plains
They dwelt with herds, and flocks, and swains;
And Health rang'd o'er the landscape fair,
And Peace and Poetry were there.
O favourite of the' untroubled mind!
O, friend of all the studious kind!
For many a tranquil rural day,
For many a careless warbled lay,
To thee thy bard awakes this strain,
And may it not be sung in vain!
How oft in yonder rustic tow'r
With thee I've pass'd the vernal hour,
When open'd wide a pleasing scene
Of corn-clad field and meadow green,

As wandering o'er the sunny plains
They fed their herds and fleecy trains:—
O Thou! who country scenes and air
Prefer'st to courts, and crowds, and care;

And dusty road and winding rill,
And brown wood waving on the hill,
And spires that caught the morning beam,
And white sails gliding down the stream:
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd.
How oft in Summer's sultry reign,
When scorching suns embrown'd the plain,
Where rough rocks form'd the prospects' bound,
And glossy aspens trembled round,
With thee I've linger'd in the cool,
On mossy bank beside the pool;
Where through the limpid medium seen
The bottom show'd a shining green:
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd.
How oft when Evening veil'd the sky,
And landscapes faded on the eye,
Have I with thee been wont to rove,
By hawthorn hedge or hazel grove;
Where heard among the rustling trees,
Sad Autumn's hollow voice could please.
And, rising slow, the moon's pale light
Gleam'd on the distant steeple's height:
As all attentive these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd.
O gentle Leisure! absent long,
I woo thee with this votive song;
While rushing from the stormy main,
Stern Winter desolates the plain;

With Thee I've often pass'd the day,
To Thee I wake the grateful lay.
With Thee on Chadwell's thymy brow,*
Beneath the hazel's bending bough,
I've sat to breathe the fragrance cool
Exhaling from the glassy pool;
Where, through the' unsullied crystal seen,
The bottom show'd its shining green:
As, all-attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,

And o'er yon southern mountain's height,
The faint sun sheds a transcient light;
Thy presence deign where wealth displays
The sheltering room and cheerful blaze;
There to my view while history brings
The fall of states and fate of kings;
Or mournful tales of private life,
Of hapless love or horrid strife;
The faithful moralist shall show
That all is vanity below.
And should the Muse disclose once more
The wondrous scenes she show'd before,
When on my mind in vision shone
A land to vulgar thought unknown;
Beneath whose mild auspicious clime,
Bloom flowers that scorn the rage of time:
If there again 'tis mine to stray,
And bear some fragrant wreath away,
Design'd the beauteous brow to grace,
Of Freedom, friend of human race!
Or she, our guide to virtue given,
Religion, progeny of Heaven!
Then noise and care be far away,
But thou, O Leisure! near me stay;
With thee and Solitude, if bless'd,
Nought will I envy by the great possess'd.

* Chadwell: the New-River Head, near Ware.

Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!
With Thee, on Mussla's* corn-clad height
The landscape oft has charm'd my sight;
Delightful hills, and vales, and woods,
And dusty roads, and winding floods;
And towns, that through thin groups of shade
Their roofs of varied form display'd:
As, all-attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!
With Thee, where Easna's† hornbeam-grove
Its foliage o'er me interwove,
Along the lonely path I've stray'd,
By banks in hoary moss array'd;
Where tufts of azure orpine grew,
And branchy fern of brighter hue:
As, all-attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to Thee that pleasure ow'd!
With Thee, by Stansted's‡ farm inclos'd,
With aged elms in rows dispos'd;
Or where her chapel's walls appear,
The silver winding river near,
Beneath the broad-leav'd sycamore,
I've linger'd on the shady shore:
As, all-attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,

* Mussla: a hill on the north side of Ware.

† Easna: a pleasant wood, east of Ware.

‡ Stansted: a village in the same neighbourhood.

Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to Thee that pleasure ow'd!
With Thee, where Thames his waters leads
Round Poplar's Isle* of verdant meads,
Along the undulating tide
I've seen the white-sail'd vessels glide;
Or gaz'd on London's lofty towers,
Or Dulwich hills, or Greenwich bowers:
As, all-attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursued,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to Thee that pleasure ow'd!
O gentle Leisure!—absent long—
I woo thee with this tuneful song:
If e'er, allur'd by grateful change,
O'er scenes yet unbeheld I range,
And Albion's east or western shore
For rural solitudes explore:
As, all-attentive, these I view,
And many a pleasing thought pursue,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow,
To Thee that pleasure I must owe!

THE EVENING WALK.

WHAT time fair Spring, with dewy hand,
Awakes her cowslip bloom;
And hawthorn boughs, by breezes fann'd,
Diffuse a rich perfume:

* Poplar's Isle, commonly called The Isle of Dogs, is opposite Greenwich.

Young Theron down the valley stray'd
At evening's silent hour;
When bright the setting sunbeams play'd
On Hertford's distant tower,

He sigh'd, and cast around his eye
O'er all the pleasing scene;
Now tow'rds the golden-clouded sky,
Now on the fields of green.

"Thrice has fair Spring her cowslip bloom
Awak'd with dewy hand;
And hawthorn boughs diffus'd perfume,
By western breezes fan'd;

"Since here at evening's silent hour,
Delighted oft I stray'd;
While bright on Hertford's distant tower
The setting sunbeams play'd:

"'Twas then the flatterer Hope was near,
And sung this soothing strain:
'Where through the trees yon tow'rs appear
Far o'er the level plain;

"'There oft thy pleasant evening-walk
Thy favourite Maid shall join,
And all the charms of tender talk
And tuneful song be thine:

"'With thee she'll hear the bleat of flocks,
The throstle's mellow lay;
The rills that murmur o'er the rocks,
The whispers of the spray.'

"So sung false Hope—Deceiv'd I heard,
And set my heart at ease;
The future then so fair appear'd,
It made the present please.

"So sung false Hope—The' approaching years,
That distant look'd so gay,
With clouds of cares and storms or fears
All fraught, have pass'd away.

"As glides yon sun adown the sky,
As rolls yon rapid stream;
So fast our joys and sorrows fly,
And, flown, appear a dream.

"Be then the' events that Time has brought,
To me not brought in vain;
By painful disappointment taught,
Let wisdom be my gain!"

Thus Theron spoke, and earnest ey'd
The sun's departing ray;
Again he look'd, again he sigh'd,
And homeward bent his way.

TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD! happiest stage of life,
Free from care and free from strife,
Free from Memory's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from Fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time, and all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never, to return!
Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;

Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dusty street to chase;
O what joy!— it once was mine,
Childhood, matchless boon of thine!—
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never, to return!

HEARING MUSIC.

Yon organ! hark!— how soft, how sweet,
The warbling notes in concert meet!
The sound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams
Gild jasmine groves and crystal streams
And lily-mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,
Where grapes depress the vines;
Where, on the bank with roses gay,
Love, Innocence, and Pleasure play,
And Beauty's form reclines.

Now different tones and measures flow,
And, gravely deep, and sadly slow,
Involve the mind in gloom;
I seem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of Pain,
Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,
To where the love-lorn damsel weeps,

I pitying seem to stray;
Methinks I watch his cradle near;
Methinks her drooping thoughts I cheer,
And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouse and elevate the soul
O'er earth and all its care;
I seem to hear from heavenly plains
Angelic choirs' responsive strains,
And in their raptures share.

A LANDSCAPE.

On the eastern hill's steep side
Spreads the rural hamlet wide;
'Cross the vale, where willows rise,
Further still another lies;
And, beneath a steeper hill,
Lies another further still:
Near them many a field and grove—
Scenes where Health and Labour rove!
Northward swelling slopes are seen,
Clad with corn-fields neat and green;
There, through grassy plains below,
Broad and smooth the waters flow;
While the town, their banks along,
Bids its clustering houses throng,
In the sunshine glittering fair;
Haunts of Business, haunts of Care!
Westward o'er the yellow meads
Wind the rills through waving reeds;
From dark elms a shadow falls
On the abbey's whiten'd walls;

Wide the park's green lawns expand;
Thick its tufted lindens stand:
Fair retreat! that well might please
Wealth, and Elegance, and Ease.
Hark! amidst the distant shades
Murmuring drop the deep cascades;
Hark! amidst the rustling trees
Softly sighs the gentle breeze:
And the' Eolian harp, reclin'd
Obvious to the stream of wind,
Pours its wildly-warbled strain,
Rising now, now sunk again.
How the view detains the sight!
How the sounds the ear delight!—
Sweet the scene! but think not there
Happiness sincere to share:
Reason still regrets the day
Passing rapidly away;
Lessening Life's too little store;
Passing, to return no more!

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS MARRIAGE AND REMOVAL INTO THE COUNTY

Written at Stanway-Hall, in Essex.

WHATE'ER of lighter strain the Muse
Essay'd, in vacant hours of ease,
At thy expense to raise a smile,
I deem thy candour will excuse;
For sure I meant not to displease,
For sure I wish'd thee well the while.*

* The author alludes to some trifling pieces of humour, writte on his friend, for the amusement of a few intimate acquaintanc

And now the nuptial knot is tied,
That Muse no idle flattery brings,
Nor talks of joy unmix'd with care—
I trust that none who e'er has tried
The sober state of human things,
Will give thee hope such joy to share.

Domestic life must soon be thine—
'Tis various as an April day;
'Tis pleasure now, and now 'tis pain:
Through storms of foul and gleams of fine
Contented hold thy steady way,
And these enjoy, and those sustain.

From London's streets to solitude,
From brilliant shops to dirty fields,
From beaux and belles to rugged hinds—
The change I own is strange and rude:
Yet scarce a place so little yields,
But he who seeks amusement finds.

Perchance thou'lt not disdain to hear
The ploughman's history of the plain;
Thy sight the prospect's scenes may charm:
And sure fastidious is the ear,
That slights the milkmaid's simple strain,
At evening echoing from the farm.

The market lore of artful swains;
The price of cattle and of corn,
The sportsman's feats of dogs and guns;—
To practise that will cost thee pains;
And these with patience must be borne,
For he will be dislik'd who shuns.

Courage, my friend! whate'er our fate;
So versatile the human mind,
That oft, when novelty is o'er,
To objects of our former hate
Assimilated and resign'd,
We wonder they displeas'd before.

'Twas on the festive, social day,
Where Beauty cast her smiles around,
And Mirth the mind from care reliev'd;
What time our hands in harmless play,
Thy brow with wreaths of myrtle bound,
My thoughts this grateful lay conceiv'd.

From Stanway's groves, from fields of Layer*
To other scenes and other friends
To-morrow calls my steps away;
Yet memory them in view shall bear;
Yet them the wish of health attends,
And many a moment calm and gay.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.†

While in the sky black clouds impend,
And fogs arise, and rains descend,
And one brown prospect opens round
Of leafless trees and furrow'd ground;

* Layer Breton: a village in Essex.
† This was first entitled *An Ode to Fancy*, and ran thus:

While in the sky black clouds impend,
And chill winds blow, and rains descend,
And one brown prospect opens round
Of leafless trees and furrow'd ground;

Save where unmelted spots of snow
Upon the shaded hill-side show;
While chill winds blow, and torrents roll,
The scene disgusts the sight, depresses all the soul.

Yet worse what polar climates share—
Vast regions, dreary, bleak, and bare!—
There, on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,

Save here and there the' unmelted snow
Appears, some shrubby bank below;
What pleasing views shall sooth the pensive mind,
That wont in rural scenes unenvied joys to find.
Whate'er the' inclement clime denies,
Fancy, indulgent Power! supplies,
And wafts me o'er the' Atlantic main,
And lands on some delightful plain;
Bright is the sun, and mild the breeze,
And bloom and verdure deck the trees,
And the lone Indian roams the forest wild,
With native freedom bless'd by avarice undespoil'd:
Where midst high hills, with gloomy cedars crown'd,
Some smiling vale extends its round,
Of bended boughs his cottage made,
The broad palmeto's leaves o'ershade:
The little maize-field waving near,
And climbing gourds with golden fruit appear,
And many a healthful herb and spicy floweret grow,
Beside the silver rills that down the green swamp flow.
I wish the' enchanting prospect here,
And blame our ever changing year,
Till Fancy seeks the polar coast,
The realm of night, and realm of frost,
Where on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,
Stern Winter frowning sits, and o'er the plain
Sends Want and Horror forth, his desolating train.
And are there those who this sustain?
There are, and I no more complain—

Stern Winter rears his giant form,
His robe a mist, his voice a storm:
His frown the shivering nations fly,
And hid for half the year in smoky caverns lie.

Yet there the lamp's perpetual blaze
Can pierce the gloom with cheering rays;
Yet there the' heroic tale or song
Can urge the lingering hours along,
Yet there their hands with timely care
The kajak* and the dart prepare,
On summer seas to work their way, [p
And wage the watry war, and make the seals t

Too delicate! reproach no more
The seasons of thy native shore—
There soon shall Spring descend the sky,
With smiling brow and placid eye;
A primrose-wreath surrounds her hair,
Her green robe floats upon the air;
And, scatter'd from her liberal hand, [l
Fair blossoms deck the trees, fair flowers adorn

And now, descried by Fancy's eye,
Fair Spring descends the southern sky;
A primrose wreath surrounds her hair,
Her green robe floats upon the air,
She waves her wanton wings, and round her showers
Soft dews, and rich perfumes, and variegated flowers.
O Fancy! thus thy ever active power
Can cheer the solitary hour;
Be near me still, and to my mind
Bring images of various kind;
But most, for those can most engage,
The transcripts fair of Nature's pleasing page:
And heed thee well, blithe nymph! amid thy mingled
That all be chaste and fair, and free from guilt and pai

* A Greenland fishing-boat.

TO A FRIEND.

WHERE Grove-hill* shows thy villa fair,
But late, my Lettsom, there with thee
'Twas mine the tranquil hour to share—
The social hour of converse free;
To mark the' arrangement of thy ground,
And all the pleasing prospect round, [found.
Where, while we gaz'd, new beauties still were

There, as the' impending cloud of smoke
Fled various from the varying gale,
Full on the view fresh objects broke
Along the' extensive peopled vale,
Beside Thamesis' bending stream,
From ancient Lambeth's west extreme,
To Limehouse glittering in the evening beam.

And now and then the glancing eye
Caught glimpse of spots remoter still,
On Hampstead's street-clad slope so high,
Or Harrow's far conspicuous hill;
Or eastward wander'd to explore
All Peckham's pleasant level o'er,
To busy Deptford's vessel-crowded shore:

Or sought that southern landscape's bound,
Those swelling mounts—one smooth and green,
And one with oaken coverts crown'd,
And one where scattering trees are seen.†
'Twas these, with Summer's radiance bright,
That gave my earliest youth delight,
Of rural scenes the first that met my sight.‡

* At Camberwell, in Surry.
† The Dulwich hills.
‡ The author was born in the environs of London, on the Surry side.

That business, with fatiguing cares,
For this delightful seat of thine
Such scanty store of moments spares,
Say, Friend, shall I for thee repine?—
Were it the commerce of the main,
Or culture of the teeming plain,
From blame or pity I should scarce refrain.

But O! to' alleviate human woes,
To banish sickness, banish pain,
To give the sleepless eye repose,
The nerveless arm its strength again;
From parent eyes to dry the tear,
The wife's distressful thought to cheer,
And end the husband's and the lover's fear;

Where Want sits pining, faint, and ill,
To lend thy kind, unpurchas'd aid,
And hear the' exertions of thy skill
With many a grateful blessing paid—
'Tis luxury to the feeling heart,
Beyond what social hours impart, [A
Or Nature's beauteous scenes, or curious works

LEAVING BATH, 1776.

Bath! ere I quit thy pleasing scene,
Thy beachen cliff I'll climb again,
To view thy mountain's vivid green,
To view thy hill-surrounded plain:
To see distinct beneath the eye,
As in a pictur'd prospect nigh,
Those Attic structures shining white,
That form thy sunny crescent's bend,
Or by thy dusty streets extend,
Or near thy winding river's site.

Did commerce these proud piles upraise?
For thee she ne'er unfurl'd her sails—
Hygeia gave thy fountains praise,
And Pain and Languor sought thy vales:
  But these suffic'd an humble cell,
  If they with Strength and Ease might dwell.
Then Fashion call'd; his potent voice
Proud wealth with ready step obey'd,
And Pleasure all her arts essay'd,
To fix with thee the fickle choice.

Precarious gift!—Thy mansions gay,
Where Peers and Beauties lead the ball,
Neglected, soon may feel decay;
Forsaken, moulder to their fall.—
  Palmyra, once like thee renown'd,
  Now lies a ruin on the ground.—
But still thy environs so fair,
Thy waters' salutary aid,
Will surely always some persuade
To render thee their care.

TO JOHN PAYNE, ESQ.

ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

O FRIEND! to thee, whose liberal mind
Was form'd with taste for joys refin'd,
For all the' extended country yields,
Of azure skies and verdant fields:
For all that Genius' hand displays,—
The Painter's forms, the Poet's lays:—
To thee, restraint to that dull room,
Where sunshine never breaks the gloom;

To thee, restraint to that dull lore
Of books with numbers cipher'd o'er—
How hard the lot! I see with pain,
And wish it oft exchang'd in vain.
Yet not for thee I ask the stores
Which rapine rends from foreign shores,
Nor those Oppression's power procures
From ills that Poverty endures.
Far happier thou! thy honest gain
Can life with decency sustain;
For thee, Content, with thought serene,
Surveys the present changeful scene;
And Piety her view sublime
Extends beyond the realm of Time.

TO A FRIEND,

APPREHENSIVE OF DECLINING FRIENDSHIP.

Too much in Man's imperfect state
Mistake produces useless pain.—
Methinks, of Friendship's frequent fate
I hear my Frogley's* voice complain.

This heart, I hope, forgives its foes;
I know it ne'er forgets its friends;
Where'er may Chance my steps dispose,
The absent oft my thought attends.

Deem not, that Time's oblivious hand
From Memory's page has ras'd the days,
By Lee's green verge we wont to stand,
And on his crystal current gaze.

* Mr. Charles Frogley, of Ware, Herts; whose daughter Sarah was the author's first wife.

From Chadwell's cliffs, o'erhung with shade,
From Widbury's prospect-yielding hill,
Sweet look'd the scenes we then survey'd,
While Fancy sought for sweeter still:

Then how did Learning's stores delight!
From books what pleasures then we drew!
For then their charms first met our sight,
And then their faults we little knew.

Alas! Life's summer swiftly flies,
And few its hours of bright and fair!
Why bid Distrust's chill east-wind rise,
To blast the scanty blooms they bear?

TO A FRIEND.

No, Cockfield*, no! I'll not disdain
Thy Upton's elm-divided plain;
Nor scorn the varied views it yields,
O'er Bromley's creeks and isles of reeds,
Or Ham's or Plaistow's level meads,
To Woolwich streets, or Charlton fields:
Thy hedge-row paths I'll pleasant call,
And praise the lonely lane that leads
To that old tower upon the wall.

'Twas when Misfortune's stroke severe,
And Melancholy's presence drear,
Had made my Amwell's groves displease,
That thine my weary steps receiv'd;
And much the change my mind reliev'd,

* Mr. Joseph Cockfield, of Upton. See a different copy of his Ode in the European Magazine for October 1799.

And much thy kindness gave me ease;
For o'er the past as thought would stray,
That thought thy voice as oft retriev'd,
To scenes which fair before us lay.

And there, in happier hours, the walk
Has frequent pleas'd with friendly talk;
From theme to theme that wander'd still—
The long detail of where we' had been,
And what we' had heard, and what we' had seen;
And what the poet's tuneful skill,
And what the painter's graphic art,
Or antiquarian's searches keen,
Of calm amusement could impart.

Then oft did Nature's works engage,
And oft we search'd Linnæus' page;
The Scanian Sage, whose wondrous toil
Had class'd the vegetable race:
And, curious, oft from place to place
We rang'd, and sought each different soil,
Each different plant intent to view,
And all the marks minute to trace,
Whence he his nice distinctions drew.

O moments these, not ill employ'd!
O moments, better far enjoy'd
Than those in crowded cities pass'd;
Where oft to Luxury's gaudy reign
Trade lends her feeble aid in vain,
Till Pride, a bankrupt wretch at last,
Bids Fraud his specious wiles essay,
Youth's easy confidence to gain,
Or Industry's poor pittance rend away!

RECRUITING.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

WRITTEN AFTER

READING SOME MODERN LOVE VERSES.

TAKE hence this tuneful Trifler's lays!
I'll hear no more the' unmeaning strain
Of Venus' doves, and Cupid's darts,
And killing eyes, and wounded hearts;
All Flattery's round of fulsome praise,
All Falsehood's cant of fabled pain.

Bring me the Muse whose tongue has told
Love's genuine, plaintive, tender tale;
Bring me the Muse whose sounds of woe
Midst Death's dread scenes so sweetly flow,

When Friendship's faithful breast lies cold,
When Beauty's blooming cheek is pale:
Bring these—I like their grief sincere;
It soothes my sympathetic gloom:
For, oh! Love's genuine pains I've borne,
And Death's dread rage has made me mourn;
I've wept o'er Friendship's early bier,
And dropt the tear on Beauty's tomb.

THE MUSE;

OR, POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
The Poet's birth, I ask not where,
His place, his name, they're not my care;
Nor Greece nor Rome delights me more
Than Tagus' bank,* or Thames's shore:†
From silver Avon's flowery side
Though Shakspeare's numbers sweetly glide,
As sweet, from Morven's desert hills,
My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Nor bigot zeal, nor party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page;
I scorn not all that Dryden sings,
Because he flatters courts and kings;

* Alluding to Camöens, the epic poet of Portugal; of whose Lusiad we have a well-known masterly translation by Mr. Mickle.

† Alluding to Milton, Pope, &c.

And from the master lyre of Gray,
When pomp of music breaks away,
Not less the sound my notice draws,
For that 'tis heard in Freedom's cause.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Where Wealth's bright sun propitious shines,
No added lustre marks the lines;
Where Want extends her chilling shades,
No pleasing flower of Fancy fades;
A scribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praise
From that poor Youth, whose tales relate
Sad Juga's fears and Bawdin's fate.*

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
When Fame her wreath well-earn'd bestows,
My breast no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verse I lov'd to hear,
And Beattie's song delights my ear;
And his, whom Athens' Tragic Maid
Now leads through Scarning's lonely glade,
While he for British nymphs bids flow
Her notes of terror and of woe.†

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Or be the verse or blank or rhyme,
The theme or humble or sublime;

* See Rowley's Poems, supposed to have been written by Chatterton.

† See Mr. Potter's excellent translation of Æschylus and Euripides.

If Pastoral's hand my journey leads
Through harvest fields or new-mown meads;
If Epic's voice sonorous calls
To Œta's cliffs* or Salem's walls;†
Enough—the Muse, the Muse inspires!
My soul the tuneful strain admires.

VIEWING THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY.

TO A FRIEND.

How steep yon mountains rise around,
How bold yon gloomy woods ascend!
How loud the rushing torrents sound
That midst these heaps of ruin bend,
Where one arch'd gateway yet remains,
And one lone aisle its roof retains,
And one tall turret's walls impend!

Here once a self-sequester'd train
Renounc'd life's tempting pomp and glare;
Rejected power, relinquish'd gain,
And shun'd the great, and shun'd the fair:
The voluntary slaves of toil,
By day they till'd their little soil,
By night they woke, and rose to prayer.

Though Superstition much we blame,
That bade them thus consume their years;
Their motive still our praise must claim,

* See Mr. Glover's Leonidas, alluded to as an example of classical dignity and simplicity.

† See Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, alluded to as an example of Gothic fancy and magnificence.

Their constancy our thought reveres:
And sure their solitary scheme
Must check each passion's wild extreme,
And save them cares, and save them fears.

Their convent's round contain'd their all;
Their minds no sad presage oppress'd,
What fate might absent wealth befal,
How absent friends might be distress'd:
Domestic ills ne'er hurt their ease;
They nought of pain could feel from these,
Who no domestic joys possess'd.

But Imperfection haunts each place:
Would this kind calm atone to thee
For Fame's or Fortune's sprightly chase,
Whose prize in prospect still we see;
Or Hymen's happy moments, bless'd
With beauty leaning on thy breast,
Or Childhood prattling at thy knee?

PRIVATEERING.

How Custom steels the human breast
To deeds that Nature's thoughts detest!
How Custom consecrates to fame
What Reason else would give to shame!
Fair Spring supplies the favouring gale,
The Naval Plunderer spreads his sail,
And, ploughing wide the watry way,
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never saw before,
The man who him no quarrel bore,

He meets, and Avarice prompts the fight;
And Rage enjoys the dreadful sight
Of decks with streaming crimson dy'd,
And wretches struggling in the tide,
Or, midst the' explosion's horrid glare,
Dispers'd with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign shores
His captur'd wealth in vain deplores;
Quits his fair home, O mournful change!
For the dark prison's scanty range;
By Plenty's hand so lately fed,
Depends on casual alms for bread;
And, with a father's anguish torn,
Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

And yet, such Man's misjudging mind,
For all this injury to his kind,
The prosperous Robber's native plain
Shall bid him welcome home again;
His name the song of every street,
His acts the theme of all we meet.
And oft the artist's skill shall place
To public view his pictur'd face!

If glory thus be earn'd, for me
My object glory ne'er shall be;
No, first in Cambria's loneliest dale
Be mine to hear the shepherd's tale!
No, first on Scotia's bleakest hill
Be mine the stubborn soil to till!
Remote from wealth, to dwell alone,
And die, to guilty praise unknown!

*TO HOSPITALITY.**

Domestic Power! erewhile rever'd
Where Syria spread her palmy plain,
Where Greece her tuneful Muses heard,
Where Rome beheld her Patriot Train;
Thou to Albion too wert known,
Midst the moat and moss-grown wall
That girt her Gothic-structur'd hall
With rural trophies strown.

* Thus varied in a copy, dated 1761, and printed in the European Magazine for November 1799.

TO HOSPITALITY.

SOCIAL Pow'r! erewhile rever'd,
Where on Syria's palmy plain,
Where in polish'd Greece was heard
Many a Muse's lofty strain;
Gentle Hospitality!
Patron of the festive day,
Deign t' accept the grateful lay
I devote to thee.

When fair Truth and Valour bold
Claim'd rude Albion for their own;
In those happy times of old,
To rude Albion thou wert known!
In the abbey's darksome cell,
In the rural-trophy'd hall,
Girt with moat and moss-grown wall,
Thou wert wont to dwell.

Huntsmen in the heat of day,
With the tedious chase o'ertoil'd,
Trav'llers doubtful of their way,
On the pathless forest wild,
Oft amid the verdant waste
Mark'd the distant rustic tower,
Sought the castle's sheltering bow'r.
Shar'd the free repast.

The traveller, doubtful of his way,
Upon the pathless forest wild;
The huntsman in the heat of day,
And with the tedious chase o'ertoil'd;

Midst the city's crowded street,
O'er the landscape glittering gay,
Stands the pompous modern seat,
But disdains to own thy sway;
There, instead of thee, reside
Blithe of tongue, of aspect free,
False of heart, Civility,
Or unsocial Pride.

Yet, amid the lonely farms,
By fair fountain, vale, or hill,
Pleas'd with Nature's simple charms,
Oft 'tis thine to linger still;
Thus with woods and fields around,
Once in Lycon's rural dome,
Where I met a second home,
Thou by me wert found.

Nor to haunts of sylvan swains,
Deem we thy resort confin'd;
Ev'n where splendid Affluence reigns,
Thou wilt rule the gen'rous mind:
From where Thames' waters fall,
By fair ——'s pleasant groves,
Where my friend, my Cynthio roves,
Have I heard thy call.

Wheresoe'er be thy retreat,
Come, kind Pow'r! and dwell with me;
Make my humble rural seat
For the wise and virtuous free:
Nor amid the welcome train
Modest Poverty exclude
But observe that none intrude
Of the vicious or the vain.

Wide their view around them cast,
Mark'd the distant rustic tower,
And sought and found the festive bower,
And shar'd the free repast.

E'en now, on Caledonia's shore,
When Eve's dun robe the sky arrays,
Thy punctual hand unfolds the door,
Thy eye the mountain road surveys;
Pleas'd to spy the casual guest,
Pleas'd with food his heart to cheer,
With pipe or song to sooth his ear,
And spread his couch for rest.

Nor yet ev'n here disdain'd thy sway,
Where Grandeur's splendid modern seat
Far o'er the landscape glitters gay;
Or where fair Quiet's lone retreat
Hides beneath the hoary hill,
Near the dusky upland shade,
Between the willow's glossy glade,
And by the tinkling rill.

There thine the pleasing interviews
That friends and relatives endear,
When scenes, not often seen, amuse;
When tales, not often told, we hear;
There the scholar's liberal mind
Oft instruction gives and gains,
And oft the lover's lore obtains
His fair-one's audience kind.

O gentle Power! where'er thy reign,
May Health and Peace attend thee still;
Nor Folly's presence cause thee pain,
Nor Vice reward thy good with ill:

Gratitude thy altar raise,
Wealth to thee her offerings pay,
And Genius wake his tuneful lay
To celebrate thy praise.

THE APOLOGY.

"PASTORAL, and Elegy, and Ode!
Who hopes, by these, applause to gain,
Believe me, Friend, may hope in vain—
These classic things are not the mode;
Our taste polite, so much refin'd,
Demands a strain of different kind.

"Go, court the Muse of Chevy Chace,
To tell in Sternhold's simple rhymes
Some tale of ancient English times;
Or try to win rude Satire's grace,
That Scold, who dirt around her throws,
And many a random stain bestows.

"Or dull trite thoughts in songs combine,
And bid the tuneful accents fall,
To wake the echoes of Vauxhall;
Or tow'rd the Stage thy thoughts incline,
And furnish some half-pilfer'd play,
To shine the meteor of the day."

O! no—though such the crowd amuse,
And peals of noisy praise procure;
Will they the critic eye endure,
And pass the ordeal of Reviews?
And who is he for whom they'll gain
A niche in Fame's immortal fane?

The plan that Virgil's choice could claim,
The plan that Horace deign'd to choose,
Trust me, I wish not to refuse :—
To Akenside's or Shenstone's name
The praise that future days shall pay,
Methinks may well content my lay.

WRITTEN NEAR THE THAMES.

THIS scene how rich from Thames's side,
While evening-suns their amber beam
Spread o'er the glassy-surfac'd tide,
And midst the masts and cordage gleam ;
Blaze on the roofs with turrets crown'd,
And gild green pastures stretch'd around,
And gild the slope of that high ground,
Whose corn-fields bright the prospect bound.*

The white sails glide along the shore,
Red streamers on the breezes play,
The boatmen ply the dashing oar,
And wide their various freight convey ;
Some, Neptune's hardy thoughtless train,
And some, the careful sons of gain,
And some, the' enamour'd nymph and swain,
Listening to music's soothing strain.

But there, while these the sight allure,
Still Fancy wings her flight away
To woods recluse, and vales obscure,
And streams that solitary stray ;
To view the pine-grove on the hill,
The rocks that trickling springs distil,

* Shooter's Hill. This view was taken on the north side of the Thames, at Ratcliff.

: meads that quivering aspens fill,
alders crowding o'er the rill.
id where the trees unfold their bloom,
id where the banks their floriage bear,
nd all effuse a rich perfume
hat hovers in the soft calm air;
he hedge-row path to wind along,
o hear the bleating fleecy throng,
To hear the skylark's airy song,
And throstle's note so clear and strong.
But say, if there our steps were brought,
Would these their power to please retain?
Say, would not restless roving thought
Turn back to busy scenes again?
O strange formation of the mind!
Still through the present fair we find,
Still tow'rds the absent thus inclin'd,
Thus fix'd on objects left behind!

WRITTEN AFTER

A JOURNEY TO BRISTOL.

There, Bristol, oft my thoughts recal,
Thy Kingsdown brow and Brandon hill;
The space, once circled by thy wall,
Which towers and spires of churches fill;
And masts and sails of vessels tall,
With trees and houses intermingled still!
From Clifton's rocks how grand the sight,
When Avon's dark tide rush'd between!
How grand, from Henbury's woody height,
The Severn's wide-spread wat'ry scene,
Her waves with trembling sunshine bright,
And Cambrian hills beyond them rising green!

To Mendip's ridge how stretch'd away
My view, while Fancy sought the plain
Where Blagdon's groves secluded lay,
And heard my much-lov'd Poet's strain!*
Ah! why so near, nor thither stray
To meet the friend I ne'er shall meet again?

Occasion's call averse to prize,
Irresolute we oft remain—
She soon irrevocably flies,
And then we mourn her flown in vain;
While Pleasure's imag'd forms arise,
Whose fancied loss Regret beholds with pain.

And Bristol! why thy scenes explore,
And why those scenes so soon resign,
And fail to seek the spot that bore
That wondrous tuneful Youth of thine,
The Bard,† whose boasted ancient store
Rose recent from his own exhaustless mine!‡

Though Fortune all her gifts denied,
Though Learning made him not her choice,
The Muse still plac'd him at her side,
And bade him in her smile rejoice—
Description still his pen supplied,
Pathos his thought, and Melody his voice!

* Dr. John Langhorne, then resident at Blagdon, near Bristol.
† Chatterton.
‡ This is at least the author's opinion, notwithstanding all that has hitherto appeared on the other side of the question. The last line alludes to one of the ingenious Mr. Mason, in his Elegy to a Young Nobleman:

"See from the depths of his exhaustless mine
His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws."

Conscious and proud of merit high,
Fame's wreath he boldly claim'd to wear;
But Fame, regardless, pass'd him by
Unknown, or deem'd unworth her care:
The Sun of Hope forsook his sky;
And all his land look'd dreary, bleak, and bare!

Then Poverty, grim spectre, rose,
And horror o'er the prospect threw—
His deep distress too nice to' expose;
Too nice for common aid to sue,
A dire alternative he chose,
And rashly from the painful scene withdrew.

Ah! why for Genius' headstrong rage
Did Virtue's hand no curb prepare?
What boots, poor youth! that now thy page
Can boast the public praise to share,
The learn'd in deep research engage,
And lightly entertain the gentle fair?

Ye, who superfluous wealth command,
O why your kind relief delay'd?
O why not snatch'd his desperate hand;
His foot on Fate's dread brink not stay'd?
What thanks had you your native land
For a new Shakspeare or new Milton paid?

For me—Imagination's power
Leads oft insensibly my way,
To where, at midnight's silent hour,
The crescent moon's slow-westering ray
Pours full on Redcliff's lofty tower,
And gilds with yellow light its walls of grey.

Midst Toil and Commerce slumbering round,
Lull'd by the rising tide's hoarse roar,
There Frome and Avon willow-crown'd,
I view sad wandering by the shore, [sound,
With streaming tears, and notes of mournful
Too late their hapless Bard, untimely lost, deplore.

TO CRITICISM.

Fair Nymph! of Taste and Learning born,
Whom Truth's and Candour's gifts adorn,
The Muse's friend! to thee she sings:
Accept the grateful verse she brings.
When Genius ranging Nature o'er,
Collects his tributary store,
What Matter's track immense supplies,
Or wide in Mind's vast region lies,
And every thought with skill combines,
And all transmits in tuneful lines;
Then rapture sparkling in thine eye,
Then rais'd thy solemn voice on high:
Thy comment still his work pursues,
The plan explains, the style reviews,
And marks its strength, and marks its ease,
And tells us why and how they please.
And when, perhaps, disdaining care,
He blends with faults his products fair:
Whate'er of such thy sight surveys,
Thy tongue in triumph ne'er displays,
But hints, as spots that dim the sun,
Or rocks that future sails should shun.
'Twas thee whom once Stagyra's grove
Oft with her Sage* allur'd to rove;

* Aristotle.

Twas thee to whom in Tadmor's bowers,
Her Statesman* vow'd his vacant hours;
'Twas thee whom, Tibur's vines among,
Her Bard† in careless measures sung;
'Twas thou who thence to Albion's plain
Remov'd, to teach her tuneful train,
When Dryden's age, by thee inspir'd,
Condemn'd the flights his youth admir'd:
And Pope, intent on higher praise,
So polish'd all his pleasing lays:
And now, by thee, our favour'd coast
A Warton, Hurd, and Burke can boast:
And her, whose pen from Gallic rage
Defended Shakspeare's injur'd page.‡
Give me, bright Power! with ready ear,
Another's plea for fame to hear,
And bid my willing voice allow
The bays to Merit's modest brow:
And when the Muse her presence deigns,
And prompts my own unstudied strains,
Instruct me then, with view severe,
To' inspect, and keep from error clear;
Nor spare, though fancied e'er so fine,
One ill-plac'd thought, or useless line.

TO DISEASE.

Disease! man's dread, relentless foe,
Fell source of fear, and pain, and woe!
O say, on what ill fated coast
They mourn thy tyrant reign the most?

* Longinus. † Horace.

‡ The ingenious Mrs. Montague, who has so ably vindicat Shakspeare from the cavils of Voltaire.

On Java's bogs, or Gambia's sand,
Or Persia's sultry southern strand;
Or Egypt's annual-flooded plain,
Or Rome's neglected, waste domain;
Or where her walls Byzantium rears,
And mosques and turrets crescent-crown'd,
ıd from his high serail the sultan hears
ıe wide Propontus' beating waves resound.*

I'll ask no more—Our clime, though fair,
Enough thy tyrant reign must share;
And lovers there, and friends, complain,
By thee their friends and lovers slain:
And yet our Avarice and our Pride
Combine to spread thy mischiefs wide;
While that the captive wretch confines,
To hunger, cold, and filth resigns,—
And this the funeral pomp attends
To vaults, where mouldering corses lie,—
nid foul air thy form unseen ascends,
ıd like a vulture hovers in the sky.†

THE TEMPEST'UOUS EVENING.

IERE's grandeur in this sounding storm,
ıat drives the hurrying clouds along
ıat on each other seem to throng,
ıd mix in many a varied form:

* *Byzantium*: Constantinople; subject to frequent visitations ' that dreadful fever, the plague.

† Alluding to the too frequent miserable situation of prisoners ' war, debtors, &c. and the absurd custom of burying in ıurches; circumstances contributing greatly to the propaga- on of disease.

While, bursting now and then between,
The Moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapts my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What History's faithful tongue has taught,
Or Fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain?
O hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy!
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows, but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend!

THE MELANCHOLY EVENING.

O HASTE, ye hovering clouds, away,
Ye clouds so fleecy, dim, and pale,
Through which the Moon's obstructed ray
Sheds this sad whiteness o'er the vale!

Forbear, ye bells that languid strain!
The sight, the sound, are fraught with pain;
The words of dying friends I hear,
The open grave I linger near,
Take the last look, and drop the parting tear!

Before my view dire phantoms rise,
The plagues of hapless human-kind!
Pale Fear, who unpursued still flies,
And starts, and turns, and looks behind;
Remorse, whose own indignant aim
Deforms with useless wounds her frame;
Despair, whose tongue no speech would deign,
Whose ghastly brow looks dark disdain,
And bends from steep rocks o'er the foaming main.

And Rage, whose bosom inly burns,
While Reason's call he scorns to hear;
And Jealousy, who ruthless turns
From suppliant Beauty's prayer and tear;
Revenge, whose thoughts tumultuous roll
To seek the poniard or the bowl;
And Phrensy, wildly passing by,
With her chain'd arm and starting eye,
And voice that with loud curses rends the sky!

Ambition, here, to heights of power
His course with daring step pursues,
Though Danger's frown against him low'r,
Though Guilt his path with blood bestrews;
There Avarice grasps his useless store,
Though Misery's plaints his aid implore,
Though he, her ruin'd cottage nigh,
Beholds her famish'd infants lie,
And hears their faint, their last expiring cry!

Ye dreadful band! O spare, O spare!
Alas, your ear no prayers persuade!
But ah! if man your reign must bear,
Sure man had better ne'er been made!
Say, will Religion clear this gloom,
And point to bliss beyond the tomb!
Yes, haply for her chosen train;
The rest, they say, severe decrees ordain
The realms of endless night, and everlasting pain!*

THE PLEASANT EVENING.

Delightful looks this clear calm sky,
With Cynthia's silver orb on high;
Delightful looks this smooth green ground,
With shadows cast from cots around:
Quick-twinkling lustre decks the tide;
And cheerful radiance gently falls
On that white town, and castle walls,
That crown the spacious river's further side.

And now along the echoing hills
The night-bird's strain melodious trills;
And now the echoing dale along
Soft flows the shepherd's tuneful song:
And now wide o'er the water borne,
The city's mingled murmur swells,
And lively change of distant bells,
And varied warbling of the deep-ton'd horn.

* The author does not give these as his own sentiments, but merely such as the gloomy moment described might naturally suggest. That the above dreadful idea is adopted by a large body of Christians, is sufficient to authorize its admission into a poem professing to paint the dark side of things.

Their influence calms the soften'd soul,
The passions feel their strong control:
While Fancy's eye, where'er it strays,
A scene of happiness surveys;
Through all the various walks of life
No natural ill, nor moral, sees;
No Famine fell, nor dire Disease,
Nor War's infernal unrelenting strife.

For these, behold a heavenly band
Their white wings waving o'er the land!
Sweet Innocence, a cherub fair;
And Peace and Joy, a sister pair:
And Kindness mild, their kindred Grace,
Whose brow serene complacence wears,
Whose hand her liberal bounty bears
O'er the vast range of animated space!

Bless'd vision! O, for ever stay!
O far be Guilt and Pain away?
And yet, perhaps, with HIM, whose view
Looks at one glance creation through,
To general good our partial ill
Seems but a sand upon the plain,
Seems but a drop amid the main,
And some wise unknown purpose may fulfil.

OCCASIONED BY

READING DR. AKENSIDE'S ODES, 1758.

YES—our sequester'd vales have heard
The voice of Freedom's chosen bard;
He bids forsake the groves and streams,
He points the Muse to loftier themes;

To themes that Grecian lays inspir'd,
To themes that Grecian heroes fir'd,
To themes that Albion's druid sung, [among,
Their mountains bleak and oak-crown'd rocks

Begone, ye amorous trifling train!
Forbear your soft enervate strain;
Your idle tales of wanton loves,
Of wounds and flames, and darts and doves:
Begone, and in the Gallic land,
Where Folly leads her laughing band,
Along the gaudy banks of Seine
Mix in the light dance on the flowery plain.

Not that I scorn the love-taught lay,
Where Nature speaks in Nature's way,
Where Truth dictates, and Reason guides,
And spotless Chastity presides:
But sure a nobler love inspires,
A nobler praise awaits the song,
That glows with Freedom's sacred fires,
And marks the bounds of right and wrong;
For those who plead their country's cause,
Shall grateful time reserve a just applause,
And bear their fame through ages yet unborn,
Bright as the sun, and fragrant as the morn.

Are there who breathe in British air,
And wish a tyrant's yoke to bear?
O hence, ye servile race, remove,
And taste the slavery ye love;
Where causeless wars and varied woes
Are gifts unbounded power bestows,
Where pines the swain on richest soils,
And fell Oppression frowns though Nature smiles.

On winding Ligris' verdant side,
Or where the Rhone devolves his tide,
Some sweet sequester'd scene explore,
Where vine-clad hills surround the shore;
There thoughtless, indolent, and gay,
They sport the smiling hours away;
Ambition calls, their king commands,
They march, they fight, they fall, in foreign lands.

Not so, where on the azure main
Extends our Albion's happy plain;
Her sons, a race sublime of soul,
Nor fear, nor lawless force control:
Who serves in peace or serves in war,
Attends but where his choice inclines;
Each makes his nation's fame his care,
And this performs what that designs:
Beneath fair Freedom's favouring smile,
The' uninjur'd peasant tills a kindly soil;
Resound, ye valleys! while your shepherds sing,
A free-born people, and a father-king.

By each ferocious Norman's reign,
Each haughty Tudor's galling chain,
And all the ills for thee design'd
In every gloomy Stuart's mind;
Till injur'd freedom wafted o'er
Her guardian* from the Belgic shore;
By every former frown of fate,
O prize, Britannia! prize thy present state.

Whoe'er or heart or hand employ'd
To gain the bliss by thee enjoy'd:
Or bold in war thy standard rear'd;
Who bold were in thy senate hear'd,

* William the Third.

Or nobly suffer'd for thy cause,
The victims of perverted laws;
To these the honours due decree,
And raise the storied arch to Liberty.

Conspicuous on the trophied ground,
With these her chosen train around,
The sculptor's art with nicest care
Should place her image, heavenly fair:
While Commerce, fraught with gems and ores,
The gifts of many a distant land,
And labour crown'd with rural stores,
Sustain her throne on either hand;
Oppression bound shall rage in vain,
And Persecution struggle with her chain;
And proud Iberia's shatter'd helm appear,
And trampled papal crowns, and Gallia's brok
spear.

AFTER

READING AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

To Fancy's view what visions rise,
Remote amid yon azure skies!
What goddess-form descends in air?
The Grecian Muse, severely fair!
What Sage is he, to whom she deigns
Her lyre of elevated strains?
The Bard of Tyne—his master hand
Awakes new music o'er the land;
And much his voice of right and wrong
Attempts to teach the' unheeding throng.
What mean those crystal rocks serene,
Those laureate groves, for ever green,

Those Parian domes?—Sublime retreats,
Of Freedom's sons the happy seats!—
There dwell the few who dar'd disdain
The lust of power and lust of gain;
The patriot names of old renown'd,
And those in later ages found;
The' Athenian, Spartan, Roman boast,
The pride of Britain's sea-girt coast!
But, oh! what darkness intervenes!
But, oh! beneath, what different scenes!
What Matron she, to grief resign'd,
Beside that ruin'd arch reclin'd?
Her sons, who once so well could wield
The warrior-spear, the warrior-shield,
A turban'd ruffian's scourge constrains
To toil on desolated plains!—
And she who leans that column nigh,
Where trampled arms and eagles lie;
Whose veil essays her blush to hide,
Who checks the tear that hastes to glide?
A mitred priest's oppressive sway
She sees her drooping race obey:
Their vines unprun'd, their fields untill'd,
Their streets with want and misery fill'd.
And who is she, the martial maid,
Along that cliff so careless laid,
Whose brow such laugh unmeaning wears,
Whose eye such insolence declares,
Whose tongue descants, with scorn so vain,
On slaves of Ebro or of Seine?
What griesly churl,* what harlot bold,†
Behind her chains enormous hold?

* Avarice. † Luxury.

Though Virtue's warning voice be near,
Alas, she will not, will not hear!
And now she sinks in sleep profound,
And now they bind her to the ground.
O what is he, his ghastly form
So half obscur'd in cloud and storm,
Swift striding on?*—béneath his strides
Proud Empire's firmest base subsides;
Behind him dreary wastes remain,
Oblivion's dark chaotic reign!

THE MEXICAN PROPHECY.†

From Cholula's hostile plain,‡
Left her treacherous legions slain,
Left her temples all in flame,
Cortes' conquering army came.
High on Chalco's stormy steep
Shone their phalanx broad and deep;

* Ruin.

† De Solis, in his History of the Conquest of Mexico, informs us, that on the approach of Cortes to the neighbourhood of that city, the Emperor Motezuma sent a number of magicians to attempt the destruction of the Spanish army. As the sorcerers were practising their incantations, a demon appeared to them in the form of their idol Tleatlepuca, and foretold the fall of the Mexican empire. On this legend is founded the following Poem. The conquest of Mexico was undertaken from motives of avarice, and accompanied with circumstances of cruelty; but it produced the subversion of a tyrannical government, and the abolition of a detestable religion of horrid rites and human sacrifices.

‡ Cholula was a large city, not far distant from Mexico. The inhabitants were in league with the Mexicans; and after professing friendship for the Spaniards, endeavoured to surprise and destroy them.

High the' Hispanian banner rais'd,
Bore the Cross in gold emblaz'd.*
Thick the gleaming spears appear'd,
Loud the neighing steeds were heard;
Flash'd the muskets' lightnings round,
Roll'd their thunders o'er the ground,
Echo'd from a thousand caves,
Down to Tenustitan's waves;†—
Spacious lake, that far below
Bade its lucid level flow:
There the ever-sunny shore
Groves of palm and cocoa bore;
Maize-fields rich, savannas green,
Stretch'd around, with towns between.
Tacubà, Tezeùco fair,
Rear'd their shining roofs in air:
Mexico's imperial pride
Glitter'd midst the glassy tide,
Bright with gold, with silver bright,
Dazzling, charming all the sight,‡
From their post the warworn band
Raptur'd view'd the happy land:
"Haste to victory, haste to ease,
Mark the spot that gives us these!"
On the' exulting heroes strode,
Shun'd the smooth insidious road,

* The device on Cortes's standard was the sign of the Cross. *Vide De Solis.*

† Tenustitan, otherwise Tenuchtitlan, the ancient name of the Lake of Mexico.

‡ The Spanish historians assert that the walls and houses of the Indian cities were composed of a peculiar kind of glittering stone or plaster, which at a distance resembled silver.

Shun'd the rock's impending shade,
Shun'd the' expecting ambuscade.*
Deep within a gloomy wood
Montezume's magicians stood:
Tlcàtlepùca's horrid form,
God of famine, plague, and storm,
High on magic stones they rais'd;
Magic fires before him blaz'd;
Round the lurid flames they drew,
Flames whence streams of sulphur flew;
There, while bleeding victims smok'd,
Thus his aid they loud invok'd:
"Minister supreme of ill,
Prompt to punish, prompt to kill,
Montezuma asks thy aid!
Foreign foes his realms invade;
Vengeance on the strangers shed,
Mix them instant with the dead!
By thy temple's sable floor,
By thy altar stain'd with gore,
Stain'd with gore and strew'd with bones,
Echoing shrieks, and echoing groans!
Vengeance on the strangers shed,
Mix them instant with the dead!"
Ordaz heard, Velasquez heard—
Swift their falchions' blaze appear'd;
Alvarado rushing near,
Furious rais'd his glittering spear;

* The Indians had blocked up the usual road to Mexico, and opened another broader and smooth at the entrance, but which led among rocks and precipices, where they had placed parties in ambush. Cortes discovered the stratagem, and ordered his troops to remove the obstructions. Being asked by the Mexican ambassadors the reason of this procedure, he replied, that "the Spaniards always chose to encounter difficulties."

Calm, Olmedo mark'd the scene,*
Calm he mark'd, and stepp'd between:
"Vain their rites and vain their prayer,
Weak attempts beneath your care;
Warriors! let the wretches live!
Christians! pity, and forgive!"
Sudden darkness o'er them spread,
Glow'd the woods with dusky red;
Vast the Idol's stature grew,
Look'd his face of ghastly hue,
Frowning rage, and frowning hate,
Angry at his nation's fate;
Fierce his fiery eyes he roll'd,
Thus his tongue the future told;
Cortes' veterans paus'd to hear,
Wondering all, though void of fear:
"Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
Doom'd for all thy crimes to know
Scenes of battle, scenes of woe!
Who is he—O spare the sight!—
Rob'd in gold, with jewels bright?
Hark! he deigns the crowd to call;
Chiefs and warriors prostrate fall.†
Reverence now to fury yields;
Strangers o'er him spread your shields!

* Bartholeme de Olmedo, chaplain to Cortes: he seems to have been a man of enlarged ideas, much prudence, moderation, and humanity.

† Motezuma, who was resident in the Spanish quarters when they were attacked by the Mexicans, proposed showing himself to the people, in order to appease the tumult. At his first appearance he was regarded with veneration, which was soon exchanged for rage, to the effects whereof he fell a victim.

Thick the darts, the arrows fly;
Hapless monarch! he must die!
Mark the solemn funeral state
Passing through the western gate!
Chàpultèqua's cave contains
Mighty Motezume's remains.
"Cease the strife! alas, 'tis vain!
Myriads throng Otumba's plain;
Wide their feathery crests they wave,
All the strong and all the brave.*
Gleaming glory through the skies,
See the' Imperial standard flies!
Down by force resistless torn;
Off in haughty triumph borne.
Slaughter heaps the vale with dead,
Fugitives the mountains spread.
"Mexico, 'tis thine to know
More of battle, more of woe!—
Bright in arms the stranger train
O'er thy causeways move again.
Bend the bow, the shaft prepare,
Join the breast-plate's folds with care;
Raise the sacrificial fire,
Bid the captive youths expire;†

* Cortes, in his retreat from Mexico, after the death of Motezuma, was followed and surrounded by the whole collective force of the empire, in the plains of Otumba. After repelling the attacks of his enemies on every side, with indefatigable valour, he found himself overpowered by numbers; when, making one desperate effort, with a few select friends, he seized the imperial standard, killed the general, and routed the army.

† De Solis relates, that the Mexicans sacrificed to their idols a number of Spaniards, whom they had taken prisoners, and whose cries and groans were distinctly heard in the Spanish camp, exciting sentiments of horror and revenge in their surviving companions.

Wake the sacred trumpet's breath,
Pouring anguish, pouring death;*
Troops from every street repair,
Close them in the fatal snare;
Valiant as they are, they fly,
Here they yield, and there they die.
"Cease the strife! 'tis fruitless all,
Mexico at last must fall!
Lo! the dauntless band return,
Furious for the fight they burn!
Lo! auxiliar nations round,
Crowding o'er the darken'd ground!
Corses fill thy trenches deep;
Down thy temple's lofty steep
See thy priests, thy princes thrown—
Hark! I hear their parting groan!
Blood thy lake with crimson dyes,
Flames from all thy domes arise!
"What are those that round thy shore
Launch thy troubled waters o'er?
Swift canoes that from the fight
Aid their vanquish'd monarch's flight;
Ambush'd in the reedy shade,
Them the stranger barks invade;
Soon thy lord a captive bends,
Soon thy far-fam'd empire ends;†

* The above author observes, that the Sacred Trumpet of the Mexicans was so called, because it was not permitted to any but the priests to sound it; and that only when they denounced war, and animated the people on the part of their gods.

† When the Spaniards had forced their way to the centre of Mexico, Guatimozin, the reigning emperor, endeavoured to escape in his canoes across the lake; but was pursued and taken prisoner by Garcia de Holguin, captain of one of the Spanish brigantines.

Otomèca shares thy spoils,
Tlàscalà in triumph smiles.*
Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
"Cease your boast, O stranger band,
Conquerors of my fallen land!
Avarice strides your van before,
Phantom meagre, pale, and hoar!
Discord follows, breathing flame,
Still opposing claim to claim;†
Kindred demons haste along!
Haste, avenge my country's wrong!"
Ceas'd the voice with dreadful sounds,
Loud as tides that burst their bounds;
Roll'd the form in smoke away,
Amaz'd on earth the' exorcists lay;
Pondering on the dreadful lore,
Their course the' Iberians downward bore;
Their helmets glittering o'er the vale,
And wide their ensigns fluttering in the gale.

* The Otomies were a fierce, savage nation, never thorough subdued by the Mexicans. Tlascala was a powerful neighbouring republic, the rival of Mexico.

† Alluding to the dissentions which ensued among the Spaniards, after the conquest of America.

ELEGIES

DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL.

WRITTEN AT

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes,
And cheerful skies and limpid streams are seen;
Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage clothes the fields with green.

Yet lovelier scenes the' approaching months prepare;
Kind Spring's full bounty soon will be display'd;
The smile of beauty every vale shall wear;
The voice of song enliven every shade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair?
Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But should kind Spring her wonted bounty show'r,
The smile of beauty, and the voice of song;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun the scenes where maddening passion raves,
Where Pride and Folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting Avarice drives her slaves
O'er prostrate Virtue in pursuit of gold.

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field, [gay,
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flowers
The clay-built cot to me more pleasure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes display:
And yet ev'n here, amid these secret shades,
These simple scenes of unreprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
And Death's dread dart is ever in my sight.
While genial suns to genial showers succeed,
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom);
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume;
O why alone to hapless man denied
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?
O why this fate, that fear and pain divide
His few short hours on earth's delightful coast?
Ah cease—no more of Providence complain!
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by Heaven indulg'd below:
Why else the smiling infant-train so bless'd,
Ere ill propension ripens into sin,
Ere wild desire inflames the youthful breast, [in?
And dear-bought knowledge ends the peace with-
As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,
And all their days and all their prospects please.
Such mine, when first, from London's crowded
streets, [hills,
Rov'd my young steps to Surry's wood-crown'd
O'er new-blown meads that breath'd a thousand
By shady coverts and by crystal rills. [sweets,

O happy hours, beyond recovery fled!
What share I now that can your loss repay,
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no Power this darkness to remove?
The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?
Or raise our views to happier seats above,
Where fear and pain and death shall be no more?

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love
The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,
And raise their views to happier seats above,
Where fear and pain and death shall be no more:

These grateful share the gifts of Nature's hand;
And in the varied scenes that round them shine
(Minute and beautiful, or rude and grand,)
Admire the' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a floweret in the' enamel'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays,
Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

For them ev'n vernal Nature looks more gay,
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
To them more fair the fairest smile of Day,
To them more sweet the sweetest breath of Morn.

They feel the bliss that Hope and Faith supply;
They pass serene the' appointed hours that bring
The Day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The Day that centres in Eternal Spring.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER,

JULY, 1757.

THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,
The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,
And still and vacant all yon fields extend,
Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and heat,
The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,
Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

Where are the flowers, the garden's rich array?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their dusty bed:

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What Afric's wilds or Peru's fields display,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild Nature's heart-reviving song,
That fill'd in genial spring the verdant bow'rs?
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
Pine through this long long course of sultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliss by Summer brought?
The walk along the rivulet-water'd vale?
The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught!
The sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale!

he smile of Morning gleams along the hills,
And wakeful Labour calls her sons abroad;
hey leave with cheerful look their lowly vills,
And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

; various tasks engage the rustic bands,
And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield
r rear the new-bound sheaves along the lands,
Or range in heaps the swarths upon the field.

ome build the shocks, some load the spacious wains,
Some lead to sheltering barns the fragrant corn;
ome form tall ricks, that towering o'er the plains
For many a mile, the homestead yards adorn.—

he rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
The joyful swains that raise the clamorous song,
he' inclosure gates thrown open all around,
The stubble peopled by the gleaning throng,

oon mark glad harvest o'er.- Ye rural lords,
Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend,
hink whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heaven your grateful praise ascend!--

'or though no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your valleys smile,
hough the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Pursued for these through many a day their toil,

'et what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares, supply
Bright suns, or softening showers, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees, that we obtain
With toil each blessing destin'd to our use,
But seems to teach us, that our toil is vain,
If He the bounty of his hand refuse.

Reflect, nor murmur more—for, good in all,
Heaven gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
Perhaps ere morn refreshing showers may fall,
Nor soon yon sun rise blazing fierce again:

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand!
Hark, in the East loud blustering gales arise;
Wide and more wide the darkening clouds expand,
And distant lightnings flash along the skies!

O, in the awful concert of the storm,
While hail and rain and wind and thunder join;
May deep-felt gratitude my soul inform,
May joyful songs of reverent praise be mine!

WRITTEN IN HARVEST.

Farewell the pleasant violet-scented shade,
The primros'd hill, and daisy-mantled mead;
The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd;
The sunny wall, with bloomy branches spread:

Farewell the bower with blushing roses gay;
Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purpled field;
Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
When evening breezes mingled odours yield:

Of these no more—now round the lonely farms
Where jocund Plenty deigns to fix her seat,
The' autumnal landscape, opening all its charms,
Declares kind Nature's annual work complete.

In different parts what different views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley, dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.

The smile of Morning gleams along the hills,
And wakeful Labour calls her sons abroad;
They leave with cheerful look their lowly vills,
And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

In various tasks engage the rustic bands,
And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield:
Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the lands,
Or range in heaps the swarths upon the field.

Some build the shocks, some load the spacious wains,
Some lead to sheltering barns the fragrant corn;
Some form tall ricks, that towering o'er the plains
For many a mile, the homestead yards adorn.—

The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
The joyful swains that raise the clamorous song,
The' inclosure gates thrown open all around,
The stubble peopled by the gleaning throng,

Soon mark glad harvest o'er—Ye rural lords,
Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend;
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heaven your grateful praise ascend!—

For though no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your valleys smile,
Though the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Pursued for these through many a day their toil;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares, supply
Bright suns, or softening showers, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees, that we obtain
With toil each blessing destin'd to our use;
But means to teach us, that our toil is vain,
If He the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet, Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing Muse betrays—
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands
The voice of riot than the voice of Praise.

Prolific though thy fields, and mild thy clime,
Realms fam'd for fields as rich, for climes as fair,
Have fall'n the pray of Famine, War, and Time,
And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast, [oil;
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast;
Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil:

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall! [swain,
Where rose fair towns, where toil'd the jocund
Thron'd on the naked rock and mouldering wall,
Pale Want and Ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's valleys smil'd in living green, [hues,
Where Sharon's flowers disclos'd their varied
The wandering pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs; [old,
Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of
Her corn-clad mountains and Elysian bow'rs, [roll'd.
And silver streams through fragrant meadows

Where Freedom's praise along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the favourite sound;
Where Patriot-War her awful standard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around:

There Freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,
There Patriot-War no more her banner waves;
Nor bards, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains?
Of mighty realms that fell, when, mad with pow'r,
They call'd for vice to revel on their plains;
The monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

O Albion! would'st thou shun their mournful fate,
To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;
And woo to linger in thy fair retreat,
The radiant Virtues, progeny divine!

Fair Truth, with dauntless eye and aspect bland;
Sweet Peace, whose brow no angry frown de-
Soft Charity, with ever-open hand; [forms;
And Courage, calm amid surrounding storms.

O lovely train! O haste to grace our isle!
So may the Power who every blessing yields,
Bid on her clime serenest seasons smile, [fields.
And crown with annual wealth her far-fam'd

WRITTEN AT

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

The Sun far southward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-east wind lays the forests bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly prospects Spring supplied,
The may-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze;
The white flocks scattering o'er the mountain's side,
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay Summer's sportive insect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade

Where is brown Autumn's evening mild and sti
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yie
What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
To former scenes that little pleas'd when her
Our winter chills us, and our Summer burns,
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless Fancy flies, [flo
Where Indian streams through green savann
Where brighter suns and ever tranquil skies
Bid new fruits ripen, and new flowerets blow

Let truth these fairer happier lands survey—
There frowning Months descend in watry storr
Or Nature faints amid the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain defor

There oft, as toiling in the sultry fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
His joyless life the weary labourer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of Nature, free from Nature's strif
Who dreams of constant happiness below?
The hope-flush'd enterer on the stage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by false Hope in search of many a joy;
I find in Earth's bleak clime no bless'd abode,
No place, no season, sacred from annoy:

while Winter rages round the plains,
his dark days human life compare; [rains,
e more fraught with clouds, and winds, and
this with pining pain and anxious care.

ice this wondrous turn of mind our Fate—
'er the season or the place possess'd,
murmur at our present state;
et the thought of parting breaks our rest?

s, when heard in evening's solemn gloom,
he sad knell, that sounding o'er the plain
ne poor lifeless body to the tomb,
hrill my breast with melancholy pain?

e of Reason thunders in my ear:
thou, ere long, must join thy kindred clay;
those nostrils breathe the vital air,
re those eyelids open on the day!"

r, o'er me hold thy dreary reign!
wide thy skies in darkest horrors dress'd!
dread rage no longer I'll complain,
k an Eden for a transient guest.

has Heaven indulg'd of joy below,
ipt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
has Heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
ke us languish for a happier seat.

who deems all climes, all seasons fair;
is, who knows no restless passion's strife:
nent, smiling at each idle care;
itment, thankful for the gift of life!

in Winter many a view to please; [gay.
iorning landscape fring'd with frost-work
at noon seen through the leafless trees.
ear calm ether at the close of day:

She marks the' advantage storms and clouds be-
When blustering Caurus purifies the air; [stow,
When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow,
That makes the' impregnate gleme a richer harvest bear;

She bids, for all, our grateful praise arise,
To HIM whose mandate spake the world to form;
Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's cheerful skies,
And Autumn's corn-clad field, and Winter's sounding storm.

WRITTEN AT

AMWELL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE, 1768.

O FRIEND! though silent thus thy tongue remains,
I read inquiry in thy anxious eye,
Why my pale cheek the frequent tear distains?
Why from my bosom bursts the frequent sigh?

Long from these scenes detain'd in distant fields,
My mournful tale perchance escap'd thy ear;
Fresh grief to me the repetition yields;
Thy kind attention gives thee right to hear!

Foe to the world's pursuit of wealth and fame,
Thy Theron early from the world retir'd,
Left to the busy throng each boasted aim,
Nor aught, save peace in solitude, desir'd.

A few choice volumes there could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amus'd the day:
There his lov'd parents' slow-declining age,
Life's calm unvaried evening wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble virgin for his own;
A form with Nature's fairest gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown:

Her hand she gave, and with it gave a heart
By love engag'd, with gratitude impress'd,
Free without folly, prudent without art,
With wit accomplish'd, and with virtue bless'd.

Swift pass'd the hours; alas, to pass no more!
Flown like the light clouds of a summer's day!
One beauteous pledge the beauteous consort bore;
The fatal gift forbad the giver's stay.

Ere twice the sun perform'd his annual round,
In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie,
O'er wife, and child, and parents, clos'd the ground;
The final home of man ordain'd to die!

O cease at length, obtrusive Memory! cease,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain,
That saw Disease on her dear life increase,
And Med'cine's lenient arts essay'd in vain.

O the dread scene! (in misery how sublime!)
Of Love's vain prayers to stay her fleeting breath!
Suspense, that restless watch'd the flight of Time,
And helpless dumb Despair, awaiting Death!

O the dread scene!—'Tis agony to tell,
How o'er the couch of pain declin'd my head;
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
The last, last parting, ere her spirit fled.

"Restore her Heaven! as from the grave retrieve—
In each calm moment all things else resign'd,
Her looks, her language, show how hard to leave
The lov'd companion she must leave behind.

"Restore her Heaven! for once in mercy spare—"
Thus Love's vain prayer in anguish interpos'd:
And soon Suspense gave place to dumb Despair,
And o'er the past, Death's sable curtain clos'd—
In silence clos'd—My thoughts rov'd frantic round,
No hope, no wish, beneath the Sun remain'd;
Earth, air, and skies, one dismal waste I found,
One pale, dead, dreary blank, with horror stain'd.
O lovely flower, too fair for this rude clime!
O lovely morn, too prodigal of light!
O transient beauties, blasted in their prime!
O transient glories, sunk in sudden night!
Sweet Excellence, by all who knew thee mourn'd!
Where is that form, that mind, my soul admir'd;
That form, with every pleasing charm adorn'd;
That mind, with every gentle thought inspir'd?
The face with rapture view'd, I view no more;
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear;
Yet the lov'd features Memory's eyes explore;
Yet the lov'd accents fall on Memory's ear.
Ah sad, sad change! (sad source of daily pain)
That sense of loss ineffable renews;
While my rack'd bosom heaves the sigh in vain,
While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.
Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mouldering veil her spirit left below,
Fond Fancy dwells, and pours funereal strains,
The soul-dissolving melody of woe.
Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom,
Nor she alone the tear of Song obtains;
The Muse of Blagdon,* o'er Constantia's tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.

* See Verses written at Sandgate Castle, in memory of a lady, by the ingenious Dr. Langhorne.

My friend's fair hope, like mine, so lately gain'd;
His heart, like mine, in its true partner bless'd;
Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd,
The same sad hours beheld us both distress'd.

O human life! how mutable, how vain!
How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joy—
A sunny island in a stormy main,
A spot of azure in a cloudy sky!

All-gracious Heaven! since man, infatuate man,
Rests in thy works, too negligent of thee;
Lays for himself on earth his little plan,
Dreads not, or distant views mortality;

'Tis but to wake to nobler thought the soul,
To rouse us lingering on earth's flowery plain,
To Virtue's path our wanderings to control,
Affliction frowning comes, thy minister of pain!

EPISTLES.

THE GARDEN.

TO A FRIEND.

From Whitby's rocks steep rising o'er the main,
From Eska's vales, or Ewecot's lonely plain,
Say, rove thy thoughts to Amwell's distant bow'rs
To mark how pass thy Friend's sequester'd hours
"Perhaps," think'st thou, "he seeks his pleasing
scenes
Of winding walks, smooth lawns, and shady greens
Where China's willow hangs its foliage fair,
And Po's tall poplar waves its top in air,
And the dark maple spreads its umbrage wide,
And the white bench adorns the basin side;
At morn reclin'd, perhaps, he sits to view
The bank's neat slope, the water's silver hue.
"Where midst thick oaks the subterraneous way
To the arch'd grot admits a feeble ray;
Where glossy pebbles pave the varied floors,
And rough flint-walls are deck'd with shells and ores
And silvery pearls, spread o'er the roofs on high,
Glimmer like faint stars in a twilight sky;
From noon's fierce glare, perhaps, he pleas'd retires
Indulging musings which the place inspires.
"Now where the airy octagon ascends,
And wide the prospect o'er the vale extends,

Midst evening's calm, intent perhaps he stands,
And looks o'er all that length of sun-gilt lands,
Of bright green pastures, stretch'd by rivers clear,
And willow groves, or osier islands near."
Alas, my friend, how strangely men mistake,
Who guess what others most their pleasure make!
These garden scenes, which Fashion o'er our plains
Spreads round the villas of our wealthy swains,
Though Envy grudge, or Friendship wish to share,
They claim but little of their owner's care.
For me, my groves not oft my steps invite,
And far less oft they fail to' offend my sight:
In vain the senna waves its glossy gold,
In vain the cistus' spotted flowers unfold,
In vain the' acacia's snowy bloom depends,
In vain the sumach's scarlet spike ascends,
In vain the woodbine's spicy tufts disclose,
And green slopes redden with the shedding rose:
These neat-shorn hawthorns' useless verdant bound,
This long straight walk, that pool's unmeaning round, [trees,
These short-curv'd paths that twist beneath the
Disgust the eye, and make the whole displease.
"No scene like this," I say, "did Nature raise,
Brown's fancy form, or Walpole's* judgment praise;
No prototype for this did I survey
In Woollet's† landscapes, or in Mason's lay.
But might thy genius, friend, an Eden frame,
Profuse of beauty, and secure from blame;

* See Mr. Walpole's ingenious History of the Modern Taste in Gardening, at the end of the fourth volume of his Anecdotes of Painting.

† The above-named excellent artist, several years ago, drew and engraved a number of beautiful views in some of our most celebrated modern gardens.

Where round the lawn might wind the varied way,
Now lost in gloom, and now with prospect gay;
Now screen'd with clumps of green, for wintry bow'rs;
Now edg'd with sunny banks, for summer flow'rs;
Now led by crystal lakes with lilies dress'd,
Or where light temples court the step to rest—
Time's gradual change, or Tempest's sudden rage,
There with thy peace perpetual war would wage.
That tyrant oak, whose arms so far o'ergrow, [low;
Shades some poor shrub that pines with drought be-
These rampant elms, those hazels branching wide,
Crowd the broad pine, the spiry larix hide.
That lilac brow, where May's unsparing hand
Bade one vast swell of purple bloom expand,
Soon past its prime, shows signs of quick decay,
The naked stem, and scanty-cover'd spray.
Fierce Boreas calls, and Ruin waits his call;
Thy fair catalpa's broken branches fall;
Thy soft magnolia mourns her blasted green,
And blighted laurel's yellowing leaves are seen.
But Discontent alone, thou'lt say, complains
For ill success, where none perfection gains:
True is the charge; but from that tyrant's sway
What art, what power, can e'er redeem our day?
To me, indeed, short ease he sometimes yields,
When my lone walk surrounds the rural fields;
There no past errors of my own upbraid,
No time, no wealth, expended unrepaid:
There Nature dwells, and throws profuse around
Each pastoral sight, and every pastoral sound;
From Spring's green copse, that pours the cuckoo's strain,
And evening bleatings of the fleecy train,

To Autumn's yellow field, and clamorous horn*
That wakes the slumbering harvesters at morn,
There Fancy too, with fond delighted eyes,
Sees o'er the scene ideal people rise;
There calm Contentment, in his cot reclin'd,
Hears the grey poplars whisper in the wind;
There Love's sweet song adown the echoing dale
To Beauty's ear conveys the tender tale;
And there Devotion lifts his brow to Heaven,
With grateful thanks for many a blessing given.

Thus oft through Maylan's shady lane I stray,
Trace Rushgreen's† paths, or Postwood's winding way!
Thus oft to Eastfield's airy height I haste;
(All well-known spots thy feet have frequent trac'd)
While Memory, as my sight around I cast,
Suggests the pleasing thought of moments past;
Or Hope, amid the future, forms again
The dream of bliss Experience broke in vain.

* There is a custom, frequent in many parts of England, of calling the harvest-men to and from work by the sound of a horn. This practice, as well as that of the harvest-shouting, seems much on the decline. The latter could boast its origin from high antiquity, as appears from that beautiful stroke of eastern poetry, Isaiah, chap. xvi.: "I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon and Elealeh; for the shouting for thy summer fruits, and for thy harvest, is fallen!"

† Rushgreen, or Gammels, was the patrimonial residence of William Walley, M. D. a deservedly valued friend of the author. "Mayland's shady lane" leads from Rushgreen toward Hertford-heath. Eastfield lies very near. Postwood is more in the neighbourhood of Amwell-bury.

*WINTER AMUSEMENTS.**

IN THE COUNTRY.

To a Friend in London.

While thee, my friend, the City's scenes detain—
The cheerful scenes where Trade and Pleasure reign;
Where glittering shops their varied stores display,
And passing thousands crowd the public way:
Where Painting's forms and Music's sounds delight,
And Fashion's frequent novelties invite,
And Conversation's sober social hours
Engage the mind, and elevate its powers,
Far different scenes for us the country yields,
Deserted roads and unfrequented fields:
Yet deem not, lonely as they are, that these
Boast nought to charm the eye, the ear to please.
Though here the tyrant Winter holds command,
And bids rude tempests desolate the land;
Sometimes the Sun extends his cheering beam,
And all the landscape casts a golden gleam:
Clear is the sky, and calm and soft the air,
And through thin mist each object looks more fair.
Then, where the villa rears its sheltering grove,
Along the southern lawn 'tis sweet to rove: [tend,
There dark green pines, behind, their boughs ex-
And bright spruce firs like pyramids ascend,
And round their tops, in many a pendent row,
Their scaly cones of shining auburn show;

* First entitled "Winter Prospects." *See Pearch's Collection*, vol. iv.

There the brōad cedar's level branches spread,
And the tall cypress lifts its spiry head;
With alaternus ilex interweaves,
And laurels mix their glossy oval leaves;
And gilded holly crimson fruit displays,
And white viburnum* o'er the border strays.
Where these from storms the spacious greenhouse screen,
Ev'n now the eye beholds a flowery scene; [ward the' injurious cold,
There crystal sashes
And rows of benches fair exotics hold;
Rich plants, that Afric's sunny cape supplies,
Or o'er the isles of either India rise.
While strip'd geranium shows its tufts of red,
And verdant myrtles grateful fragrance shed;
A moment stay to mark the vivid bloom,
A oment stay to catch the high perfume,
And then to rural scenes—Yon path, that leads
Down the steep bourn and 'cross the level meads,
Soon mounts the' opponent hill, and soon conveys
To where the farm its pleasing group displays:
The rustic mansion's form, antiquely fair;
The yew-hedg'd garden, with its grass-plat square;
The barn's long ridge, and doors expanded wide;
The stable's straw-clad eves and clay-built side;
The cartshed's roof, of rough-hewn round wood made,
And loose on heads of old sere pollards laid; [sustain,
The granary's floor that smooth-wrought posts
Where hungry vermin strive to climb in vain:
And many an ash that wild around them grows,
And many an elm that shelter o'er them throws.

* That well known beautiful flowering evergreen, commonly called Laurustinus.

Then round the moat we turn, with pales enclos'd
And midst the orchard's trees in rows dispos'd,
Whose boughs thick tufts of misletoe adorn
With fruit of lucid white on joints of yellow borne
Thence up the lane, romantic woods among,
Beneath old oaks with ivy overhung,
(O'er their rough trunks the hairy stalks intwine,
And on their arms the sable berries shine:)
Here oft the sight, on banks bestrewn with leaves
The early primrose' opening bud perceives;
And oft steep dells or ragged cliffs unfold
The prickly furze with bloom of brightest gold;
Here oft the red-breast hops along the way,
And midst grey moss explores his insect prey;
Or the green woodspite* flies with outcry shrill,
And delves the sere bough with his sounding bill
Or the rous'd hare starts rustling from the brake,
And gaudy jays incessant clamour make;
Or echoing hills return from stubbles nigh
The sportsman's gun, and spaniel's yelping cry.
And now the covert ends in open ground,
That spreads wide views beneath us all around;
There turbid waters, edg'd with yellow reeds,
Roll through the russet herd-forsaken meads;
There from the meads the' enclosures sloping rise,
And, midst the' enclosures, dusky woodland lies;
While pointed spires and curling smokes, between,
Mark towns and vills and cottages unseen.
And now,—for now the breeze and noontide ray
Clear the last remnants of the mist away,—
Far, far o'er all extends the aching eye,
Where azure mountains mingle with the sky:

* The Green Woodpecker. *Vide Pennant's British Zoology, folio, p. 78.*

To these the curious optic tube applied
Reveals each object distance else would hide;
There seats or homesteads, plac'd in pleasant shades,
Show their white walls and windows, through the glades;
There rears the hamlet church its hoary tow'r,
(The clock's bright index points the passing hour)
There green-rob'd huntsmen o'er the sunny lawn
Lead home their beagles from the chase withdrawn,
And ploughs slow moving turn the broad champaign,
While on steep summits feed the fleecy train.

But wintry months few days like these supply,
And their few moments far too swiftly fly:
Dank thaws, chill fogs, rough winds, and beating rain,
To sheltering rooms the' unwilling step detain;
Yet there, my Friend, shall liberal Science find
Amusement various for the' inquiring mind.

While History's hand her sanguine record brings,
With woes of nations fraught, and crimes of kings;
Plague thins the street, and Famine blasts the plain,
War wields his sword, Oppression binds his chain;
Curiosity pursues the' unfolding tale,
Which Reason blames, and Pity's tears bewail.

While Fancy's powers the' eventful novel frame,
And Virtue's care directs its constant aim;
As Fiction's pen domestic life pourtrays,
Its hopes, and fears, and joys, and griefs displays;
By Grandison's or Clinton's* story mov'd,
We read delighted and we rise improv'd.

Then with bold Voyagers our thought explores
Vast tracts of ocean, and untrodden shores;

* *Vide* The Fool of Quality, a well known novel, by Mr. Henry Brooke, author of Gustavus Vasa, &c.

Now view rude climes, where ice-rocks d rear aspire,
Or red volcanos shoot their streams of fire: [wave,
Now seeks sweet isles, where lofty palm-groves
And cany banks translucent rivers lave;
Where Plenty's gifts luxuriant load the soil,
And Ease reposes, charm'd with Beauty's smile.
Such, hapless Cook! * amid the southern main,
Rose thy Ta-heitè's peaks and flowery plain;—
Why, daring Wanderer! quit that blissful land,
To seek new dangers on a barbarous strand?
Why doom'd, so long escap'd from storms and foes,
Upon that strand thy dying eyes to close;
Remote each place by habit render'd dear,
Nor British friends nor Otaheitean near?

Nor less than books the' Engraver's works invite,
Where past and distant come before the sight:
Where, all the Painter's lively tints convey'd,
The skilful Copyist gives in light and shade:
While faithful views the prospect's charms display,
From coast to coast, and town to town, we stray;
While faithful portraits human features trace,
We gaze delighted on the speaking face;
Survey the port that bards and heroes bore,
Or mark the smiles that high-born beauties wore.

Cease these to please? Philosophy attends,
With arts where knowledge with diversion blends;
The Sun's vast system in a model shows;
Bids the clear lens new forms to sight expose;
Constructs machines, whose wondrous powers de-
The' effects of light, and properties of air; [clare

* This celebrated circumnavigator, after surmounting numerous difficulties, and escaping many dangers, was at length slain by the inhabitants of Owyhee, a little island in the Pacific Ocean.

With whirling globes excites electric fires,
And all their force and all their use inquires.
O Nature! how immense thy secret store,
Beyond what ev'n a Priestley can explore!
  Such, Friend, the' employments may his time divide,
Whom rural shades from scenes of business hide;
While o'er his ear unnotic'd glide away
The noise and nonsense of the passing day!

SELECT POEMS

OF

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

THE only account we have of Mr. Cunningham appeared originally in the London Magazine for 1773, from which it has been repeatedly copied without acknowledgment.

He was born in 1729, in Dublin, where his father and mother, both descendants of Scotch parents, then resided. His father was a wine-cooper, and becoming enriched by a prize in the lottery, commenced wine-merchant, and failed. The little education our author received was from a Mr. Clarke, who was master of the grammar-school of the city of Drogheda; and when his father's affairs became embarrassed, he was recalled to Dublin, where he produced many of his minor poems at a very early age. At seventeen, he wrote a farce, entitled Love in a Mist, which was acted for several nights at Dublin in the year 1747. Garrick is said to have been indebted to this farce for the fable or plot of his Lying Valet.

The success of his little drama procured him the freedom of the theatre, to which he became immediately attached, and, mistaking inclination for ability, commenced actor without one essential qualification, either natural or acquired, if we except a knack at personating the mock French character, in which he is said to have been tolerable.

His passion for the stage, however, predominated so strongly, that, without any intimation of his intentions, he left his family and embarked for England, where he obtained a precarious and unprofitable employment in various companies of strolling comedians. Frequent want at length made him sensible of his imprudence, but pride prevented his return to his friends, and the death of his father, in circumstances of distress, probably reconciled him to a way of life which he could not then exchange for a better. About the year 1761, we find him a performer at Edinburgh, under the direction of Mr. Love, and here he published his Elegy on a Pile of Ruins, which, although obviously an imitation of Gray's Elegy, contains many passages conceived in the true spirit of poetry. It obtained considerable reputation. During his theatrical engagement at Edinburgh, although insignificant as an actor, he was of some value to the manager, by furnishing prologues and other occasional addresses, which were much applauded.

About this time he received an invitation from certain booksellers in London, who proposed to engage him in such works of literature as might procure him a more easy and honourable employment than he had hitherto followed. He repaired accordingly to the metropolis, but was disappointed in his promised undertaking by the bankruptcy of the principal person concerned in it, and after a short stay, was glad to return to his friends in the north.

This was the only effort he ever made to emerge from the abject situation in which youthful imprudence had originally placed him. But with this state, says his biographer, he appeared by no means dissatisfied. Competence and obscurity were all he desired. He had no views of ambition: and indolence possessed him so entirely, that he never made a second attempt. In a letter to a friend,

he describes himself in these terms: "You may remember my last expedition to London. I think I may be convinced by it that I am not calculated for the business you mention. Though I scribble (not a little neither) to amuse myself, the moment I should consider it as my duty it would cease to be an amusement, and I should of consequence be weary on't. I am not enterprising: and am tolerably happy in my present situation."

In 1762, he published The Contemplatist, but with less success than his Elegy. It may here be mentioned that in 1765, he published Fortune, an Apologue, in which there are some poetical beauties, particularly the description of avarice, but not much consistency of plan; and in the following year he collected his poems into a volume, which was honoured by a numerous list of subscribers.

A few months before his death, being incapable of any theatrical exertion, he was removed to the house of a friend in Newcastle, who, with great kindness, received him under his roof, and paid every attention to him which his state required. After lingering some time under a nervous disorder, during which he burnt all his papers, he died on the 18th of September, 1773, and was buried in St. John's church-yard, Newcastle. On a tombstone erected to his memory is the following inscription:

Here lie the remains of
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
Of his excellence
As a Pastoral Poet,
His works will remain a monument
For ages,
After this temporary tribute of esteem
Is in dust forgotten.
He died in Newcastle, Sept. 18, 1773.
Aged 44.

Although Cunningham cannot be admitted to a very high rank among poets, he may be allowed

to possess a considerable share of genius. His poems have a peculiar sweetness and elegance: his sentiments are generally natural, and his language is simple, and appropriate to his subject, except in some of his longer pieces, where he accumulates epithets that appear to be laboured, and are sometimes uncouth compounds, either obsolete or unauthorized. As he contemplated nature with a fond and minute attention, and had familiarized his mind to rural scenes and images, his pastorals will probably continue to be his most favoured efforts. He has informed us that Shenstone, with whose correspondence he was honoured, encouraged him to cultivate this species of poetry. His Landscape is a cluster of beauties which every reader must feel, and such as only a very accurate observer of nature could have grouped with equal effect. His fables are ingenious, and his lyric pieces were at one time in very high estimation. His love verses, and his tributes of affection, bespeak considerable ardour. If he does not often move the passions, he always pleases the fancy, and his works have lost little of the popularity with which they were originally attended.

SELECT POEMS.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CONTEMPLATIST;

A NIGHT PIECE.

erat———
i tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres.

queen of Contemplation, Night,
egins her balmy reign;
ancing in their varied light
er silver-vested train.

strange, the many marshall'd stars,
hat ride you sacred round,
ild keep, among their rapid cars,
silence so profound!

nd, a philosophic calm,
he cool creation wears!
what Day drank of dewy balm,
he gentle Night repairs.

ind their leafy curtains hid,
he feather'd race how still!
quiet now the gamesome kid,
hat gamboll'd round the hill!

sweets, that bending o'er their banks,
rom sultry day declin'd,
ive in little velvet ranks,
nd scent the *western* wind.

The moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears, amongst the tufted trees,
A phœnix-nest on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
Pale regent of the sky!

Where Time, upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the sky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
Shall youth and vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse:
It glows serenely gay!
Come, Science, by my side, advance,
We'll search the milky-way.

Let us descend—The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And Science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wandering fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?—
Vapours.—How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of Man!

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier-shed.

Among the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar;
And darts along the dusk, so bright,
It seems a silver star!

In coverts, where the few frequent,
If Virtue deigns to dwell;
'Tis thus, the little lamp, Content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides,
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect—for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky;
Save where a starry space, between,
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error, thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred Truth behind!
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign;
They lock the shepherd's fold;
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold!

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot,
Whom pleasure once misguides;
When hurried from the halcyon-cot,
Where Innocence presides——

The passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim run:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd—and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day!

'Tis thus, the pigmy sons of power
Advance their vain parade!
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

The soft serenity of night,
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host, that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm!

The angry elements engage!
An oak, an ivied bower,
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancour, thus, of rushing Fate,
I've learnt to render vain:
For whilst Integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me (and 'tis a solemn thought!)
Reflect upon the tomb.

he tomb!—the consecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to Peace!
he port, that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!

on village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
/here sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

'is but the church-yard of the Night;
An emblematic bed!
hat offers to the mental sight,
The temporary dead.

rom hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
nd tutor'd, hence, be timely taught
To meet my final sleep.

'is peace—the little chaos past!
The gracious moon restor'd!
breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd!

he nightingale, a welcome guest,
Renews her gentle strains;
nd Hope, just wandering from my breast,
Her wonted seat regains.

es—when you lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
ly soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

an'd by the light, the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
nd moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigour to the mind.

A LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes.
VIRG.

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom
Frolics where the Winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
We command the landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields
Humble dales, and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Goats upon that frowning steep,
Fearless, with their kidlings browse;
Here a flock of snowy sheep,
There an herd of motley cows.

On the uplands, every glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales, the sober shade
Softens to an evening grey.

Where the rill, by slow degrees,
Swells into a crystal pool,
Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunder-stroke,
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
Near the farm-house, forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride;
Yonder as the virgin stream
Hastens to the restless tide:—

Where the ships by wanton gales
  Wafted, o'er the green waves run,
Swee[t] to see their swelling sails
  Whiten'd by the laughing sun!

High upon the daisied hill,
  Rising from the slope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
  Labour in the busy breeze!

Cheerful as a summer's morn,
  (Bouncing from her loaded pad)
Where the maid presents her corn,
  Smirking, to the miller's lad.

O'er the green a festal throng
  Gambols, in fantastic trim!
As the full cart moves along,
  Hearken—'tis their harvest hymn!

Linnets on the crowded sprays
  Chorus,—and the woodlarks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise,
  Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

Torrents in extended sheets
  Down the cliffs, dividing, break:
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
  Settling in a silver lake!

From his languid flocks, the swain,
  By the sun-beams sore opprest,
Plunging on the watery plain,
  Ploughs it with his glowing breast.

Where the mantling willows nod,
  From the green bank's slopy side,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod,
  Many an angler breaks the tide!

On the isles, with osiers drest,
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds;
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

Fork-tail'd prattlers, as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimic'd flock.

Where the stone-cross lifts its head,
Many a saint and pilgrim hoar,
Up the hill was wont to tread,
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon reverend shades,
Whilom, in that shatter'd cell,
Many a hermit told his beads.

Sultry mists surround the heath
Where the gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath,
Tottering with a load of years.

Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay, upon the rising green,
Many an attic building smiles!

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling shade and light!
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,
Scatter'd on the landscape lie,
Till the distant view retires,
Closing in an azure sky.

ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa!
JANUS VITALIS.

Omnia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit.
SENECA.

In the full prospect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains;
The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried, there lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by Time;
And many a cherub, there, descends in dust
From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the sound
Of fragments tumbling from the tow'rs on high,
Plung'd to their source in secret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where reverend shrines in gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle or the noxious night-shade spreads;
And ashlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet,
Sits musing on a monumental stone,
And points to the Memento at her feet.

Soon as sage Evening check'd Day's sunny pride,
I left the mantling shade in moral mood;
And seated by the Maid's sequester'd side,
Sigh'd, as the mouldering monuments I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace
Here Time hath pass'd—What ruin marks his way!
This pile now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
In vain; and Melody her song sublime:
In vain, Philosophy, with maxims wise,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way!
In the crush'd wall, a time-corroded cross,
Religion-like, stands mould'ring in decay!

Where the mild sun, through saint-encipher'd glass
Illum'd with mellow light yon dusky aisle,
Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And Piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,
Trod oft the solitary path that leads
Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Through the grey grove, between those with'ring trees,
'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half wasted, like Niobe in tears.

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his statue stands;
Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious Chieftain lie;
As, trac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken Fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
That Honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And Chivalry stood marshall'd by his side!

Though to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror Time
Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a softening sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell;
And where Society sat sweetly crown'd,
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard and the lazy lurking bat
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste;
And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
In the deep dust their barren beauties hide;
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry!

Though his rich hours in revelry were spent,
With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
Not to be stay'd by masque or midnight roar!
Nor shall a pulse, among that mould'ring dust,
Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more?

Can the deep Statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred Nine
Sooth, with his melody, insatiate Death!

No:—though the palace bear her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around;
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of Fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails Ambition's wide stretch'd wing,
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom!
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
"Philip! remember, thou'rt no more than man:

"Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole;
Though thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!"

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd,)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd.

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conquest drest;
Conspicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest:

While thus the herald cried—"This son of power,
This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
May, in the space of one revolving hour,
Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!"

Search where Ambition rag'd with rigour steel'd;
Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And say, while Memory weeps the blood-stain'd field,
Where lies the chief, and where the common man;

Vain then are pyramids, and marbled stones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
For Time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
That, mix'd in hasty graves, promiscuous lie.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head,
Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed,
Than t'other in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither, let Luxury lead her loose-rob'd train;
Here flutter Pride, on purple-painted wings;
And from the moral prospect learn,—how vain
The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

HYMEN.

When Chloe, with a blush comply'd,
To be the fond Nicander's bride,
His wild imagination ran
On raptures never known by man.
How high the tides of fancy swell,
Expression must despair to tell.

A painter call'd,——Nicander cries,
"Descending from the radiant skies,
Draw me a bright, a beauteous boy,
The herald of connubial joy!
Draw him with all peculiar care,
Make him beyond Adonis fair;

ve to his cheeks a roseate hue,
·t him have eyes of heavenly blue,
ps softening in nectareous dew;
lustre o'er his charms display,
ore glorious than the beams of day.
spect, sir, if you can succeed,
premium for a Prince indeed."

His talents straight the painter tried,
nd ere the nuptial-knot was tied,
picture in the noblest taste
efore the fond Nicander plac'd.

The lover thus arraign'd his skill;—
Your execution's monstrous ill!
different form my fancy made;
ou're quite a bungler at the trade.
'here is the robe's luxuriant flow?
'here is the cheek's celestial glow?
'here are the looks so fond and free?
'is not an Hymen, sir, for me!"

The painter bow'd—with this reply;
My colours an't, your Honour, dry;
'hen time has mellowed ev'ry tint,
I'will please you—or the deuce is in't,
'll watch the happy change, and then
ttend you with my piece again."

In a few months the painter came
With a performance—still the same:

"Take it away,—(the husband cried,)
have repeated cause to chide:

Sir, you should all excesses shun;
This is a picture overdone!
There's too much ardour in that eye,
The tincture on the cheeks too high!
The robes have a lascivious play,
The attitudes too loosely gay.
Friend, on the whole, this piece, for me,
Is too luxuriant—far too free."

The painter thus—"The faults you find
Are formed in your capricious mind;
To passion a devoted slave,
The first directions, sir, you gave;
Possession has repell'd the flame,
Nor left a sentiment the same.

My picture is design'd to prove
The changes of precarious love.

On the next stair-case rais'd on high,
Regard it with a curious eye;
As to the first steps you proceed,
'Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed!
But as you mount some paces higher,
Is there a grace that don't expire?"

So various is the human mind,
Such are the frailties of mankind,
What at a distance charm'd our eyes,
After attainment—droops—and dies.

REPUTATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

To travel far as the wide world extends,
Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
Talent refin'd and Reputation fair.

As they went on, in their intended round,
Talent first spoke :—"My gentle comrades, say,
Where each of you may probably be found,
Should Accident divide us on the way.

"If torn (she added) from my lov'd allies,
A friendly patronage I hope to find
Where the fine Arts from cultivation rise,
And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd mankind."

Says Virtue, "Did sincerity appear,
Or meek-ey'd Charity among the great;
Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

"Could I find patriots for the public weal
Assiduous, and without their selfish views;
Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
'Tis among those my residence I'd choose.

"In glittering domes let Luxury reside;
I must be found in some sequester'd cell,
Far from the paths of Avarice or Pride,
Where home-bred Happiness delights to dwell."

PASTORALS.

DAY.

——Carpe diem. HOR.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun beam, now
Paints with gold the village-spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the Lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage-ridge,
See the chattering Swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd,
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white enblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising Day.

NOON.

Fervid on the glittering flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows:
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey-wall.

Echo, in her airy round
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flattering zephyr springs:
Fearful lest the noon tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises every fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free;—(the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village-windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill,
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with varied tune,
Carols to the Evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit-howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges, in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

ets, with unnumber'd notes,
d the cuckoo-bird with two,
ng sweet their mellow throats,
l the setting sun adieu!

PALEMON.

n, seated by his favourite maid,
van scenes, with ecstacy, survey'd;
; could make the fond Alexis gay,
ohne had been absent half the day:
y Palemon for a pastoral prize,
nt, in his turn, Alexis tries.

PALEMON.

eeze by the river how charming and soft!
smooth the grass carpet! how green!
sweet sings the lark! as he carols aloft,
usic enlivens the scene!
and fresh flow'rets, unusually gay,
fields and the forests adorn;
'd me some roses, the children of May,
could not find one with a thorn.

ALEXIS.

es are quite clouded, too bold is the breeze,
vapours descend on the plain;
rdure's all blasted that cover'd yon trees,
birds cannot compass a strain:
:h for a chaplet my temples to bind,
ay as I silently rove,
find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)
:adow, in garden, or grove.

PALEMON.

ne'er saw the hedge in such excellent bloom,
The lambkins so wantonly gay;
My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing perfum
And brighter than common the day:
If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask,
So rich why the landscapes appear?
To give a right answer how easy my task!
Because my sweet Phillida's here.

ALEXIS.

The stream that so muddy moves slowly along,
Once roll'd in a beautiful tide;
It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,
But Daphne sat then by my side.
See, see the lov'd maid, o'er the meadows she hie
Quite alter'd already the scene!
How limpid the stream is! how gay the blue sk
The hills and the hedges how green!

PHILLIS.

I SAID,—on the banks by the stream
I've pip'd for the shepherds too long:
Oh grant me, ye Muses, a theme,
Where glory may brighten my song!
But Pan* bade me stick to my strain,
Nor lessons too lofty rehearse:
Ambition befits not a swain,
And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

* Shenstone.

The rose, though a beautiful red,
  Looks faded to Phillis's bloom;
And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
  To her breath's but a feeble perfume:
The dew-drop so limpid and gay,
  That loose on the violet lies,
Though brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
  Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
  Its freshness with her's to compare;
And foolishly thought, till I tried,
  The floweret was equally fair.
How, Corydon, could you mistake?
  Your fault be with sorrow confest;
You said the white swans on the lake
  For softness might rival her breast.

While thus I went on in her praise,
  My Phillis pass'd sportive along:
Ye poets, I covet no bays,
  She smil'd,——a reward for my song!
I find the god Pan's in the right,
  No fame's like the fair-one's applause!
And Cupid must crown with delight
  The shepherd that sings in his cause.

POMONA.

(ON THE CIDER BILL BEING PASSED.)

From orchards of ample extent,
  Pomona's compell'd to depart;
And thus, as in anguish she went,
  The goddess unburthen'd her heart:—

"To flourish where Liberty reigns,
Was all my fond wishes requir'd;
And here I agreed with the swains
To live till their freedom expir'd.

"Of late you have number'd my trees,
And threaten'd to limit my store:
Alas—from such maxims as these,
I fear that your freedom's no more.

"My flight will be fatal to May:
For how can her gardens be fine?
The blossoms are doom'd to decay,
The blossoms I mean that were mine.

"Rich Autumn remembers me well:
My fruitage was fair to behold!
My pears—how I repen'd their swell!
My pippins!—were pippins of gold!

"Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs!
She droops as she furrows the soil;
A nectar I shake from my boughs,
A nectar that softens my toil.

"When Bacchus began to repine,
With patience I bore his abuse;
He said that I plunder'd the vine,
He said that I pilfer'd his juice.

"I know the proud drunkard denies
That trees of my culture should grow:
But let not the traitor advise;
He comes from the climes of your foe.

las! in your silence I read
The sentence I'm doom'd to deplore:
'is plain the great Pan has decreed,
My orchard shall flourish no more."

'he goddess flew off in despair;
As all her sweet honours declin'd:
.nd Plenty and Pleasure declare,
They'll loiter no longer behind.

DELIA.

'as gentle swan with graceful pride
Her glossy plumage laves,
.nd sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves:
'he silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be!
ut not so sweet—blithe Cupid knows,—
As Delia is to me.

. parent-bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
.nd still the pendent nest she view'd,
That held her callow young:
lear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be;
ut not so dear (the thousandth part!)
As Delia is to me.

'he roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale;
carce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale!

My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair!
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair!
When in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
My Delia share with me.

DAMON AND PHILLIS.

Donec gratus, eram, &c. HOR.

DAMON.

When Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's fair,
I twisted young roses in wreaths for my hair;
But ah! the sad willow's a shade for my brows,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vows! [flies,
To the groves with young Colin the shepherdess
While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.

PHILLIS.

Bethink you, false Damon, before you upbraid,
When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,
Through the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis forgot!
And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot;
A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize;
'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

DAMON.

Like summer's full season young Phœbe is kind,
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!
The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn,
She's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the morn!
She smiles like Pomona—These smiles I'd resign,
If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

PHILLIS.

On the tabor young Colin so prettily plays,
He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise!
He chose me his true-love last Valentine-day,
When birds sat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the spray;
Yet I'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from my mind,
If Damon, the rover, were constant and kind.

DAMON.

Fine folks, my sweet Phillis, may revel and range,
But fleeting's the pleasure that's founded on change!
In the villager's cottage such constancy springs,
That peasants with pity may look down on kings.
To the church then let's hasten, our transports to bind,
And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

PHILLIS.

To the church then let's hasten, our transports to bind,
And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.

CORYDON.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid:
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let a sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In sooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd on his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell:
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the Spring,
Salutes the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd———they envied his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?

Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus———let me break it in twain.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

Her sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
To hide from the rigours of day;
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the fresh violets lay:
A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dam,
('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot)
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical spot.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise;
"Ye gods! if so killing, (he cried) when she sleeps,
I'm lost when she opens her eyes!
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll onwards, my lambkin to trace:"—
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love had him nail'd to the place.

"Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling they keep!
(He cried) you're too loud on the spray,
Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep!
You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day:
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!
Her cheek he mistakes for the rose;
I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid
My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
"Kind shepherd, (she said) you mistake;
I laid myself down just to rest me awhile,
But trust me, have still been awake:"—
The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
He plac'd himself close by her side,
And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

CONTENT.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home:
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast;
Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best:
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine."

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek!
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

THE RESPITE.

Ah, what is't to me that the grasshopper sings!
Or what, that the meadows are fair!
That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings,)
The butterflies flaunt it in air!
Ye birds, I'll no longer attend to a lay;
Your haunts in the forest resign;
Shall you, with your true loves, be happy all day,
Whilst I am divided from mine!

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite,
We twisted a blooming alcove;
And oft has my Damon, with smiles of delight,
Declar'd it the Mantle of Love.
The roses that crept to our mutual recess,
And rested among the sweet boughs,
Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,
For Damon is false to his vows.

This oak has for ages the tempest defied,
We call it—the King of the grove;
He swore, a light breeze should its centre divide,
When he was not true to his love:
Come, come, gentle zephyr, in justice descend,
His falsehood you're bound to display;
This oak and its honours you'll easily rend,
For Damon has left me——a day.

The shepherd rush'd forth from behind a thick [tree,
Prepar'd to make Phillida blest,
And clasping the maid, from a heart full of glee,
The cause of his absence confest:
High raptures, 'twas told him by masters in love,
Too often repeated, would cloy;
And respites——he found were the means to im- [prove,
And lengthen the moments of joy.

*A PASTORAL.**

Where the fond zephyr through the woodbine plays,
And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,
Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays
Impatient,—for 'tis past—the promis'd hour!

Lend me thy light, O ever-sparkling star!
Bright Hesper! in thy glowing pomp array'd,
Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
And beam protection on a wandering maid.

* The hint taken from the 7th Idyllium of Moschus, translated by Dr. Broome.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
And pass, unnotic'd, from malignant sight,
This dreary waste, full resolute, I try,
And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.

The Moon has slip'd behind an envious cloud;
Her smiles, so gracious, I no longer view;
Let her remain behind that envious shroud,
My hopes, bright Hesperus, depend on you.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast;
I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee:
Hear, then, what Love and Innocence request,
And shed your kindest influence on me.

Thee—Venus loves—first twinkler of the sky,
Thou art her star—in golden radiance gay!
On my distresses cast a pitying eye,
Assist me—for, alas! I've lost my way.

I see the darling of my soul——my Love!
Expression can't the mighty rapture tell:
He leads me to the bosom of the grove;
Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus, farewell!

ON THE BIRTH OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

A PASTORAL HYMN TO JANUS.

Te primum pia thura rogent—te vota salutent,
——te colat omnis honos. MART. ad Janum.

To Janus, gentle shepherds! raise a shrine:
His honours be divine!

And as to mighty Pan with homage bow:
To him the virgin-troop shall tribute bring;
Let him be hail'd like the green-liveried Spring,
Spite of the wintery storms that stain his brow.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of May,
Glides wantonly away;
But January,* in his rough-spun vest,
Boasts the full blessings that can never fade,
He that gave birth to the illustrious maid,
Whose beauties make the British Monarch blest!

Could the soft Spring with all her sunny showers,
The frolic nurse of flowers!
Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finish'd sweet so rare:
Or from his golden stores, a gift so fair,
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supplied?

Henceforward, let the hoary month be gay
As the white-hawthorn'd May!
The laughing goddess of the Spring disown'd,
Her rosy wreath shall on His brows appear;
Old Janus, as he leads, shall fill the year,
And the less fruitful Autumn be dethron'd.

Above the other months supremely blest,
Glad Janus stands confest!
He can behold with retrospective face
The mighty blessings of the year gone by;
Where to connect a Monarch's nuptial tie
Assembled every glory, every grace!

* This poem was written on a supposition that her Majesty's birth-day was really in the month of January.

When he looks forward on the flattering year,
The golden hours appear,
As in the sacred reign of Saturn, fair:
Britain shall prove from this propitious date,
Her honours perfect, victories complete,
And boast the brightest hopes, a British Heir!

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

The virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs;
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above!
We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
Fond zephyr caresses the vine;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet-side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide;
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
And if the wing'd foresters sing,
Their music is taught them by May.

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
  Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And, murmuring, seems to repeat—
  That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit you soon,
  Ye virgins! be sportive and gay:
Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds! in tune,
  For music must welcome the May.
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
  And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
  That May is the mother of love.

ON THE

LATE ABSENCE OF MAY.

IN THE YEAR 1771.

The rooks in the neighbouring grove
  For shelter cry all the long day;
Their huts, in the branches above,
  Are cover'd no longer by May:
The birds that so cheerfully sung,
  Are silent, or plaintive each tone,
And as they chirp low to their young,
  The want of their goddess bemoan.

No daisies on carpets of green,
  O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread;
Not a sweet-briar sprig can be seen,
  To finish this wreath for my head:

Some flow'rets indeed may be found,
But these neither blooming nor gay;
The fairest still sleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

December, perhaps, has purloin'd
Her rich, though fantastical geer;
With envy the months may have join'd,
And jostled her out of the year:
Some shepherds, 'tis true, may repine,
To see their lov'd gardens undrest,
But I—whilst my Phillida's mine,—
Shall always have May in my breast.

FORTUNE:

AN APOLOGUE.

Fabula narratur.

Jove and his senators, in sage debate
For Man's felicity, were settling laws,
When a rude roar that shook the sacred gate,
Turn'd their attention to inquire the cause.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudest of his race,
In the rough garniture of grief array'd,
Came brawling to the high imperial place,
"Let me have justice, Jupiter!"—he bray'd.

"I am an Ass, of innocence allow'd
The type, yet Fortune persecutes me still;
While foxes, wolves, and all the murdering crowd,
Beneath her patronage can rob and kill.

"The pamper'd horse (he never toil'd so hard!)
Favour and friendship from his owner finds;
For endless diligence (a rough reward!)
I'm cudgel'd by a race of paltry hinds.

"On wretched provender compell'd to feed!
The rugged pavement every night my bed;
For me, dame Fortune never yet decreed
The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd shed.

"Rough and unseemly's my irreverent hide!
Where can I visit, thus uncouthly drest?
That outside elegance the dame denied,
For which her favourites are too oft caress'd.

"To suffering virtue, sacred Jove! be kind;
From Fortune's tyranny pronounce me free:
She's a deceiver, if she says she's blind;
She sees, propitiously sees, all—but me."

The plaintiff could articulate no more:
His bosom heav'd a most tremendous groan!
The race of long-ear'd wretches join'd the roar,
Till Jove seem'd tottering on his high-built throne.

The Monarch, with an all-commanding sound,
(Deepen'd like thunder through the rounds of space) [found,
Gave order,—"That dame Fortune should be
To answer, as she might, the plaintiff's case."

Soldiers and citizens, a seemly train!
And lawyers and physicians, sought her cell,
With many a schoolman—but their search was vain:
Few can the residence of Fortune tell.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to hide
His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare,
'Twas rumour'd that dame Fortune did reside,—
And Jove's ambassadors were posted there.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments drest,
A feeble porter at the gate they found:
Doubled with wretchedness—with age distrest,
And on his wrinkled forehead Famine frown'd.

"Mortals avaunt, (the trembling spectre cries,)
Ere you invade those sacred haunts, beware!
To guard Lord Avarice from rude surprise,
I am the sentinel—My name is Care.

"Doubts, Disappointments, Anarchy of mind,
These are the soldiers that surround his hall;
And every Fury that can lash mankind,
Rage, Rancour, and Revenge attend his call.

"Fortune's gone forth; you seek a wandering dame,
A settled residence the harlot scorns:
Curse on such visitants; she never came
But with a cruel hand she scatter'd thorns!

"To the green vale, yon sheltering hills surround,
Go forward; you'll arrive at Wisdom's cell:
Would you be taught where Fortune may be found,
None can direct your anxious search so well."

Forward they went, o'er many a dreary spot;
(Rough was the road, as if untrod before,)
Till from the casement of a low-roof'd cot
Wisdom perceiv'd them, and unbarr'd her door.

Wisdom (she knew of Fortune but the name,)
Gave to their questions a serene reply:
"Hither, (she said,) if ere that goddess came,
I saw her not—she pass'd unnotic'd by.

"Abroad with Contemplation oft I roam,
And leave to Poverty my humble cell:
She's my domestic, never stirs from home,
If Fortune has been here, 'tis she can tell.

"The matron eyes us from yon mantling shade,
And see her sober footsteps this way bent!
Mark by her side a little rose-lip'd maid,
'Tis my young daughter, and her name's Content."

As Poverty advanc'd with lenient grace,
"Fortune, (she cried) hath never yet been here:
But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,
Tells me, her highness may, in time, appear.

"Felicity, no doubt, adorns their lot,
On whom her golden bounty beams divine!
Yet though she never reach our rustic cot,
Patience will visit us—we sha'n't repine."

After a vast but unavailing round,
The messengers, returning in despair,
On a high hill a fairy-mansion found,
And hop'd the goddess, Fortune, might be there.

The dome, so glittering, it amaz'd the sight,
('Twas adamant, with gems encrusted o'er,)
Had not a casement to admit the light,
Nor could Jove's deputies descry the door.

But eager to conclude a tedious chase,
And anxious to return from whence they came,
Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place,
Thrice utter'd, awfully, Jove's sacred name.

As Echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,
Illusion and her fairy-dome withdrew:
(Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove)
And Fortune stood reveal'd to public view.

Oft for that happiness high courts denied,
To this receptacle dame Fortune ran:
When harass'd, it was here she us'd to hide
From the wild suits of discontented Man.

Prostrate, the delegates their charge declare,
(Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)
Fortune receiv'd them with a flattering air,
And join'd them till they reach'd Jove's judgment-seat.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place
Were gather'd; though from different motives keen:
Many—to see dame Fortune's radiant face,
Many—by radiant Fortune to be seen.

Jove smil'd, as on a fav'rite he esteems,
He gave her, near his own, a golden seat:
Fair Fortune's an adventurer, it seems,
The deities themselves are glad to greet.

"Daughter, (says Jupiter) you're sore accus'd!
Clamour incessantly reviles your name!
If by the racour of that wretch abus'd,
Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

"Though pester'd daily with complaints from Man,
Through this conviction I record them not—
Let my kind Providence do all it can,
None of that species ever lik'd his lot.

"But the poor quadruped that now appeals!
(Can wanton cruelty the weak pursue?)
Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
And all his wretchedness he lays to you."

"Ask him, high Jupiter! (replied the dame)
In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd class?
Is Fortune, a divinity, to blame
That she descends not to regard——an Ass?"

Fame enter'd in her rolls the sage reply;
The dame, defendant, was discharg'd with grace.
"Go—(to the plaintiff said the sire,) and try
By merit to surmount your low-born race.

"Learn from the Lion to be just and brave,
Take from the Elephant instruction wise;
With gracious breeding like the Horse behave,
Nor the sagacity of Hounds despise.

"These useful qualities with care imbibe,
For which some quadrupeds are justly priz'd:
Attain those talents that adorn each tribe,
And you'll no longer be a wretch despis'd."

FABLES.

THE

ANT AND CATERPILLAR.

As an Ant, of his talents, superiorly vain,
Was trotting with consequence over the plain;
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow, [go;
Cried—"Bless you good worship, wherever you
I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
"Begone, you vile reptile, (his Antship replied;)
Go—go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first—look at me—see my limbs how complete;
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please:
Of Nature, grown weary, you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."

The reptile insulted, and vext to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But Nature, determin'd to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the road,
(Fatigu'd from the harvest, and tugging his load,)

The beau on a violet-bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold,
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away:
"Stop, friend, (says the butterfly) don't be surpris'd,
I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;
But now I can mount, in the sun-beams I play,
While you must, for ever, drudge on in your way."

MORAL.

A wretch, though to-day he's o'erloaded with sorrow,
May soar above those that oppress'd him—to-morrow.

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

At day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spied
A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his bride:
She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted; as lovers will do,
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;

Nor did he revisit his bride, till the sun
Had less than one-fourth of his journey to run.

The Rose thus reproach'd him—"Already so cold!
How feign'd, O you false one! the passion you told!
'Tis an age since you left me (she meant a few hours;
But such we'll suppose the fond language of flowers:)
I saw when you gave the base violet a kiss:—
How—how could you stoop to a meanness like this?
Shall a low, little wretch, whom we Roses despise,
Find favour, O love! in my Butterfly's eyes?
On a tulip, quite tawdry, I saw your fond rape,
Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
Dull daffodils too, were with ardour address'd,
And poppies, ill-scented, you kindly caress'd."

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and replied with a sneer,
"That you're first to complain, I commend you, my dear;
But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.

I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms,
I saw how you simper'd, and smil'd in his arms;

The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown;
You favour'd besides O dishonour—a drone;
Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,
Your sweets were made common, false Rose! to a fly."

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did Love's Providence make,
That every Coquet should be curs'd with a Rake.

THE

SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE-BUSH.

A THICK-TWISTED brake, in the time of a storm,
Seem'd kindly to cover a sheep:
So snug, for awhile, he lay shelter'd and warm,
It quietly sooth'd him asleep.

The clouds are now scatter'd, the winds are at peace;
The sheep to his pasture inclin'd:
But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend! who the thicket of law never tried,
Consider before you get in; [side,
Though judgment and sentence are pass'd on your
By Jove, you'll be fleec'd to the skin!

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

THE FOX and the Cat, as they travell'd one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:—
"'Tis great (says the Fox) to make justice our guide!"
"How godlike is mercy!"—Grimalkin replied.

Whilst thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth, as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seiz'd for his supper an innocent sheep.

"In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton's at hand, (says the Wolf) I must
eat."

Grimalkin's astonish'd—the Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.
"What a wretch, (says the Cat,)—'tis the vilest of
brutes: [and roots?"
Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage
Cries the Fox—"While our oaks give us acorns so
good,
What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"

Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd
still, [a mill;
Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by
Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize.

A Mouse too, that chanc'd from her covert to
stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey.

A Spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pitied their fall;
She cried—"Of such murders how guiltless am I!"
So ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we
blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practise the
same.

TALES.

THE THRUSH AND THE PYE.

Conceal'd within a hawthorn bush,
We're told, that an experienc'd Thrush
Instructed, in the prime of Spring,
Many a neighbouring bird to sing.
She caroll'd, and her various song
Gave lessons to the listening throng:
But, the' entangling boughs between,
'Twas her delight to teach unseen.

At length, the little wondering race
Would see their favourite, face to face;
They thought it hard to be denied,
And beg'd that she'd no longer hide.
O'er-modest, worth's peculiar fault,
Another shade the tutoress sought;
And loth to be too much admir'd,
In secret from the bush retir'd.

An impudent, presuming Pye,
Malicious, ignorant, and sly,
Stole to the matron's vacant seat,
And in her arrogance elate,
Rush'd forward—with—"My friends, you see
The mistress of the choir in me!
Here, be your due devotion paid,
I am the songstress of the shade."

A Linnet, that sat listening nigh,
Made the impostor this reply:
"I fancy, friend, that vulgar throats
Were never form'd for warbling notes:
But if these lessons came from you,
Repeat them in the public view;
That your assertions may be clear,
Let us behold as well as hear."

The lengthening song, the softening strain,
Our chattering Pye attempts in vain;
For, to the fool's eternal shame,
All she could compass was a scream.

The birds, enrag'd, around her fly,
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh:
The caitiff-wretch, distress'd, forlorn!
On every side is peck'd and torn;.
Till, for her vile, atrocious lies,
Under their angry beaks, she dies.

Such be his fate, whose scoundrel-claim
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.

Friend E——n,* the tale apply,
You are, yourself, the chattering Pye:
Repent, and with a conscious blush,
Go make atonement to the Thrush.†

* An Ayrshire Bookseller, who pirated an edition of "The Pleasing Instructor."

† The Compiler, and reputed Authoress of the Original Essays in that Book.

THE PICTURE.

A PORTRAIT, at my Lord's command,
Completed by a curious hand;
For dabblers in the nice Vertû
His Lordship set the piece to view,
Bidding the Connoisseurships tell,
Whether the work was finish'd well.
"Why, (says the loudest) on my word,
'Tis not a likeness good, my Lord;
Nor, to be plain; for speak I must,—
Can I pronounce one feature just."
Another effort straight was made,
Another portraiture essay'd;
The judges were again besought,
Each to deliver what he thought.
"Worse than the first, (the critics bawl)
O what a mouth! how monstrous small!
Look at the cheeks, how lank and thin!
See, what a most preposterous chin!"
After remonstrance made in vain,
"I'll (says the painter) once again,
(If my good Lord vouchsafes to sit)
Try for a more successful hit:
If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
We'll have a piece to please you all."
To-morrow comes—a picture's plac'd
Before those spurious sons of Taste——
In their opinions all agree,
This is the vilest of the three.
"Know—to confute your envious pride,
(His lordship from the canvass cried)

Know—that it is my real face,
Where you could no resemblance trace:
I've tried you by a lucky trick,
And prov'd your Genius to the quick.
Void of all judgment, justice, sense,
Out—ye pretending varlets—hence."

The Connoisseurs depart in haste,
Despis'd—detected—and disgrac'd.

THE WITCH.

A WITCH, that from her ebon chair
Could hurl destruction through the air,
Or, at her all-commanding will,
Make the tumultuous ocean still:
Once, by an incantation fell,
(As the recording druids tell,)
Pluck'd the round Moon, whose radiant light
Silver'd the sober noon of night,
From the domain she held above,
Down to a dark infernal grove.

"Give me (the goddess cried) a cause,
Why you disturb my sacred laws?
Look at my train, yon wandering host,
See how the trembling stars are lost!
Through the celestial regions wide,
Why do they range without a guide?
Chaos, from our confusion, may
Hope for his old detested sway."

"I'm (says the witch) severely crost,
Know that my favourite Squirrel's lost:
Search—for I'll have creation torn,
If he's not found before the morn."

Soon as the impious charge was given—
From the tremendous stores of heaven,
Jove with a bolt—revengeful! red!
Struck the detested monster dead.

If there are slaves to pity blind,
With power enough to plague mankind,
That for their own nefarious ends,
Tread upon Freedom and her friends,
Let 'em beware the Witch's fate!
When their presumption's at the height,
Jove will his angry powers assume,
And the curs'd miscreants meet their doom.

PROLOGUES.

SPOKEN AT THE RE-OPENING OF THE YORK THEATRE, HAVING BEEN ENLARGED AND DECORATED.

Once on a time, his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your heathen gods were always fond of strolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night, attended by a tempest, came on;
And as the rain fell pattering, helter-skelter,
The deity implor'd the hind for shelter.

Philemon plac'd his godship close beside him,
While goody Baucis made the fire that dried him;
With more benevolence than one that's richer,
He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And, fond to give his guest a meal of pleasure,
Sung a rough song, in his rude country measure.
Jove was so pleas'd with these good-natur'd sallies,
Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.
Taste, like great Jupiter, came here to try us,
(Oft from the boxes we perceiv'd her spy us)
Whether she lik'd us and our warm endeavours,
Whether she found that we deserv'd her favours,
I know not; but 'tis certain she commanded
Our humble Theatre should be expanded.

The orders she pronounc'd were scarcely ended,
But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended

And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye;
'Tis in that circle [*pointing to the boxes*] she designs to meet ye:
Pedants would fix her residence with heathens,
But she prefers old York, to Rome or Athens.

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF A THEATRE AT WHITBY.

From Shakspeare—Jonson—Congreve—Rowe—and others—
The laurel'd list, the true Parnassian brothers!
Hither we're sent, by their supreme direction,
To court your favour, and to claim protection.

Our hopes are flatter'd with the Fair's compliance;
Beauty and Wit were always in alliance!
Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,
And Taste's determined by their approbation.

The tragic Muse presents a stately mirror,
Where Vice surveys her ugly form with terror:
And as the fiend departs—abash'd—discarded—
Imperial Virtue's with the palm rewarded.
The comic glass, from modern groups collected,
Shows fops and fools of every class—dissected:
It marks the fair coquet's unfaithful dealings,
And proves that haughty prudes may have their failings.
For faults that flow from habit more than nature,
We'll blend, with honest mirth, some wholesome satire.

Now for our bark—the vessel's tight and able!
New built!—new rigg'd [*Pointing to the Scenes*]
with canvass, mast, and cable!
Let her not sink—or be unkindly stranded,
Before the moral freight be fairly landed!
For though with heart and hand we heave together,
'Tis your kind plaudit must command the weather:
Nor halcyon seas, nor gentle gales attend us,
Till this fair circle with their smiles befriend us.

ON THE OPENING OF THE SAME THEATRE.

O'ER the wild waves, unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call'd for home;
When the bold youth that every climate tries
'Twixt the blue bosoms—'twixt the seas and skies—
When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
What glowing ecstacies, by Fancy drest,
What filial sentiments expand his breast!
In the full happiness he forms on shore,
Doubts—dangers—and fatigues are felt no more.

Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn!
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return!
With such warm ardours you behold us meet,
To lay, once more, our labours at your feet.

(Not without hopes your patronage will last)
We bend with gratitude for favours past.
That our light bark defied the rage of winter,
Rode every gale—nor started ev'n a splinter;

We bow to Beauty—('twas those smiles secur'd her)
And thank our patrons, who so kindly moor'd her.
Still—still—extend your gentle cares to save her,
That she may anchor long in Whitby's—favour.

SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, ON OPENING THE NEW THEATRE AT NORTH-SHIELDS.

[*Without.*

Hollo! my masters, where d'ye mean to stow us?
We're come to see what pastime ye can show us;
Sal, step aloft—you shan't be long without me,
I'll walk their quarter-deck, and look about me.

[*Enters.*

Tom and Dick Topsail are above—I hear 'em,
Tell 'em to keep a birth; and, Sal—sit near 'em:
Sal's a smart lass—I'd hold a butt of stingo,
In threeweeks'time she'd learn the playhouse-lingo:
She loves your plays, she understands their meaning,
She calls 'em—Moral Rules made entertaining;
Your Shakspeare books, she knows 'em to a tittle;
And I myself at sea have read—a little.

At London, sirs, when Sal and I were courting,
I tow'd her every night a playhouse-sporting:
Mass! I could like 'em and their whole 'paratus,
But for their fiddlers, and their damn'd sonatas;
Give me the merry sons of guts and rosin,
That play—"God save the King," and "Nancy Dawson."

[*Looking about.*

Well—though the frigate's not so much bedoy-
zen'd,
'Tis snug enough—'tis clever for the size on't:
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-Lane or Common-Garden.

[*Bell rings.*

Avast!—a signal for the launch, I fancy:
What say you* Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy,
Since they have trimm'd the pleasure-barge so
tightly,
Shan't you, and I, and Sal, come see them nightly?
The jolly crew will do their best endeavours,
They'll grudge no labour to deserve your favours:
A luckier fate they swear can ne'er behap 'em,
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you clap 'em.

TO "LOVE AND FAME."

SPOKEN AT SCARBOROUGH.

[*Entering.*

Where is this author?—bid the wretch appear,
Let him come in, and wait for judgment—here.
This awful jury, all impatient, wait:—
Let him come in, I say, and meet his fate!
Strange, very strange, if such a piece succeeds!
(Punish the culprit for his vile misdeeds)
Know ye to-night, that his presumptuous works,
Have turn'd good Christians into—Heathen Turks?
And if the genius an't corrected soon,
In his next trip, he'll mount us to the moon.

* To the Gallery.

Methinks I hear him say—"For mercy's sake,'
Hold your rash tongue—my 'Love of Fame's' at
stake;
When you behold me—diffident—distrest!
'Tis cruelty to make my woes a jest.
Well—if you will—but why should I distrust?
My judges are as merciful as just;
I know them well, have oft their friendship tried,
And their protection is my boast—my pride!"

Hoping to please, he form'd this bustling plan;
Hoping to please! 'tis all the moderns can:—
Faith! let him 'scape, let "Love and Fame" survive,
With your kind sanction keep his scenes alive;
Try to approve (applaud we will exempt)
Nor crush the bardling in this hard attempt.
Could he write up to an illustrious theme,
There's mark'd upon the register of Fame
A subject—but beyond the warmest lays!
Wonder must paint, when 'tis a Granby's praise.

ON OPENING THE NEW THEATRE IN NEWCASTLE,
1766.

If to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,
To strip the self-deceiving passions bare,
With honest mirth to kill an evening's care;
If these kind motives can command applause,
For these the motley stage her curtain draws.

Does not the poet, that exists by praise,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays?

Is not the wretch (still trembling for his store)
Pleas'd when he grasps a glittering thousand more?
Cheers not the mariner propitious seas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliss?
To every question we'll reply with—Yes.

Suppose them gratified—their full delight
Falls short of ours on this auspicious night;
When rich in happiness—in hopes elate,
Taste has receiv'd us to our favourite seat.

O that the soul of action were but ours,
And the vast energy of vocal powers!
That we might make a grateful offering, fit
For these kind judges that in candour sit.

Before such judges, we confess, with dread,
These new dominions we presume to tread;
Yet if you smile, we'll boldly do our best,
And leave your favours to supply the rest.

TO "THE MUSE OF OSSIAN."

A PIECE ADAPTED TO THE STAGE FROM OSSIAN'S POEMS, 1763.

To form a little work of nervous merit,
To give the sleepy stage a noble spirit;
To touch a sacred muse, and not defile her,
This was the plan propos'd by our compiler.

Though caution told him——the presumption's
glaring!
Dauntless, he cried;—"It is but nobly daring!
Can we peruse a pathos more than Attic,
Nor wish the golden measure stamp'd dramatic!
Here are no lines—in measur'd pace that trip it,
No modern scenes—so lifeless! so insipid!
Wrought by a muse—(no sacred fire debar'd her)
'Tis nervous! noble! 'tis true northern ardour!

"Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming,
(The Grecian bards no longer worth the naming)
In song, the northern tribes so far surpass us,
One of their Highland-hills they'll call Parnassus;
And from the sacred mount decrees should follow,
That Ossian was himself—the true Apollo."

Spite of this flash—this high poetic fury,
He trembles for the verdict of his jury:
As from his text he ne'er presum'd to wander,
But gives the native Ossian to your candour,
To an impartial judgment we submit him,
Condemn—or rather (if you can) acquit him.

TO "RULE A WIFE."

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH.

'Tis an odd portrait that the poet drew;
A strange irregular he sets in view; [known.
'Mongst us—thank heaven—the character's un-
(Bards have creative faculties we own)
And this appears a picture from his brain,
Till we reflect—the lady liv'd in Spain.

hould we the portrait of the sex compare,
'ould add new honours to the northern fair:
'ir merit's by the foil conspicuous made,
l they seem brighter from contrasting shade.

ude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
• should such antiquated maxims hold.
ll subject-man assert superior sway,
d dare to bid the angel-sex obey?
if permitted to partake the throne,
spot.c, call the reins of power his own?
'bid it, all that's gracious—that's polite!
he fair to liberty have equal right)
r urge the tenet, though from Fletcher's school,
at "every husband has a right to rule."

A matrimonial medium may be hit,
here neither governs, but where both submit.

The nuptial torch with decent brightness burns,
here male and female condescend by turns;
ange then the phrase, the horrid text amend,
d let the word *obey*—be *condescend!*

OKEN BY MR. DIGGES, ON OPENING THE EDINBURGH THEATRE IN 1763.

) rectify some errors, that of late
d crept into the bosom of our state;
) court Propriety, a matron chaste!
) make strong leagues 'twixt Novelty and Taste:
) alter—to adopt—to plan—revive,
) spare no pains to make the drama thrive;

These are the labours that to-night commence,
By Beauty* sanction'd, and approv'd by Sense.†

Suppose some Corydon—some country swain,
Enamour'd of some Phillis of the plain,
At early dawn should seek the dappled glade,
To form a nosegay for the favourite maid;
When he had cropt the beauties of the banks,
And cull'd the fairest from the flowery ranks,
He'd range in order every blooming sweet,
And lay the little chaplet at her feet.

So the fair fields of Fancy we'll explore,
And search the gardens of dramatic lore,
Of choicest fragrance and of various hue,
To form those chaplets we compose for you.

Now to attack you in a martial strain!
We hope to gather laurels this campaign;
And, that our plan of action may succeed,
Have march'd fresh forces from beyond the Tweed.
Yet, as young soldiers may be damp'd by fear,
(Though universal patronage be here)
Let me bespeak, before the curtain rise,
Some kind impressions for our new supplies.

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH, ON MRS. BELLAMY'S FIRST APPEARANCE THERE.

In early days, when Error sway'd mankind,
The scene was censur'd and the stage confin'd:
As the fine arts a nobler taste supplied,
Old Prejudice grew fainter—droop'd—and died.

* The Boxes. † The Pit.

Merit from sanction must deduce her date,
If she'd arrive at a meridian height:
From sanction, is the English stage become
Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.

If from that stage an actress, fill'd with fears,
New to this northern scene, to-night appears,
Intent—howe'er unequal to the flight,
To hit—what critics call—the "happy right:"
She builds not on your sister's* fond applause,
But timidly to you submits her cause:
For Taste refin'd, may as judicial sit
Here—as she found her in an English pit.

Your plaudit must remove the stranger's fear;
The sons of genius are the last severe.
Some favour from the fair she's sure to find;
So sweet a circle cannot but be kind.
Then to your candid patronage she'll trust,
And hopes you gracious—as we know you just.

ON REVIVING "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,"

At the time a Bill had passed for naturalizing the Jews.

'Twixt the sons of the stage, without pensions or places,
And the vagabond Jews, are some similar cases;
Since time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much by slander,
Both lawless, alike, have been sentenc'd to wander:
Then faith 'tis full time we appeal to the nation,
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on;

* London.

Lard, that word's so uncouth !—'tis so irksome to
speak it !
But 'tis Hebrew, I believe; and that's taste,—as I
take it.
[commission,
Well—now to the point—I'm sent here with
To present this fair circle our humble petition :
But conscious what hopes we should have of suc-
ceeding,
Without (as they phrase it) sufficiently bleeding ;
And convinc'd we've no funds, nor old gold we
can rake up,
Like our good fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob ;
We must frankly confess we have nought to pre-
sent ye,
But Shakspeare's old sterling—pray let it content
ye.
[store ye,
This Shylock, the Jew, whom we mean to re-
Was naturaliz'd oft by your fathers before ye ;
Then take him to-night to your kindest compassion,
For to countenance Jews is the pink of the fashion.

FOR SOME COUNTRY LADS, PERFORMING "THE DEVIL OF A WIFE," IN THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

In days of yore, when round the jovial board,
With harmless mirth and social plenty stor'd,
Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
And carols sung, or told the Christmas tale ;
In struts St. George, Old England's champion
knight,
With hasty steps impatient to recite—
How he had kill'd the dragon once in fight.

From every side—from Troy—from ancient
Princes pour in, to swell the motley piece; [Greece,
And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse,
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verse.

Intent to raise this evening's cordial mirth,
Like theirs, our simple stage-play comes to birth.
Our want of art we candidly confess,
But give you Nature in her homespun dress;
No heroes here—no martial men of might;
A cobbler is the champion of to-night;
His strap, more fam'd than George's lance of old,
For it can tame, that dragoness, a scold!
Indulgent, then, support the cobbler's cause,
And though he may'nt deserve it, smile applause.

TO THE RECRUITING OFFICER.*

Spoken at Shrewsbury, where Mr. Farquhar is said to have written that Comedy.

From the fair mansions of illustrious shades,
From groves of bliss, poetic painted meads,
Should Farquhar, deck'd with deathless laurels,
Obedient to his own recruiting-drum; [come,
Conscious to-night of the superior grace,
The nobler beauties, that adorn this place,
Here would he fix—enraptur'd, here abide,
And change Elysium for the Severn's side.

Let boasting Rome of one Mecænas tell,
Countless are those that by the Severn dwell;
Parnassus' Mount let future bards disclaim.
Hark! how the Wrekin's† hospitable name
Swells in the voice of Farquhar and of Fame.

* Mr. Farquhar dedicated his play of the "Recruiting Officer" to his friends.

† The Wrekin, a remarkable mountain in the county of Salop, not far from Shrewsbury.

Sabrina![*] softest nymph that glides along,
Winding and various as her Farquhar's song,
Indulgent smil'd, to bless the poet's toil,
And straight his bays bloom'd fresh, and own'd the generous soil.

Here—Beauty beams, with social sweetness mix'd!
Here—true Politeness has her standard fix'd!
Here—let the Muse her sacred numbers swell,
And here let sportive wit and gay-drest humour dwell?

O, may our secondary labours find
The brave propitious, and the beauteous kind!
So may Salopian plains that bloom so gay,
Ne'er know a blast, but wear perpetual May!

INTRODUCTION,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,

To a Play performed there for the Benefit of the Widows and Orphans of that Place.

On Widows—Orphans—left, alas! forlorn,
(From the rack'd heart its every comfort torn)
Humanity, to-night, confers relief,
And softens, though she can't remove their grief:
Blasted her hopes, her expectations kill'd,
The sons of sympathy (with sorrow chill'd)
Behold the wretched matron—madly weep,
And hear her cry—"My joys are in the deep!"
To the tremendous Power that rules mankind,
Lord of the seas—the calm and boisterous wind,
We bow, obedient, and with awe resign'd.
His ways inscrutable, we can't explore,
No—we may wonder, but we must adore!

[*] The poetical name for the river Severn.

Happy, for ever, be the generous breast,
That feels compassion for the poor distrest;
Happy the hand that stops the sufferer's tear!
Such hands there are, and such, we find, are here.

PETITION,

TO THE WORSHIPFUL FREE-MASONS,

Delivered from the Stage, by a Lady, at a Comedy countenanced by that Fraternity.

Brothers!—'tis bold to interrupt your meeting,
But from the female world I wait you—greeting:
[*Curtsies.*
The ladies can advance a thousand reasons,
That make them hope to be receiv'd as Masons:
To keep a secret,—not one hint expressing,
To rein the tongue—O husbands, there's a blessing!
As virtue seems the Mason's sole foundation,
Why should the Fair be barr'd from—Installation?
If you suppose us weak, indeed you wrong us;
Historians, Sapphos too, you'll find among us;
Think—Brothers—think, and graciously admit us;
Doubt it not, Sirs, we'll gloriously acquit us.
How to be wiser, and more cautious, teach us,
Indeed 'tis time that your instructions reach us:
The faults of late, and every foul miscarriage,
Committed in the sphere of modern marriage,
Were caus'd (If I've a grain of penetration)
From each great lady's not being made a Mason.
Accept us then, to Brotherhood receive us,
And virtue, we're convinc'd, will never leave us.

EPILOGUES.

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH, BY MRS. BELLAMY, TO THE TRAGEDY OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

The flame our hero felt for his Egyptian
Is finely drawn; it glows in the description:
But modern love can ne'er maintain its station,
So many different *gouts* divide the nation.

The man of sense disdains the softening passion;
The coxcomb is enamour'd of—the fashion;
The *bon vivant* prefers the feast conviv'al;
And Phillis in a turtle finds a rival;
Besides the gentle race—the *petit-maitres!*
The set insensible of happy *cretures;*
So coy—so cold—that Beauty ne'er can warm 'em;
So nice, that nothing but themselves can charm 'em.

But hold—I run too fast, without reflection,
(Each gen'ral rule admits of some exception.)
Here* 'tis allow'd imperial beauty governs,
And there† the conquer'd sex adore their sovereigns.

Let me—to wave this *bagatelle*—declare
The grateful homage of a heart sincere:
I feel your favours with refin'd delight,
And glory in my patrons of to-night.

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH, IN THE CHARACTER OF LADY FANCIFUL.

Fancy, we'er told, of parentage Italic,
And Folly, whose original is Gallic,

* Boxes. † Pit.

Set up to sale their vast misshapen daughter,
And Britain, by a large subscription, bought her.

The fertile soil grew fond of this exotic,
And nurs'd—her, till her power became despotic;
Till every would-be Beauty of the nation
Did homage at the shrine of Affectation.
But Common Sense will certainly dethrone her,
And (like the fair ones of this place) disown her.
If she attempts the dimpled smile delightful,
The dimpled smile of Affectation's frightful:
Mark but her *bagatelles*,—her whine, her whimper—
Her loll—her lisp—her saunter—stare—her simper;
All *outrès*, all—no native charm about her,
And Ridicule would soon expire without her.

Look for a grace, and Affectation hides it;
If Beauty aims an arrow, she misguides it:
So awkwardly she mends unmeaning faces,
To Insipidity she gives——grimaces.

Without her dear coquetish arts to aid 'em,
Fine ladies would be just as—Nature made 'em,
Such sensible—sincere—domestic creatures,
The jest of modern *belles*, and *petit-maitres*.

Safe with good sense, this circle's not in danger:
But as the foreign phantom's—here a stranger;
I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
And if they meet, be ready to forego her:
For trust me, ladies, she'd deform your faces,
And with a single glance destroy the graces.

SPOKEN AT NORWICH, IN THE CHARACTER OF MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, IN "LOVE IN A VILLAGE."

After the dangers of a long probation,
When Sybil-like, she's skill'd in penetration;
When she has conquer'd each unruly passion,
And rides above the rocks that others dash on;
When deeply mellow'd with reserve and rigour;
When decent gravity adorns her figure,
Why an old maid, I wish the wise would tell us,
Should be the standing jest of flirts and fellows?

In maxims sage, in eloquence how clever!
Without a subject she can talk—for ever!
Rich in old saws, can bring a sentence pat in,
And quote, upon occasion, lawyer's Latin.

Set up that toast, that culprit, *nobus corum*,
'Tis done—and she's demolish'd in *turrorum*.

If an old maid's a dragoness on duty,
To guard the golden fruit of ripening beauty;
'Tis right, for fear the giddy sex should wander,
To keep them in restraint by decent slander.
When slips are made, 'tis easy sure to find 'em;
We can detect before the fair design'd 'em.

As for the men, whose satire oft hath stung us,
Many there are that may be rank'd among us.
Law, with long suits and busy mischiefs laden,
In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
'Tis undenied, and the assertion's common,
That modern Physic is a mere old woman.

The puny Fop that simpers o'er his tea-dish,
And cries—"Indeed—Miss Deborah's—quite old
Of doubtful sex, of undetermin'd nature, [maidish!
In all respects is but a virgin *creture*."

Jesting apart, and moral truths adjusting!
There's nothing in the state itself disgusting;
Old maids, as well as matrons, bound in marriage,
Are valued from propriety of carriage:
If gentle sense, if sweet discretion guide 'em;
It matters not, though coxcombs may deride 'em;
And virtue's virtue, be she maid or wedded,
A certain truth! say—Deborah Woodcock said it.

THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.

In fond romance let fancy reign creative!
Valour among the northern hills is native;
The northern hills, ('tis prov'd by Ossian's story,)
Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
Nor could the stormy clime, with all its rigour,
Repel, in love or war, the hero's vigour.

When Honour call'd, the youth disdain'd to ponder,
And as he fought, the favourite maid grew fonder:
The brave, by Beauty were rejected never,
For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.

If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
The bard, at home, had every power descriptive;
He swell'd the sacred song, enhanc'd the story,
And rais'd the warrior to the skies of glory.

That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows,
The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us;
The sway of northern beauty, if disputed,
Look round, ye infidels! and stand confuted:
And for your bards, the letter'd world have known 'em,
They're such—The sacred Ossian can't disown 'em.

To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,
And that your usual candour reigns among you,
Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
And stamp it with the sanction of your favour.

SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF LADY TOWNLEY, IN "THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND."

A LADY— let me recollect—whose night is't?
No matter—at a circle the politest;
Taste summons all the satire she is able,
And canvasses my conduct to the table.

"A wife reclaim'd, and by a husband's rigour,
A wife with all her appetites in vigour;
Lard! she must make a lamentable figure!
Where was her pride? Of every spark divested,
To mend, because a prudish husband press'd it!
What! to prefer his dull domestic quiet,
To the dear scenes of hurricane and riot?
Parties disclaim'd, the happy rout rejected,
Because at ten she's by her spouse expected?
Oh hideous! how immensely out of nature!
Don't you, my dears, despise the servile creature?"

Prudence, although the company be good,
Is often heard, and sometimes understood:
Suppose, to justify my reformation,
She'd give the circle this concise oration;—

"Ye giddy group of fashionable wives,
That in continued riot waste your lives;
Did ye but see the demons that descend,
The cares convulsive that on cards attend;
The midnight spectres that surround your chairs,
(Rage reddens here—there Avarice despairs)
You'd rush for shelter, where contentment lies,
To the domestic blessings you despise:
Or if you've no regard to moral duty,
('Tis trite but true)—Quadrille will murder Beauty."

Taste is abash'd, (the culprit!) I'm acquitted,
They praise the character they lately pitied;
They promise to reform—relinquish play—
So break the tables up at—break-of-day.

DESIGNED TO BE SPOKEN AT ALNWICK,

On resigning the Playhouse to a Party detached from the Edinburgh Theatre.

"To Alnwick's lofty seat, a sylvan scene!
To rising hills from distance doubly green,
Go—(says the god of Wit,) my standard bear,
These are the mansions of the great and fair,
'Tis my Olympus now; go, spread my banners there."

Led by fond hope, the pointed path we trace,
And thank'd our patron for the flowery place;
Here—we behold a gently waving wood!
There—we can gaze upon a wandering flood!
The landscape smiles!—the fields gay fragrance wear!
Soft scenes are all around—refreshful air!
Slender repast indeed, and but chamelion fare!

A troop, at certain times compell'd to shift,
And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift;
By tyrant-managers awhile consign'd
To fatten on what forage they can find;
With lawless force our liberty invades,
And fain would thrust us from these favourite shades;
But we (since prejudice erects her scale,
And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
To stronger holds with cool discretion run,
And leave the conquerors to be—undone.

With gratitude, still we'll acknowledge the favours,
So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours;
To the great and the fair, we rest thankfully debtors,
And wish we could say, we gave place to our betters.

SPOKEN BY MRS. G——, AT HER BENEFIT.

UNTAUGHT to tread the Muse's various maze,
And quite unpractis'd in poetic lays,
I'll tell my simple tale in plain familiar phrase.

In farmer's yard I've seen a housewife stand,
Peace in her looks, and plenty in her hand,
Dealing her friendly favours on the ground,
Whilst all the neighbouring poultry gather round

Bold Chanticleer, in shining plumage gay,
Struts on before, and leads the well known way;
His consort next, she guides his chattering train,
Impatient to devour the golden grain;
Next stalks the turkey-cock above the rest,
With rosy gills and elevated chest;
The screaming goose and waddling duck come last,
Alike partakers of the free repast.

The breakfast done, behold each thankless guest,
(Some birds, like men, make gratitude a jest,)
With insolence and pamper'd pride elate,
Presumes his merit should provide him meat,
And thinks the hostess thank'd,—that he vouchsaf'd
A linnet, perching on a neighbouring tree, [to eat.
The well-provided banquet chanc'd to see;
She lights, and mingling with the motley crew,
Feasted, as most at free expense will do;
Then, singling from the mercenary throng,
Repaid the generous donor with a song.

Could well-wrought numbers with my wish agree,
The grateful linnet you'd behold in me;
But doom'd to silence from my want of skill,
Accept, kind Patrons! of a warm good will.

SPOKEN BY A CHILD OF NINE YEARS OLD.

As the wise one's within have assur'd me it's common
For chits of my age to be aping the woman,
To prove that I've talents, as well as another,
Good folks!—I ran forward—in spite of my
mother— [case is;
"Don't tell me, (says I) they shall know how the
I'm not to be check'd in my airs and my graces:

I was born a coquet—and, by Goles, I'm not idle;
I can ogle already—look peevish, and bridle;
And I'll practise new gestures each night and each
morning, [ing.
'Gainst I reach to my teens—so I give ye fair warn-
Though I move ye at present with nothing but
laughter,
Look well to your hearts, beaux!—I'll swinge ye
hereafter. [bolder,
Have patience, then, pray; and, by practice grown
I'll promise to please, if I live to grow older.

STANZAS

SPOKEN AT A PLAY AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CORSICANS.

Who can behold with an unpitying eye
The glorious few (with patriotic fire)
Distrest—invaded—and resolv'd to die,
Or keep their independent rights entire?
Shackled themselves, the servile Gauls would bind
In their ignoble fetters half mankind.

The gentle homage that to night you've paid
To Freedom, and her ever sacred laws;
The humble offering at her altar made,
Prove that your hearts beat nobly in her cause.
All-gracious Freedom, O vouchsafe to smile,
Through future ages, on this favourite isle!

Far may the boughs of Liberty expand,
For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!
For ever blasted be that impious hand,
That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!

Britons!—'tis yours to make her verdure thrive,
And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

O, may her rich, her ripening fruits of gold,
Britannia! bloom perpetually for thee:
May you ne'er want a dragon, as we're told
Defended, once, the fam'd Hesperian tree!
A dragon fix'd, for your imperial sake,
With anxious eyes, eternally awake.

EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKEN AT ALNWICK, AT A CHARITABLE BENEFIT-PLAY, 1765.

To bid the rancour of ill-fortune cease,
To tell Anxiety—I give thee peace?
To quell Adversity—or turn her darts;
To stamp Fraternity on generous hearts:
For these high motives, these illustrious ends,
Celestial Charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt glade!
She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream!
Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,
And Mercy beams benignant in her eyes!
From her high residence, from realms above
She comes, sweet harbinger of heavenly love!

* Her sister's charms are more than doubly bright,
From the kind cause that call'd her here to-night.

* Countess of Northumberland.

An artless grace the conscious heart bestows,
And on the generous cheek a tincture glows
More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal rose.

The lofty pyramid shall cease to live;
Fleeting the praise such monuments can give?
But Charity, by tyrant Time rever'd,
Sweet Charity, amidst his ruins spar'd,
Secures her votaries unblasted fame,
And in celestial annals saves their name?

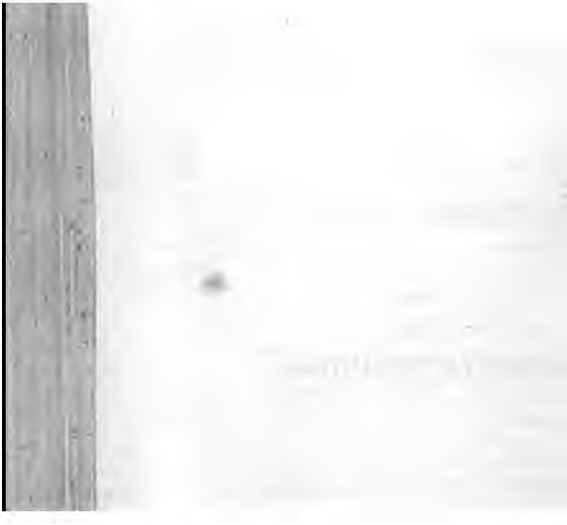
SELECT POEMS

OF

SOAME JENYNS:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



THE LIFE

OF

SOAME JENYNS.

THIS elegant and ingenious writer was born in London. His father, Sir Robert Jenyns, knt. was descended from the ancient family of the Jenyns's of Churchill, in Somersetshire. The country residence of the father was at Ely; where his useful labours as a magistrate, and his loyal principles, procured him the honour of knighthood from King William. He afterwards removed to Bottesham Hall, which he had purchased; a seat not far from Cambridge. Soame's mother was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, of Haydon, in the county of Essex, baronet; a lady of great beauty, and highly esteemed for her piety, understanding, and elegance of manners.

Soame Jenyns received the first part of his education at home, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Hill, and afterwards of the Rev. Stephen White, who became Rector of Holton in Suffolk. In the year 1722, he was removed to Cambridge, and admitted as a fellow-commoner of St. John's, under Dr. Edmondson, at that time one of the principal tutors of the college. Here he pursued his studies, with great industry, for three years, and found so much satisfaction in the regular discipline and employ-

ments of a college life, that he was often heard to say, he accounted the days he had lived there among the happiest in his life.

He left the university, however, without taking a degree, in consequence, probably, of his marriage, which took place when he was very young. His first wife was the natural daughter of his uncle, Colonel Soame, of Deerham Grange, in Norfolk. With this lady he received a very considerable fortune; but in all other respects the union was unhappy. After some years, she eloped from him with a Leicestershire gentleman; and a separation being agreed upon in form, he consented to allow her a maintenance, which was regularly paid until her death, in 1753.

This affair, it may be conjectured, interrupted the plan of life he had formed after leaving Cambridge. If we may judge from his poetical efforts, his turn was gay, lively, and satirical. His songs, and other amatory pieces, were probably written when young, and bespeak a mind sufficiently at ease to trifle with the passions, and not always attentive to delicacy where it interfered with wit. His first publication, and perhaps his best, was The Art of Dancing, printed in 1730. He did not put his name to this poem; but, when discovered, it was considered as the prelude to greater performances. It must be confessed, there is an ease and elegance in the versification, which brought him near to the most favourite poets of his day.

Soon after his father's death, at the general election in 1742, he was unanimously chosen one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Cambridge. From this time he continued to sit in parliament, either for the county or borough of Cambridge, until the year 1780, except at the call of a new parliament in 1754, when he was returned for the borough of Dunwich. In 1755, he was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of

the Board of Trade and Plantations, at which he sat during all changes of administration, until the business of the board, which was not great, was removed into another department. At the time of its abolition, it consisted of our author, the present Earl of Carlisle, the late Lord Auckland, and Gibbon, the historian. Mr. Cumberland, the well known dramatic poet, was secretary.

His parliamentary conduct was more uniform than is supposed to be consistent with freedom of opinion, or the usual attachments of party. When he was first elected a member, he found Sir Robert Walpole on the eve of being dismissed from the confidence of the house of commons; and he had the courage, unassisted and unknown, to give his support to the falling minister, as far as he could without contributing his eloquence; for Jenyns seldom spoke, and only in reply to a personal question. He was conscious that he could make no figure as a public speaker, and early desisted from the attempt. After the dismissal of Sir Robert Walpole, he constantly ranked among the friends of government. Without giving a public assent to every measure of the minister for the day, he contrived to give him no offence, and seems very early to have conceived an abhorrence of systematic oppositions. What his opinions were on great constitutional questions may be found in his writings, where, however, they are not laid down with much precision, and seem at no time of his life to have been steady. In his attendance at the board of trade, he was very assiduous, and bestowed much attention on the commercial interests of his country. He has not left any thing in print expressly on this subject, but his biographer has given some of his private opinions, which are liberal and manly.

In 1757, he published his *Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil*, which brought him into

notice, as one of the most elegant writers of En prose that had appeared since the days of Add But the charms of style could not protect this gular work from objections of the most se kind. It produced from Dr. Johnson, who wa editor of The Literary Magazine, a critical di tation, or *review*, which is perhaps one of the of his compositions for strength of argument, k ness of reply, and brilliancy of wit. That Jenyns felt the force of this powerful refut may be readily supposed; but it were to be wi he had not retained his resentment for so r years, and then given it vent in a paltry epitap Dr. Johnson.

Other answers appeared to his *Inquiry*, of consequence. Johnson's, after having been with eagerness in the Magazine, was printed small volume, of which two editions were very sold. To a subsequent edition of the Inquiry, Jenyns prefixed a preface, containing a ger answer to his opponents, but without retracting of his positions. In 1761, he reprinted it, a with his poems, in two vols. 12mo., and added papers he had contributed to The World, w are among the first in a collection written by first wits of their time. There are points in t which prove either the natural purity of his s and delicacy of his humour, or that he must "given his days and nights to Addison." It w one of those papers that he first expresse opinion in favour of the doctrine of a pre-exis state, which he afterwards insisted upon more ously in the third letter on the Origin of Evil.

In 1767, he published a small pamphlet, enti Thoughts on the Causes and Consequences of present high Price of Provisions. But the formance which excited most attention was lished by our author in 1776, and seems, ind to form an important era in his life. In his you

days he had imbibed the principles of infidelity, and, it has been said, was not sparing in his avowal of them. Time and reflection brought him to a sense of his folly. He studied the Holy Scriptures with care, and probably called to his aid some of the able defences of Christianity which the infidels in the eighteenth century had provoked. It is certain, however, that he at length adopted the common creed, although with some singular refinements of his own, and determined to avow, his sentiments in justice to the cause he had neglected or injured.

With this honourable resolution, he published A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, which was at first read as an able defence of Christianity; and the accession of an ingenious layman to the supporters of religion was welcomed by the clergy at large. Others, however, could not help being suspicious of its tendency, and regarded the author as in many points proving himself to be an insidious enemy to the cause he pretended to plead. Those who call themselves *rational Christians* thought he yielded too much to the orthodox believer, and the orthodox believer was shocked that he had conceded the possibility of certain miracles being forgeries. A controversy immediately took place, and continued for some time, greatly to the advantage of Mr. Jenyns's book, which sold most extensively while the controversy was kept alive, and disappeared with the last answer. During its circulation, it excited the attention of persons of rank, and probably did good.

But whatever difference of opinion was excited by this performance, it would be unjust to question the author's sincerity, or in this sketch of his life, to omit the very explicit declaration he has made of his belief. "Should my work ever have the honour to be admitted into such good company (persons of fashion) they will immediately, I know,

determine that it must be the work of some enthusiast or methodist, some beggar, or some madman. I shall therefore beg leave to assure them, that the author is very far removed from all these characters; that he once perhaps believed as little as themselves; but having some leisure, and more curiosity, he employed them both in resolving a question, which seemed to him of some importance—Whether Christianity was really an imposture, founded on an absurd, incredible, and obsolete fable, as many suppose it? or whether it is what it pretends to be, a revelation, communicated to mankind by the interposition of some supernatural power? On a candid inquiry, he soon found that the first was an absolute impossibility; and that its pretensions to the latter were built on the most solid grounds. In the further pursuits of his examination, he perceived at every step new lights arising, and some of the brightest from parts of it the most obscure, but productive of the clearest proofs, because equally beyond the power of human artifice to invent, and human reason to discover. These arguments which have convinced him of the divine origin of this religion, he has here put together in as clear and concise a manner as he was able, thinking they might have the same effect upon others, and being of opinion that, if there were a few more true Christians in the world, it would be beneficial to themselves, and by no means detrimental to the public."

In 1782, appeared another volume of doubtful tendency, and, certainly more abounding in anomalous opinions, which he entitled Disquisitions on several Subjects. These are metaphysical, theological, and political, and in all of them he advances, amidst much valuable matter, a number of fanciful theories, to which he seems to have been prompted merely by a love of novelty, or a desire to show with what ingenuity opinions that contra-

dict the general sense of mankind may be defended. This volume, like the former, produced a few answers, and what perhaps disturbed our author's tranquillity yet more, an admirable piece of humour, entitled The Dean and the Squire, by the author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers. The dean was Dr. Tucker, whose opinions on civil liberty approached those of our author. The Disquisitions are however an extraordinary production from a man in his seventy-eighth year. Their style is perhaps more elegant and animated than that of any of his former writings; and if mere eloquence could compensate defect of argument, they would yet continue to be read as models of pure and correct English.

In 1784, while the propriety of a parliamentary reformation was in agitation, he published some Thoughts on that subject, in which he repeated the objections he had already brought forward in his Disquisitions, to any of those innovations which in his opinion tended to anarchy.

This was the last of his productions. The infirmities of age were now creeping fast upon him, and closed his life, Dec. 18, 1787, at his house in London.

Mr. Cole, his biographer, has drawn his character at great length, and with the partiality of a friend. Yet, if we except the unsettled state of his opinions, much cannot be deduced from it. As the magistrate, and as the head of a family, he was exemplary in the discharge of the religious and moral duties, and fulfilled his engagements with the strictest integrity, but with a punctuality which brought on him sometimes the charge of being penurious.

In private life, he was, says Mr. Cole, a man of great mildness, gentleness, and sweetness of temper: his earnest desire was, as far as possible, never to offend any person. This is confirmed by the

Rev. Mr. Cole of Milton, who is not remarkable for the lenity of his opinions respecting his contemporaries. "Mr. Jenyns was a man of lively fancy and pleasant turn of wit, very sparkling in conversation, and full of many conceits and agreeable drolleries, which was heightened by his inarticulate manner of speaking through his broken teeth, and all this mixed with the utmost humanity and good nature, having hardly ever heard him severe upon any one, and by no means satirical in his mirth and good humour."

Mr. Cumberland, in his Memoirs of his own Life, gives us some characteristic *traits* of Mr. Jenyns, which corresponded with the above. "A disagreement about a name or a date will mar the best story that ever was put together. Sir Joshua Reynolds, luckily, could not hear an interrupter of this sort: Johnson would not hear, or, if he heard him, would not heed him; Soame Jenyns heard him, heeded him, set him right, and took up his tale, where he had left it, without any diminution of its humour, adding only a few more twists to his snuff-box, a few more taps upon the lid of it, with a preparatory grunt or two, the invariable forerunners of the amenity which was at the heels of them. He was the man who bore his part in all societies, with the most even temper, and undisturbed hilarity, of all the good companions whom I ever knew. He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself to do your party honour in all the colours of the gay; his lace indeed had long lost its lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the days when gentlemen wore embroidered figured velvets with short sleeves, boot-cuffs, and buckram shirts; as nature cast him in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays, he followed her so close in the fashion of his coat, that it was doubted if he did not wear them: because he had a protu-

berant even just under his pole: he wore a wig that did not cover above half of his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of the lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet there was room between one of these and his nose for another: even that added nothing to his beauty; yet I heard this good man very innocently remark, when Gibbon published his history, that he wondered any body so ugly could write a book.

"Such was the exterior of a man, who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into: his pleasantry was of a sort peculiar to himself; it harmonized with every thing: it was like the bread to our dinner: you did not perhaps make it the whole, or principal part of your meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to your viands. Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those who did: his thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to the paradox in them: he wrote verses upon dancing, and prose upon the origin of evil, yet he was a very indifferent metaphysician, and a worse dancer: ill-nature and personality, with the single exception of his lines upon Johnson, I never heard fall from his lips: though his wit was harmless, the general cast of it was ironical: there was a terseness in his repartees, that had a play of words as well as of thoughts, as when speaking of the difference between laying out money upon land, or purchasing into the funds, he said, 'One was principal without interest, and the other interest without principal.' Certain it is, he had a brevity of expression, that never hung upon the ear, and you felt the point in the very moment that he made the push."

Mr. Jenyns's poems were added to the second edition of Dr. Johnson's collection in 1790. As a prose writer, we have few that can be compared to

him for elegance and purity. As a poet h
many equals and many superiors. Yet his p
are sprightly and pleasing; and if we do no
much of that creative fancy which marks the
genius of poetry, there is the spirit, sense
wit which have rendered so many modern
fiers popular, and have made it impossible
general collector to abide by the stern la
Phillips and Warton.

SELECT POEMS.

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.*

BOOK I.

To all inferior animals 'tis given
To' enjoy the state allotted them by Heav'n;
No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,
No fears of dark futurity molest.
Man, only man, solicitous to know
The springs whence Nature's operations flow,

* Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq. the son of the Rev. Mr. Browne, vicar of Burton on Trent, was educated at Westminster school, from whence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards settled in Lincoln's-Inn, where he engaged in the profession of the law. In 1739 he published his Poem, *De Animi Immortalitate*, which was universally read, and as universally admired, not only for the choice and arrangement of the matter, but the purity of the language, which Lucretius himself would have acknowledged as a perfect copy of his style. Struck with the arguments, the disposition of those arguments, and the beauty of the expression, but, above all, with the bright contrast to the obscurity of the metaphysical poets of the last century; Mr. Jenyns was the first who translated it into English, and whose translation, as it was first in time, was also first in propriety and elegance amongst those with which the public was afterwards favoured.

Plods through a dreary waste, with toil and pain,
And reasons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;
For sable Death, still hovering o'er his head,
Cuts short his progress, with his vital thread.
Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find
These seeds of science in the human mind,
If no congenial fruits are predesign'd?
For what avails to man this power to roam
Through ages past, and ages yet to come,
To' explore new worlds o'er all the' ethereal way,
Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?
Since all must perish in one common grave,
Nor can these long laborious searches save.
Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,
To sport with Phillis in the noontide shade?
Or at thy jovial festivals appear,
Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear,
From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear!
Come on then, let us feast: let Chloe sing,
And soft Neæra touch the trembling string;
Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know
What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.
But these delights soon pall upon the taste;
Let's try then if more serious cannot last:
Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,
Let power and glory be our points in view;
In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,
Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:
Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings!
Alas! what vanity in human things!
What means then shall we try? where hope to find
A friendly harbour for the restless mind?
Who still, you see, impatient to obtain
Knowledge immense, (so Nature's laws ordain)

iow, though fetter'd in corporeal clay,
s step by step the prospect to survey,
eeks, unwearied, truth's eternal ray.
fleeting joys she asks, which must depend
: frail senses, and with them must end;
ch as suit her own immortal fame,
rom all change eternally the same.
e courage, then, these joys we shall attain;
hty wisdom never acts in vain;
all the soul on which it has bestow'd
powers e'er perish like an earthly clod;
urg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,
from her prison, and unbound her chain,
hall her native strength, and native skies
regain:
aven an old inhabitant return, [tual urn.
lraw nectareous streams from truth's perpe-
ilst life remains, (if life it can be call'd
dist in fleshy bondage thus enthrall'd)
with the dull pursuit of worldly things,
ul scarce wakes, or opes her gladsome wings,
ll the godlike exile in disgrace
s some marks of her celestial race;
/hence from memory's store can she produce
/arious thoughts, or range them so for use?
atter these contain, dispose, apply?
her cells such mighty treasures lie?
her native force produce them to the eye?
ence is this power, this foundress of all arts,
g, adorning life, through all its parts,
names impos'd, by letters mark'd those
ted properly by legal claims, [names,
woods and wilds collected rude mankind,
ities, laws, and governments design'd?

What can this be, but some bright ray from Heav'n,
Some emanation from Omniscience giv'n?
When now the rapid stream of eloquence
Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense;
Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force,
Derive their essence from a mortal source?
What think you of the bard's enchanting art,
Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime?
Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,
The same dull farce repeated on the stage;
The poet gives us a creation new,
More pleasing and more perfect than the true:
The mind, who always to perfection hastes,
Perfection, such as here she never tastes,
With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,
And thence foresees a system more complete.
Of those what think you, who the circling race
Of suns, and their revolving planets trace,
And comets journeying through unbounded space;
Say, can you doubt, but that the' all-searching soul,
That now can traverse heaven from pole to pole,
From thence descending, visits but this earth,
And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?
Could she thus act, unless some power unknown,
From matter quite distinct and all her own,
Supported and impell'd her? She approves
Self-conscious, and condemns; she hates and loves,
Mourns and rejoices, hopes and is afraid,
Without the body's unrequested aid:
Her own internal strength her reason guides,
By this she now compares things, now divides,

Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,
Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;
Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,
And rears the' aspiring fabric to the skies:
From whence, as on a distant plain below,
She sees from causes consequences flow,
And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,
Which from the' Almighty's throne to earth de-
And, lastly, turning inwardly her eyes, [scends:
Perceives how all her own ideas rise,
Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,
And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.
Can mere machines be with such powers endued,
Or conscious of those powers suppose they cou'd?
For body is but a machine alone
Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.
Rate not the' extension of the human mind
By the plebeian standard of mankind,
But by the size of those gigantic few,
Whom Greece and Rome still offer to our view;
Or Britain, well-deserving equal praise,
Parent of heroes too in better days.
Why should I try her numerous sons to name
By verse, law, eloquence, consign'd to fame?
Or who have forc'd fair Science into sight
Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light.
O'er all superior, like the solar ray,
First Bacon usher'd in the dawning day,
And drove the mists of sophistry away;
Pervaded nature with amazing force,
Following experience still throughout his course,
And finishing at length his destin'd away,
To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.

Illustrious souls! if any tender cares
Affect angelic breasts for man's affairs,
If in your present happy heavenly state,
You're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,
Let this degenerate land again be blest
With that true vigour which she once possess'd;
Compel us to unfold our slumbering eyes,
And to our ancient dignity to rise.
Such wondrous powers as these must sure be giv'n
For most important purposes by Heav'n;
Who bids these stars as bright examples shine,
Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
To form to virtue each degenerate time,
And point out to the soul its origin sublime.
That there's a *self* which after death shall live,
All are concern'd about, and all believe;
That something's ours, when we from life depart,
This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim
This truth, the public voice declares the same:
No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb
For future prospects in a world to come.
Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;
And hence vast pyramids, aspiring high,
Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.
Hence is our love of fame, a love so strong,
We think no dangers great, or labours long,
By which we hope our beings to extend,
And to remotest times in glory to descend.
For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Disowning every crime for which he dies;

Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care for names we leave behind,
To' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earnest of a life to come:
For if when dead we are but dust or clay,
Why think of what posterity shall say?
Her praise or censure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.
What mean the nodding plumes, the funeral train,
And marble monument that speaks in vain,
With all those cares which every nation pays
To their unfeeling dead in different ways?
Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have laid,
And annual obsequies around it paid,
As if to please the poor departed shade;
Others on blazing piles the body burn,
And store their ashes in the faithful urn;
But all in one great principle agree,
To give a fancied immortality.
Why should I mention those, whose oozy soil
Is render'd fertile by the' o'erflowing Nile,
Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,
No graves they dig, erect no funeral pyres;
But washing first the' embowel'd body clean,
Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within;
Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,
To make each flaccid part compact and sound;
And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er
With the same features which in life it wore:
So strong their presage of a future state,
And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.

Nations behold, remote from reason's beams,
Where Indian Ganges rolls his sandy streams,
Of life impatient rush into the fire,
And willing victims to their gods expire!
Persuaded the loos'd soul to regions flies,
Blest with eternal spring and cloudless skies.
Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife
For steadfast virtue, and contempt of life:
These heroines mourn not with loud female cries
Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes;
But, strange to tell! their funeral piles ascend,
And in the same sad flames their sorrows end;
In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,
And there renew their interrupted love.
In climes where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
See numerous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,
To battle all unanimously run,
Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun:
Whence this disdain of life in every breast,
But from a notion on their minds impress'd
That all who for their country die are blest!
Add too to these the once-prevailing dreams,
Of sweet Elysian groves, and Stygian streams:
All show with what consent mankind agree
In the firm hope of immortality.
Grant these the' inventions of the crafty priest,
Yet such inventions never could subsist,
Unless some glimmerings of a future state
Were with the mind co-eval, and innate:
For every fiction which can long persuade,
In truth must have its first foundations laid.
Because we are unable to conceive
How unembodied souls can act, and live,

The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,
And habitations in peculiar places;
Hence reasoners more refin'd, but not more wise,
Struck with the glare of such absurdities,
Their whole existence fabulous suspect,
And truth and falsehood in a lump reject;
Too indolent to learn what may be known,
Or else too proud that ignorance to own.
For hard's the task the daubing to pervade
Folly and fraud on Truth's fair form have laid;
Yet let that task be ours; for great the prize:
Nor let us Truth's celestial charms despise,
Because that priests or poets may disguise.

That there's a God from Nature's voice is clear,
And yet what errors to this truth adhere!
How have the fears and follies of mankind
Now multiplied their gods, and now subjoin'd
To each the frailties of the human mind!
Nay, superstition spread at length so wide,
Beasts, birds, and onions too were defied.

The' Athenian sage, revolving in his mind
This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,
Foretold, that in maturer days, though late,
When time should ripen the decrees of fate,
Some God would light us, like the rising day,
Through error's maze, and chase these clouds away.
Long since has time fulfill'd this great decree,
And brought us aid from this Divinity.

Well worth our search discoveries may be made
By Nature, void of this celestial aid:
Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,
Nor scorn plain Reason, when she deigns to teach.

That mind and body often sympathize
Is plain; such is this union nature ties:

But then as often too they disagree,
Which prove's the soul's superior progeny.
Sometimes the body in full strength we find,
Whilst various ails debilitate the mind;
At others, whilst the mind its force retains,
The body sinks with sickness and with pains:
Now did one common fate their beings end,
Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.
But sure experience, on the slightest view,
Shows us that the reverse of this is true;
For when the body oft expiring lies,
Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eye
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspire
Of like materials were they both compos'd,
How comes it that the mind, when sleep has clo
Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide,
Her liberty restor'd, her bonds untied?
And, like some bird who from its prison flies,
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies
Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
It must have parts *in infinitum* join'd;
And each of these must will, perceive, design,
And draw confus'dly in a different line;
Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,
Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast?
Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
Of modelling and figuring these parts;
Just as if circles wiser were than squares;
But surely common sense aloud declares
That site and figure are as fore ign quite
From mental powers, as colours black or white.
Allow that motion is the cause of thought,
With what strange powers must motion then
fraught?

Reason, sense, science, must derive their source
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force:
Topswhip'd by school-boys sages must commence,
Their hoops, like them, be cudgel'd into sense,
And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence.
Whence can this very motion take its birth?
Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth;
But from a living spirit lodg'd within,
Which governs all the bodily machine:
Just as the' Almighty Universal Soul
Informs, directs, and animates the whole.
Cease then to wonder how the' immortal mind
Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;
But rather wonder if she e'er could die,
So fram'd, so fashion'd for eternity;
Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together tied,
Which time can dissipate, and force divide;
For beings of this make can never die,
Whose powers within themselves and their own essence lie.
If to conceive how any thing can be
From shape extracted and locality
Is hard; what think you of the Deity?
His Being not the least relation bears,
As far as to the human minds appears,
To shape, or size, similitude, or place,
Cloth'd in no form, and bounded by no space.
Such then is GOD, a spirit pure refin'd
From all material dross, and such the human mind.
For in what part of essence can we see
More certain masks of immortality?
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;

Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
From this dull earth, and seek her native home.
Go then, forgetful of its toil and strife,
Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;
Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,
Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,
And into nothing then dissolve away.
Are these our great pursuits, is this to live?
These all the hopes this much lov'd world can give!
How much more worthy envy is their fate,
Who search for truth in a superior state?
Not groping step by step, as we pursue,
And following reason's much entangled clue,
But with one great and instantaneous view.
But how can sense remain? perhaps you'll say,
Corporeal organs if we take away! [decay,
Since it from them proceeds, and with them must
Why not? or why may not the soul receive
New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve?
The silver trumpet aids the' obstructed ear,
And optic glasses the dim eye can clear;
These in mankind new faculties create,
And lift him far above his native state;
Call down revolving planets from the sky,
Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,
The whole minute creation make his own,
With all the wonders of a world unknown.
How could the mind, did she alone depend
On sense, the errors of those senses mend?
Yet oft, we see, those senses she corrects,
And oft their information quite rejects.
In distances of things, their shapes and size,
Our reason judges better than our eyes.

Declares not this the soul's pre-eminence
Superior to, and quite distinct from sense?
For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high,
Clog'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,
Loos'd and mature she shall her strength display,
And soar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.
Inquire you how these powers we shall attain,
'Tis not for us to know; our search is vain:
Can any now remember or relate
How he existed in the' embryo state?
Or one, from birth insensible of day,
Conceive ideas of the solar ray?
That light's denied to him, which others see,
He knows, perhaps you'll say, and so do we.
The mind contemplative finds nothing here
On earth that's worthy of a wish or fear:
He, whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,
Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm desires;
Thence to sequester'd shades and streams retires,
And there delights his passion to rehearse
In Wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.
To me most happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well satisfied, returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new:
A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay,
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;
A sea where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
Hold then! nor further launch into the main.

Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continued woe:
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The funerals of our friends, who go before:
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares.
But whither hurried by a generous scorn
Of this vain world, ah whither am I borne?
Let's not unbid the' Almighty's standard quit;
Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.
Could I a firm persuasion once attain
That after death no *being* would remain;
To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,
Where all must sleep, this drama at an end:
Nor life accept, although renew'd by fate
Ev'n from its earliest and its happiest state.
Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand rece
Each boon, each blessing in her power to give,
Genius and science, morals and good sense,
Unenvied honours, wit, and eloquence,
A numerous offspring to the world well known
Both for paternal virtues, and their own:
Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound
To tread the same dull circle round and round
The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.

BOOK II.

God then through all creation gives, we find,
Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
Excepting in ourselves; ourselves of all
His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,

His own bright image, who alone unbless'd
Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.
But hold, presumptuous! charge not Heaven's decree
With such injustice, such partiality.
Yet true it is, survey we life around,
Whole hosts of ills on every side are found;
Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
But at the species meditate the blow:
What millions perish by each other's hands
In war's fierce rage? or by the dread commands
Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,
Or lose them in variety of pains?
What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,
In spite of Nature's liberality?
(Those, still more numerous, I to name disdain,
By lewdness and intemperance justly slain;)
What numbers, guiltless of their own disease,
Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow degrees?
Where then is Virtue's well-deserv'd reward?—
Let's pay to Virtue every due regard,
That she enables man, let us confess,
To bear those evils which she can't redress,
Gives hope, and conscious peace, and can assuage
The' impetuous tempests both of lust and rage;
Yet she's a guard so far from being sure,
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:
Where vice prevails severest is their fate,
Tyrants pursue them with a threefold hate;
How many struggling in their country's cause,
And from their country meriting applause,
Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,
And perish'd by the hands themselves had sav'd?

Soon as superior worth appears in view,
See knaves and fools united to pursue!
The man so form'd, they all conspire to blame,
And Envy's poisonous tooth attacks his fame;
Should he at length so truly good and great,
Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,
Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,
Submit to clamour, libels, and disgrace,
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,
By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.
Hear this, and tremble! all who would be great,
Yet know not what attends that dangerous wretched
Is private life from all these evils free? [state.
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy, there we see,
Deceit, that Friendship's mask insidious wears,
Quarrels, and feuds, and law's entangling snares.
But there are pleasures still in human life,
Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,
Children, whose dawning smiles your heart engage,
The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age.
If happiness exists, 'tis surely here,
But are these joys exempt from care and fear?
Need I the miseries of that state declare,
When different passions draw the wedded pair?
Or say how hard those passions to discern,
Ere the die's cast, and 'tis too late to learn?
Who can insure, that what is right and good
These children shall pursue? or, if they shou'd,
Death comes when least you fear so black a day,
And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.
We say not, that these ills from Virtue flow;
Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know
The golden ages would again begin;
But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.

Observing this, some sages have decreed
That all things from two causes must proceed;
Two principles with equal power endued,
This wholly evil, that supremely good.
From this arise the miseries we endure,
Whilst that administers a friendly cure;
Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss and woe,
Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,
And poisonous serpents make their dead repose
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.
Can such a system satisfy the mind?
Are both these gods in equal power conjoin'd,
Or one superior?—Equal if you say,
Chaos returns, since neither will obey:
Is one superior! good or ill must reign,
Eternal joy, or everlasting pain.
Whiche'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,
And the victorious god enjoy the field:
Hence with these fictions of the Magi's brain!
Hence oozy Nile, with all her monstrous train!
Or comes the stoic nearer to the right?
He holds that whatsoever yields delight,
Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things;
Himself, half-starving, happier far than kings.
'Tis fine indeed to be so wondrous wise!
By the same reasoning too he pain denies;
Roast him, or flay him, break him on the wheel,
Retract he will not, though he can't but feel:
Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan;
What then?—an inconvenience 'tis, he'll own:
What vigour, health, and beauty? are these good?—
No: they may be accepted, not pursued:
Absurd to squabble thus about a name,
Quibbling with different words that mean the same.

Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,
You might be bless'd without external good;
But know, be self-sufficient as you can,
You are not spirit quite, but frail and mortal man.
  But since these sages, so absurdly wise,
Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,
Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,
Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour;
Why value then that strength of mind they boast,
As often varying, and as quickly lost?
A headach hurts it, or a rainy day,
And a slow fever wipes it quite away.
  See one* whose counsels, one† whose conquering hand
Once sav'd Brittania's almost sinking land:
Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r,
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.
  Him let me add, whom late we saw excel
In each politer kind of writing well;‡
Whether he strove our follies to expose
In easy verse, or droll and humorous prose;
Few years, alas! compel his throne to quit
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit,
See, self-surviving, he's an idiot grown!
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.
  Thy tenets, stoic, yet we may forgive,
If in a future state we cease to live.
For here the virtuous suffer much 'tis plain;
If pain is evil, this must God arraign;
And on this principle confess we must,
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.

* Lord Somers. † Duke of Marlborough.
‡ Dean Swift.

nd man! whose reason such strait bounds confine,
ere it touches truth's extremest line,
ps amaz'd, and quits the great design.
you not, stoic, God is just and true?
to proceed; secure this path pursue:
I soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,
ture justice, and a life to come.
path, you say, is hid in endless night,
elf-conceit alone obstructs your sight:
stop, ere half your destin'd course is run,
triumph when the conquest is not won;
is the sophists were of old misled: [bred!
what a monstrous race from one mistake is
ar then my argument:—confess we must,
d there is, supremely wise and just:
however things affect our sight,
ngs our bard, "whatever is, is right."
it right, what here so oft appears,
vice should triumph, virtue sink in tears?
inference then, that closes this debate,
at there must exist a *future state*.
wise extending their inquiries wide
ow both states are by connection tied;
view but part, and not the whole survey,
owd existence all into a day
e are they led to hope, but hope in vain,
justice never will resume her reign;
is vain hope, adulterers, thieves rely,
o this altar vile assassins fly.
rules not God by general laws divine:
vice or virtue change not the design:"
laws are these? instruct us if you can:—
's one design'd for brutes, and one for man:

Another guides inactive matter's course,
Attracting, and attracted by its force:
Hence mutual gravity subsists between
Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.
The laws of life, why need I call to mind,
Obey'd by birds and beasts of every kind?
By all the sandy desert's savage brood,
And all the numerous offspring of the flood;
Of these none uncontroll'd and lawless rove,
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move:
Led by their instinct Heaven itself inspires,
Or so much reason, as their state requires;
See all with skill acquire their daily food,
All use those arms which nature has bestow'd;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, whilst that care they need;
In these lov'd offices completely bless'd,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.
Man o'er a wider field extends his views;
God through the wonders of his works pursues,
Exploring thence his attributes and laws,
Adores, loves, imitates the' Eternal cause;
For sure in nothing we approach so nigh
The great example of Divinity,
As in benevolence: the patriot's soul
Knows not self-centred for itself to roll,
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole:
Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,
His country next, then man; nor here it ends,
But to the meanest animal descends.
Wise nature has this social law confirm'd,
By forming man so helpless and unarm'd;
His want of others' aid, and power of speech
To' implore that aid, this lesson daily teach:

Mankind with other animals compare,
Single how weak and impotent they are!
But view them in their complicated state,
Their powers how wondrous, and their strength how great,
When social virtue individuals joins,
And in one solid mass like gravity combines!
This then's the first great law by Nature giv'n,
Stamp'd on our souls, and ratified by Heav'n;
All from utility this law approve,
As every private bliss must spring from social love,
Why deviate then so many from this law?
See passions, custom, vice and folly draw!
Survey the rolling globe from east to west,
How few, alas! how very few are blest?
Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,
What poverty and indolence combine,
To cloud with error's mists the human mind!
No trace of man, but in the form we find.
And are we free from error and distress, [bless?
Whom Heaven with clearer light has pleas'd to
Whom true religion leads? (for she but leads
By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds;)
Behold how we avoid this radiant sun,
This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun,
And after sophistry's vain systems run!
For these as for essentials we engage
In wars, and massacres with holy rage;
Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,
Mistaken zeal, how savage is thy reign!
Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,
All right and wrong, all order they confound;
These are the giants, who the gods defy,
And mountains heap on mountains to the sky,

Sees this the' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares,
And deems the crimes of man beneath his cares?
He sees; and will at last rewards bestow,
And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.
Nor doubt I, though this state confus'd appear,
That ev'n in this God sometimes interferes;
Sometimes, lest man should quite his power disown,
He makes that power to trembling nations known;
But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,
As superstition's idle tales pretend,
Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,
Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.
Nor know I not how much a conscious mind
Avails to punish or reward mankind;
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel
The fury's scourges, and the' infernal wheel;
From man's tribunal, though thou hop'st to run,
Thyself thou can'st not, nor thy conscience shun.
What must thou suffer when each dire disease,
The progeny of vice, thy fabric seize?
Consumption, fever, and the racking pain
Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train!
When life new tortures can alone supply,
Life, thy sole hope, thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.
Should such a wretch to numerous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live:
No honours, no regards his age attend,
Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright
He looks within, and shudders at the sight:
When threatening Death uplifts his pointed dart,
With what impatience he applies to art,
Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!
Why this, if after it no sense remains?

Why should he choose these miseries to endure,
If Death could grant an everlasting cure?
'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,
(Though fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.
See the reverse; how happy those we find,
Who know by merit to engage mankind?
Prais'd by each tongue, by every heart belov'd,
For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd:
Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,
And all is peace and happiness within:
Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears or strife,
Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.
Him Fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,
Whose views extend beyond this mortal state;
By age when summon'd to resign his breath,
Calm and serene, he sees approaching death
As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er:
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conscience has a coward made;
Whilst he, who virtue's radiant course has run,
Descends like a serenely setting sun,
His thoughts triumphant Heaven alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.
So good, so blest the' illustrious Hough* we find,
Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind;
The mitre's glory, freedom's constant friend,
In times which ask'd a champion to defend;
Who after near an hundred virtuous years,
His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,
Replete with life, with honours, and with age,
Like an applauded actor left the stage:

* Bishop of Worcester.

Or like some victor in the' Olympic games, [claims.
Who, having run his course, the crown of glory
From this just contrast plainly it appears,
How conscience can inspire both hopes and fears;
But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this
If nothing really can affect the dead? [dread,
See all things join to promise, and presage
The sure arrival of a future age!
Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise
Nor dote on life, nor peevishly despise.
An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,
Has consolation always sure within,
And, if she sends a more propitious gale,
He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.
Nor fear that he, who sits so loose to life,
Should too much shun its labours and its strife;
And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene;
Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
Avoid the fight inglorious, and afraid:
Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
And he, who power contemns, be least a slave:
Virtue will lead him to ambition's ends, [friends.
And prompt him to defend his country and his
But still his merit you cannot regard,
Who thus pursues a posthumous reward;
His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,
Who quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,
Embraces Virtue from a nobler sense
Of her abstracted, native excellence,
From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,
The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.
It may be so: yet he deserves applause,
Who follows where instructive Nature draws;

Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,
And soars triumphant on her wings to Heav'n.
Say what this venal virtuous man pursues,
No mean rewards, no mercenary views;
Not wealth usurious, or a numerous train,
Not fame, by fraud acquir'd, or title vain!
He follows but where Nature points the road,
Rising in Virtue's school, till he ascends to GOD!
But we, the' inglorious common herd of man,
Sail without compass, toil without a plan;
In Fortune's varying storms for ever toss'd,
Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost;
Mere infants all, till life's extremest day,
Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.
Who rests of immortality assur'd
Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd:
He hopes not vainly in a world like this,
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;
For good and ill, in this imperfect state,
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate.
With Wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows,
And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;
All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain:
GOD may perhaps (might human Reason's line
Pretend to fathom infinite design)
Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
No happiness complete on earth may find;
And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
To Heaven her safest best retreat may rise.
Come then, since now in safety we have pass'd
Through Error's rocks, and see the port at last,
Let us review and recollect the whole.——
Thus stands my argument:—The thinking soul

Cannot terrestrial or material be,
But claims by nature Immortality;
GOD, who created it, can make it end,
We question not, but cannot apprehend
He will; because it is by him endued
With strong ideas of all-perfect good:
With wondrous powers to know and calculate
Things too remote from this our earthly state;
With sure presages of a life to come,
All false and useless; if beyond the tomb
Our beings cease: we therefore can't believe
GOD either acts in vain, or can deceive.
If every rule of equity demands,
That Vice and Virtue from the' Almighty's hands
Should due rewards and punishments receive,
And this by no means happens whilst we live;
It follows that a time must surely come,
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom:
Then shall this scene, which now to human sight
Seems so unworthy wisdom infinite,
A system of consummate skill appear,
And, every cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.
Doubt we of this! what solid proof remains,
That o'er the world a wise Disposer reigns?
Whilst all creation speaks a power divine,
Is it deficient in the main design?
Not so: the day shall come, (pretend not now
Presumptuous to inquire or when or how)
But after death shall come the' important day,
When GOD to all his justice shall display;
Each action with impartial eyes regard,
And in a just proportion punish and reward.

AN

ESSAY ON VIRTUE.

TO THE

HON. PHILIP YORKE, ESQ.[*]

Atque ipsa utilitas justi prope mater et æqui.
HOR.

ou, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can
th the least vice of each luxuriant soil, [spoil
, YORKE, (for sure, if any, thou canst tell)
iat Virtue is, who practise it so well:
, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
ais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen:
what sure mark her essence can we trace,
nen each religion, faction, age, and place
ts up some fancied idol of its own,
vain pretender to her sacred throne?
man too oft a well-dissembled part,
self-denying pride in woman's heart,
synods faith, and in the fields of fame
lour usurps her honours and her name;
hoe'er their sense of virtue would express,
is still by something they themselves possess.

[*] Afterwards, second Earl of Hardwicke.

Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage,
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To constancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unask'd, to chastity confine it.
But have we then no law besides our will?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?
As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
Then doubt if such a thing exists as light;
For no less plain would nature's law appear
As the meridian sun unchang'd and clear,
Would we but search for what we were design'd,
And for what end the' Almighty form'd mankind;
A rule of life we then should plainly see,
For to pursue that end must virtue be.
Then what is that? not want of power, or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a desire his blessings to diffuse,
And fear lest millions should existence lose;
His goodness only could his power employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.
Hence soul and sense diffus'd through every place,
Make happiness as infinite as space;
Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where, form'd with wondrous art,
Unnumber'd species live through every part:
In every tract of ocean, earth, and skies,
Myriads of creatures still successive rise:
Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
No fruit our palate courts, or flower our smell,
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,

All form'd with proper faculties to share
The daily bounties of their Maker's care:
The great Creator from his heavenly throne,
Pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this—
That all contribute to the general bliss.
Nature so plain this primal law displays,
Each living creature sees it, and obeys;
Each, form'd for all, promotes through private care
The public good, and justly tastes its share.
All understand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfil;
Mankind excepted, lord of all beside,
But only slave to folly, vice, and pride;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others' woe, and courts his own;
Racks and destroys with torturing steel and flame,
For luxury brutes, and man himself for fame;
Sets Superstition high on Virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own;
Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,
As if he could atone for crimes by more:
Hence, whilst offended Heav'n he strives in vain
To' appease by fasts and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.
How easy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not strive to mend the laws of God!
For his own sake no duty he can ask,
The common welfare is our only task:
For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and lust;
With every act injurious to our own
Or others' good, for such are crimes alone:

For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
With all that can secure and bless mankind.
Thus is the public safety Virtue's cause,
And happiness the end of all her laws;
For such by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our interest are the same.
"But hold, (cries out some puritan-divine,
Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,)
Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain,
And work salvation out with fear and pain?"
We own the rigid lessons of their schools
Are widely different from these easy rules;
Virtue, with them, is only to abstain
From all that nature asks, and covet pain;
Pleasure and vice are ever near a-kin,
And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin:
Heaven's path is rough and intricate, they say,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way;
God is a Being cruel and severe,
And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,
In sunshine for awhile to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.
Mistaken men, too piously severe;
Through craft misleading, or misled by fear;
How little they God's counsels comprehend,
Our universal parent, guardian, friend?
Who, forming by degrees to bliss mankind,
This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,
Where for awhile his fond paternal care
Feasts us with every joy our state can bear:
Each sense, touch, taste, and smell, dispense delight,
Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight;

Trees, herbs, and flowers to us their spoils resign,
Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine;
Beasts, fowl, and fish, their daily tribute give
Of food and clothes, and die that we may live:
Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,
And elements contend to serve our use:
Love's gentle shafts, ambition's towering wings,
The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our reverence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant state.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs;
Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
And wean us from delights that cannot last.
Our present good the easy task is made,
To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade:
For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
Calm every grief, and dry each childish tear:
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase;
From strength to strength our souls for ever guide,
Through wondrous scenes of being yet untried,
Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights bestow.
Oh! would mankind but make these truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride,

Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's c
Virtue our good, and happiness our end; [frien
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and superstition fail?
None would hereafter then, with groundless fear
Describe the' Almighty cruel and severe,
Predestinating some without pretence
To heaven, and some to hell for no offence;
Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,
And favouring sects or nations, men or times.
To please him none would foolishly forbear
Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe or teach
What reason contradicts, within its reach;
None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
Or malice for whatever tenets sake,
Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,
And heaven too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then, nymphs, by long neglect grov
Would in one female frailty sum up vice, [nic
And censure those, who, nearer to the right
Think virtue is but to dispense delight.*

No servile tenets would admittance find,
Destructive of the rights of human kind;
Of power divine, hereditary right,
And non-resistance to a tyrant's might:
For sure that all should thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.

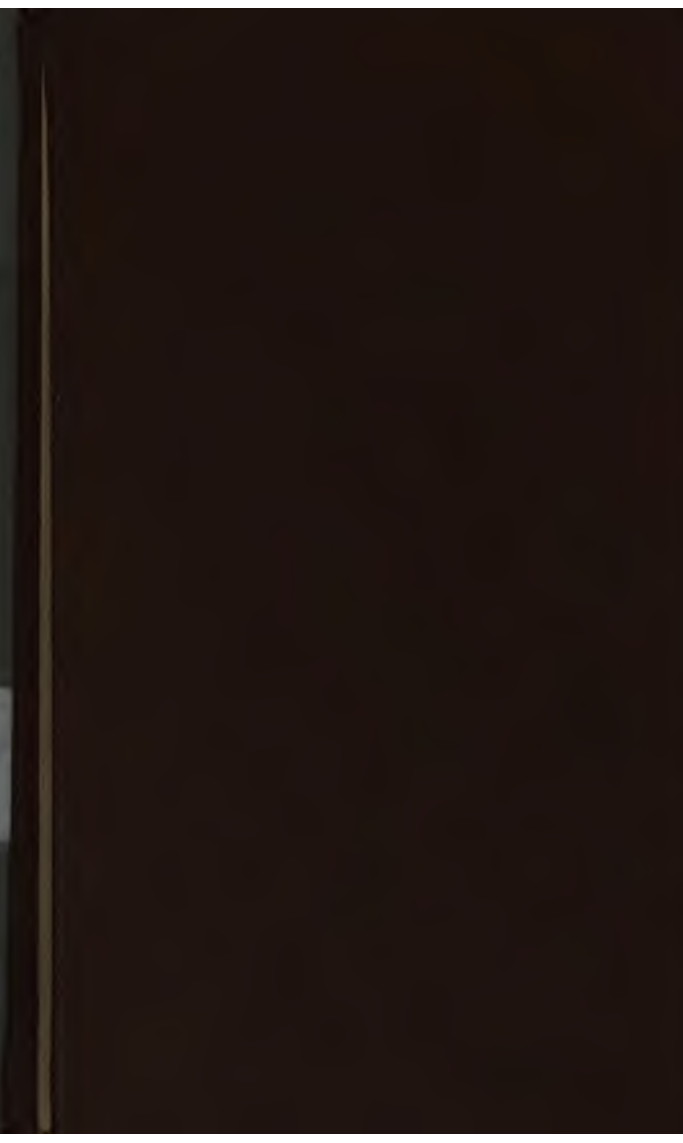
No moralists, then, righteous to excess,
Would show fair Virtue in so black a dress,

* These lines mean only, that censoriousness is a vice mor odious than unchastity; this always proceeding from malevo lence, that sometimes from too much good-nature.

That they, like boys, who some feign'd sprite array,
First from the spectre fly themselves away:
No preachers in the terrible delight,
But choose to win by reason, not affright;
Not, conjurers like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our sage interpreters of laws
Would fatten on obscurities and flaws,
But rather, nobly careful of their trust,
Strive to wipe off the long contracted dust,
And be like Hardwicke, guardians of the just.

No more applause would on ambition wait,
And laying waste the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain;
No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease;
Our own and others' good each hour employ,
And all things smile with universal joy;
Virtue with Happiness, her consort, join'd,
Would regulate and bless each human mind,
And man be what his Maker first design'd.

END OF VOL. XXXII.

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